This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

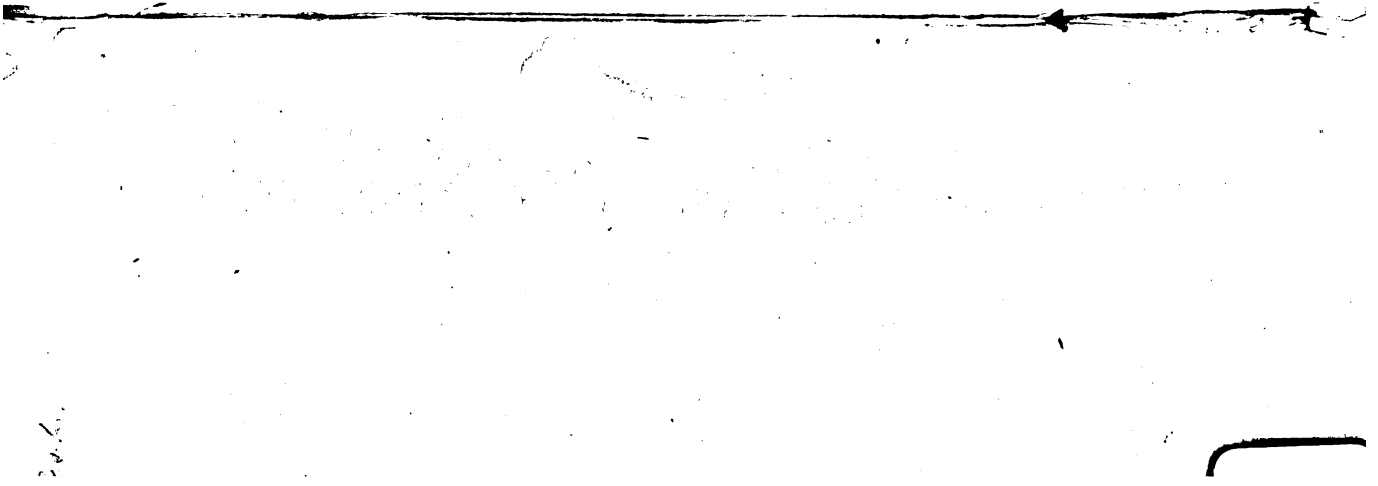
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07494727 0

1. Fiction Sequence.



NCW

Collins

BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

MOORE, ANDERSON & CO.

Poetry of the Vegetable World;

A popular exposition of the Science of Botany, in its relations to Man. By M. J. SCHLEIDEN, M. D., Professor of Botany in the University of Jena. First American, from the London Edition of Henfrey. Edited by ALPHONSO WOOD, M. A., Author of the "*Class Book of Botany.*" 1 Vol. 12mo. Illustrated. Second Edition.....$1 25

The Course of Creation:

By JOHN ANDERSON, D. D., with a glossary of Scientific terms added to the American edition. With *Numerous Illustrations.* A popular work on Geology. Third Thousand. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 384.....$1 25

Life of Thos. Chalmers, D. D., L. L. D.;

By Rev. JAS. C. MOFFAT, D. D., Professor of Latin, and Lecturer on History in New Jersey College, Princeton. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 435. With a fine Portrait on steel. Third Edition $1 25

Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland;

By HUGH MILLER, author of "Footprints of the Creator," etc., etc. Fourth Thousand. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 436.....$1 00

Hart's History of the Valley of the Mississippi;

1 Vol. 12mo. Cloth..... 0 88

The Three Great Temptations of Young Men;

With several Lectures addressed to Business and Professional men. By SAMUEL W. FISHER, D. D. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 335. Third Thousand.... 1 00

Romanism the Enemy of Education, Free Institutions, and of Christianity;

By N. L. RICE, D. D., Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. Third edition. 1 Vol. 12mo. Cloth..... 1 00

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation;

A book for the times, by an American Citizen; with an Introductory Essay by CALVIN E. STOWE, D. D. Twelfth Thousand. 1 Vol. 12mo.. 0 65

Buchanan on Grape Culture, and Longworth on the Strawberry.

Fourth Revised edition. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 144. Cloth.....$0 63

Borrow's Roving Adventures;

By GEO. BORROW, author of "The Gipseys in Spain," "The Bible in Spain," etc. Large Type. Complete in one beautiful Octavo Vol., pp. 650..$1 50

A Buckeye Abroad; or Wanderings in Europe and the Orient;

By SAMUEL S. COX, Editor of the "OHIO STATESMAN." 1 Vol. 12mo. Illustrated.....$1 25

NOW READY!

A STORY OF REAL LIFE,

WRITTEN BY A WESTERN LADY, AND ENTITLED:

MRS. BEN DARBY;

OR THE

WEAL AND WOE OF SOCIAL LIFE.

One Volume, 12mo.

This is a series of striking *Pictures of American Social Life*, drawn by an Artist of great skill—one who possesses a knowledge of society, as it appears in City and Country, Town and Village; whether seen amid the gay throngs of Saratoga, in the brilliant drawing-rooms of the great Commercial Metropolis, or in its more rustic developments in the beautiful valleys of the Blue-Ridge, or on the broad prairies of the West.

The Authoress has shown her ability to delineate character with a power rarely equaled—her *pictures*, whether of high life, or squalid misery, are painted in colors that cannot be mistaken, and their counterparts are sure to be located and recognized in every portion of the land.

In a few Days:

EARLY ENGAGEMENTS;

BY MARY FRAZAER.

One neat Volume, 12mo.

The title indicates the character of this volume. The scenes are Southern and Western, and the characteristics of each are faithfully portrayed. The plot is well laid, and replete with interest. The object of the Author is to show *some* of the evils resulting from Early Marriage "Engagements." She would teach the lesson, that

Evil is wrought by want of THOUGHT,
As well as want of HEART.

THE LIFE OF BLENNERHASSET;

Comprising An Authentic Narrative of the celebrated Expedition of AARON BURR, and containing many additional Facts not heretofore published.

BY WILLIAM H. SAFFORD.

One Volume, 12mo. Cloth.

MRS. BEN DARBY:

OR

The Weal and Woe of Social Life.

BY

A. MARIA COLLINS.

O! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.—OTHELLO.

CINCINNATI:
MOORE, ANDERSON, WILSTACH & KEYS,
28 WEST FOURTH STREET.
1853.

MRS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
976863A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1938 L

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
MOORE, ANDERSON & COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Ohio.

CINCINNATI:
C. A. MORGAN & CO., STEREOTYPERS,
HAMMOND ST.

WQR 19FEB'36

MRS. BEN DARBY.

Chapter 1.

The wind from the north had stripped the mountains of their verdure, save where the clusters of evergreens clung to the crevices of the rocks and the blasted elms. The winter storm whistled rudely through the deep valleys, and away over the summits of the gray rocks that overhung the mountain's brow. The birds had gone in pursuit of a warmer climate and a brighter sky. The deer and other wild animals had taken up their winter-quarters in the cavernous recesses of the Blue-Ridge. The snow had been falling all day, and lay deep down in the valley and on the fields. Night came on early; the cattle had sought the shelter of the barn, surrounded with its huge stacks of hay, and with inimitable patience and resignation turned their backs to the tempest. All was cold and dreary without, but comfort reigned in the little parlor at Wolf-Gap. A huge log-fire, encouraged by pine-knots, blazed in the hearth, and was reflected from every corner of the spacious apartment. The little old-fashioned, selfish-looking tea-table, the unshared property of the former inhabitant of the cottage, still occupied its corner, graced with its silver tea-urn and its china cups. Mr. Temple sat by the candle-stand, reading the Richmond Enquirer and the Petersburg Intelligencer. What had he to do with storms, either moral,

political or elementary? True, he read of the tumults abroad; of shipwrecks on the coast of Africa; of earthquakes in Florida; of mail-stage accidents, and of the disappearance of an elderly gentleman from the Baltimore packet, who never had been heard of since, and was supposed to be drowned.

The stormy winds rattled the window-blinds, and lashed the long branches of the gigantic willow against the gable-end of the house. Nothing disturbed Mr. Temple — all about him was comfort. The tea-kettle was simmering before the fire, sending out its diminutive locomotive whistle with its puffs of steam.

Mr. Temple was a popular man in his county, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him; order and system were in all his actions and domestic arrangements; the returns of the seasons and changes of the weather never found him unprepared or unsettled. Everything around him was sheltered from the storm—all went on like clock-work. The little tea-kettle still simmered and puffed at "the top of its bent," when the loud barking of the dogs and the trampings of a horse were heard on the new-fallen snow. Then at the big gate was heard the salutation of some one, "Halloo! the house," and before Mr. Temple had folded his paper and laid it aside, a loud rap announced a visitor.

The servant opened the parlor door, and a young man with a coarse overcoat, stood in the center of the room. He held a large bundle under the folds of his coat, which he appeared to handle carefully and very suspiciously.

"How do you do 'Squire?" said he, taking off his hat; "I hope I find you well."

"Ah, Larkins, is it you; what brings you out on such a night?"

"You may well ask that question, 'Squire, for it is an awful stormy night; the snow is a foot deep, at least, and the wind blows a perfect hurricane. It comes down from the mountains with a perfect rush. Hush," continued he, shaking the bundle under his arm, "where is Miss Paulina?"

"Take a seat, Peter, she will be in immediately."

"I have brought her a Christmas gift, sir, and I am in a great hurry, it is growing late and getting colder, you see, sir. I have come from the Cross-Keys since sundown, and the snow balls so under the horse's feet that I couldn't make any way at all hardly."

"Well, Larkins, lay the bundle on the table, Miss Temple is much obliged to you for your present."

Here Mr. Temple was interrupted by the mysterious movements of his visitor, who began to draw off the coverings which enveloped what he termed his Christmas-gift. A pair of little feet presented themselves to view, then a small head, with black, curly hair, and a gipsy-like eye peered out from the cape of his coat, and looked wildly about the room.

"Larkins, are you drunk?" inquired the Squire.

"Sober as a judge, Squire," returned Larkins, "I have not drank a drop for a week, as I *knows* of, and if I had it is likely I would have *known* it, for I generally feel it; you know it pervades the whole system; but, Squire, I can keep from it when there is a needcessity, and I pities the man that can't. But, see here, Miss Paulina, aint this worth picking up on the ———"

"Oh! what a beauty," cried Miss Temple, who stood in the door perfectly astonished at the unexpected stranger.

Larkins had seated himself, and held the infant on his knee, stroking back with his rough hand the silken ringlets from its cold face. The baby looked up slyly into the face of its kind nurse, then turning its eyes suddenly toward Mr. Temple, a beautiful smile played over her features, and reaching out both hands toward him, she struggled to get to him. Mr. Temple could not resist the appeal; he took it in his arms, and did his best to hold it comfortably, but, like a green politician just sworn into office, he did not exactly understand how to handle the affair, but he was in for it and had to go it.

"Now, Squire, I will just tell you how it all happened; I han't had anything in the house to drink for a month of Sundays, so I thought, as Christmas was hard-by that this was a good time to treat resolution, so I took my bottle and started off to the forks of the road to get it filled; so just as I got in sight of the Cross-Keys I met a gentleman riding very fast; he slackened his pace when he seed me coming, and drawing up his crittur under the big walnut tree by the blacksmith's shop, called to me:

"'Peter Larkins,' said he, 'if I am not mistaken?' 'Peter Larkins, says I, and no mistake.' 'Peter,' says he, 'are you sure you are sober?' 'I don't think, says I, that you can be very well acquainted with me, and make such insinuations.' 'Well, Larkins,' says he, 'I know you of old, and I suppose, by this time, you know me.' 'I don't know as I ever laid eyes on you before, says I.' 'Well, Peter,' says he, 'I want you to take this child to the 'Gap.'" For the first time I discovered he had something under his cloak. 'I have just left the stage, and must return in time to take it, when it passes

down to night; you must place this child in the hands of its aunt.' "

"Oh! it is our own dear little Elinor," cried Miss Temple, throwing herself on her knees before it. "Oh! what a sweet darling it is."

Mr. Temple pressed the child closely to his bosom with a vehemence unusual to him. It was sometime before Larkins could speak; at last he broke the silence in a voice a little husky———:

"I always heard say, that blood was thicker than water."

"Where is my son, Peter?" asked Mr. Larkins.

"Well, sir, he bid me bring the child to Miss Temple, and tell her to guard her well, for she was all he had left. I insisted on his coming with me also, but he said he had not a moment to lose, and as he had met me he would return at once. He gave me the child; it was asleep; I came on as fast as the nature of the case would permit. So you see, Squire, that Peter Larkins can be depended on in a pinch."

"I would have trusted you myself, coming *this end* of the road; but did my son say anything about his wife; can she have left him?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she was dead," said Peter, "for he looked like he missed something. So Squire, *you* would not have trusted me, if I had been going toward the forks of the road, or the 'Cross-Keys,' hey Squire?"

"You have done bravely, Peter," said Mr. Temple, "you see Paulina is delighted with her Christmas-gift."

Peter was forced to stay to supper, but Miss Temple was so excited, that she could scarcely make tea, or perform

the duties of the table; and long after Peter had left the cottage, and her father had retired to rest, she sat by the fire, holding her beautiful niece in her lap, gazing on its infantine features, and looking into its dark, brilliant eyes, shaded with long lashes; she examined its tiny fingers, with their rosy nails, and the dimples in its flushed cheeks, and she lavished upon it the most endearing epithets. At length she placed it in her own bed, drew the curtains around it, and kneeling down by the side, thanked Heaven that she had something to love—something to live for—one sweet tie of kindred affection to cheer her solitary way.

Miss Temple had never married, and every one said she would live and die an old maid. There was a mystery about it that had elicited many conjectures, but time, that great tell-tale, passed on without making any revelations; and the little circle in which she moved, became accustomed to see her preside over her father's household with urbanity, zeal, and uniform decorum. If she had ever suffered a sorrow, or been dissatisfied in her youthful days, one thing was certain, it had not stolen the rose from her cheek, or the luster from her eye, nor had it left a trace upon her brow. It had never paralyzed the quick emotions of her heart—a heart overflowing with all the kind sensibilities of her sex. She lived in doing good—in making others better and happier. She had been very lovely in person. It is true, time had brushed off the first tints of youth, but had left her the full grace of womanhood.

The experience of man leads back upon a world of vicissitudes, but that of an old maid—who can trace it? Her life is made up of so many trials and perplexities, uncared

for and unshared. Let her lot fall where it may, there is nothing left her but endurance and privation.

I have always believed that the divine Giver of all good, holds in reversion a double portion of heavenly happiness for her who has to stem the current of life alone—to buffet the waves of worldly contamination, unshielded and unsustained by earthly companionship.

Chapter 2.

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together,
Of love and rhymes, of books and men,
Ah, our hearts were buoyant then,
As the wild goose feather. BARRY CORNWALL.

HENRY TEMPLE, the father of Elinor, was a noble, frank, and polished gentleman. He possessed that amenity of manners so very pleasing, yet so frequently the vail of evil purposes. With him, it was the natural result of kindly feelings, and generous impulses. He was alive most sensitively, to the principles which control and regulate the honor of a gentleman. Pride of character was, perhaps, the strongest point in his nature; and I am very sure it was also strengthened by education, and parental example. He had married a beautiful girl, with whom he had formed but a very slight acquaintance. She had been the belle of the season; he was rich, and her best cards had been played to secure him.

It matters not how high and penetrative the mind of man is (and woman too), on all the important subjects of life, yet when love is the stake, how very often is the inexplicable inconsistency of human nature betrayed. Henry Temple was gay—somewhat of a dasher—at least fond of amusements and high life, yet he could never be persuaded to contract habits deleterious to his health, fortune, or character.

He did not visit the Gap for many months, and when he

came, he was almost a shadow of himself. Sorrow and disappointment were stamped upon his countenance. A long attack of nervous fever, detained him at the home of his youth during a whole winter, and his friends were almost despairing of his recovery, when the return of spring, and the invigorating air of the mountains, partially restored his health and strength. During his illness, it was evident to those around him that his disease was more of a mental than bodily character. Some grief, deep and corrosive, was laying waste the energies of his nature, and draining the pure sources of his heart. So firmly had it taken root, that he had not power to shake it off, or to relieve himself of its dominion. He seemed to have forgotten the essential purposes of life in this secret sorrow—this hidden mortification. He never named his wife, or alluded to her in any of his conversations. As the spring advanced, his frail and attenuated frame gathered strength more rapidly, and a feeble smile sometimes was found stealing over his stoic countenance. It was almost the middle of May, I think, when he received letters which seemed to arouse him from his dark dreams.

"I must," said he to his sister, "leave these beautiful scenes, and quiet shades, for the bustle of city life; I must meet my fellow man; it will not do for me to live in the world, and shun it like a monk or a brigand. I must struggle against fate; I am resolved to meet it like a man; I have moped about here like an evil shadow long enough; I give you, dear sister, my best confidence when I give you my child;" he placed the child upon her knee. "Keep her from the whirlpool of fashion; hide her from pollution,"

he spoke very low, and with a quivering lip, "and as you value my love, never—no never—let her taste ardent spirits.

"Oh! what do you mean, brother?" inquired Miss Temple.

"I mean that it is the fiery worm that has stolen into the Eden of my heart; it has pointed its poisonous fangs so deep, that time cannot tear them from me. It is the veriest curse of life. It saps the foundation of every moral virtue, and sears with its baneful breath the sweetest joys of life. It burns up every gentle emotion of the soul—stirs up the crushed dregs of every evil passion, until its victim becomes a mass of degradation. It lays like an incubus upon the spirit, counting the trembling pulses of the brain, with maddening fury eating out the heart with its blistering venom. Oh! thou damning draught, earth has no greater curse, or hell a greater torment."

"Brother! brother!" cried Miss Temple, laying her hand on his lips, "Oh! be not rash, or vehement, why should you?"

"Why should I not? that is the question."

"Dear brother, you have never fallen so low—you are free from such vices—do not agitate yourself—remember to be temperate in all things."

"Ah! well," continued Henry, rubbing his brow, "I will say to you, never let that child see a drunkard, without telling her, that he is the most helpless, worthless, and the most disgusting object that incumbers the earth. Teach her to despise, not to pity him."

"I will teach her, Henry, that there is an innate power in the soul of man to baffle temptation, a living principle

of faith, that gives us support when frail nature is ready to yield. Oh! my brother, God never made man and sent him into the world so poorly shielded, that his passions and appetites can alone control him. There is a power of resistance in man, superior, in force, to that which draws him on to an evil destiny, if he would yield himself to it with the same pliancy with which he gives himself up to the full dominion of the tempter."

"You mean moral courage?" replied Henry Temple.

"Not altogether," replied Paulina, "but the proper estimate of the powers and endowments of the soul. It never was intended by the wise Creator of the universe, that humanity should suffer through the vicissitudes of life, and perils of temptation alone. There is a power whose universal aid is offered in the darkest hour."

"I know it, but it is so hard for man to be led by any will but his own."

"Oh! no, brother, not so very difficult, if—"

"Yes, if—but can you suppose, Paulina, that one who has given up all, every sacred tie, every hallowed trust, and plunged himself into the very depths of an abominable evil, can ever be reclaimed?"

"Surely I do, brother."

"It is easy to speak thus, and to think thus, but oh! the trial—the trial. Do you know, sister, that I have tried to be a drunkard—I have tried to love it."

"No, I am sure you could not, dear Harry, but never try the experiment again."

"Never, sister, I have taken the pledge. No, I will never break it, not if I lose all that is dear in life—poor little Elinor," and catching the child, he folded her to his

bosom, and his tears were hidden in the silken folds of her dark hair.

Henry Temple went into the world, to contend with its scoffs, its mortifications, and its fiery ordeals, alone and feeble, his frame attenuated, and his constitution shattered, leaving in his inner being the deep and inextricable cancer that burned like a smothered volcano, devouring the very vitals of his existence.

Time passed on, and the inhabitants of Wolf-Gap pursued the even tenor of their way, uninterrupted by sorrow or calamity.

Little Elinor grew in grace and beauty. She was idolized by her relatives, and petted by all the friends of the family. She was gentle as the ring-dove in the valley pine, and so thoughtful and pensive, that you would have thought her under the influence of some secret spell—that her feelings were drawn by magnetic mystery to the spirit of her father. Her thoughts wore a deeper tinge than *le couleur du rose*. She was kind and unselfish to a fault. This trait procured her more friends than her beauty or gentleness.

In the village-school her superiority was acknowledged by all. She ever had the best seat, and the rarest flowers—the prettiest birds and the brightest berries from the hill-side. They called her the mountain-blossom—the wild rose of the hollow. The children loved to gather around her, when she sat on the grass, with her black curls hanging over her face, making bouquets of daisies and blue-bells, and tying up love-knots with the long broom-straw. That old, uncouth school-house stood down in a valley where the sun shone on its quaint front all winter, and in the summer the sycamores and the butternuts threw their wild shadows

around it like a curtain, and the fresh breezes from the hill-tops came laden with the perfume of the honeysuckle. In the spring, the dogwood and crab-apple bloom, mingled with the cedar and hemlock, gave life and beauty to the rural spot. The house was composed of logs, with long windows in front, which were fastened up by hooks, to admit the air or light, as the occasion required. Although rude and unadorned by the sculptor, yet it had something classic in its *tout ensemble*. But few marvelous incidents disturbed the tranquillity of those academic shades, such as agitate the "city full." The most exciting and stirring event that transpired, happened every other day; yet it was always novel and interesting, and never occurred without producing an ungovernable commotion. This was the rumbling of the mail-coach down the hill. The driver would blow his horn as he turned the "Gap," on purpose to exhilarate the young students, and in a moment every head was popped out of the window. The master himself could not forbear walking to the door, with the birch in his hand, and his spectacles on his head. Very often he was rewarded for his complacency by a package of newspapers or Congress speeches, which were thrown to him by the Jehu of the route. It always required prompt measures on the part of the master to restore order and tranquillity, after this usual but delightful treat.

Sometimes a peddler of fancy notions would turn in and throw himself on the grass to rest and exhibit to the eager crowd his little museum of new inventions, and his rare and very cheap commodities. *The master*, after looking over his lot of merchandise, would generally conclude to treat himself to a neatly twisted mass of pig-tail. His

unsophisticated disciples wondered at his taste, and even questioned his judgment, but his will being sovereign, no one dared gainsay it.

The circuit-preacher would often call, as he wound his solitary way over the bleak, dreary road, to hear them spell, and to question them on things in general, and on the Scriptures in particular. How they loved to hear him!

"Milton Hazlewood, do you know who made you, my son?"—

"Yes, s-i-r; God."

"Who made God, Mr. Smith?" cried little Jimmy Grimes.

"Jimmy, be quiet—it is not your put-in—you are too quick on trigger; can't you be easy?—sit down, sir."

The little fellow obeyed the mandate of his tutor, and wriggled himself back to his seat, without once moving his eyes from the pleasant face of the preacher, so eager was he to have the mystery explained. His eyes were full of inquiry and thought. How many American heroes took their first lessons in just such a school-house, and how fondly and truly memory has retained, through all the glories and trials of human ambition and worldly greatness, the loved scenes of their boyhood, and always the dear old school-house, the platform of so many harmless pranks, heroic adventures and daring deeds.

The "Wolf-Gap" school-house had its heroes; for when some poor chap, "less lucky than the rest," vented his jealousy, by pulling Elinor's hair—rubbing out her sum—or staining her face with poke-berries, there were a dozen to show him fight. If the younger ones could not succeed in chastising him, as they imagined he deserved, Theodore

Harper, the oldest, and the most studious of the class, would unbend his mind from his Virgil, and drub him, until he cried enough.

Ten years had passed since little Elinor had become an inmate of her grandfather's house. During that period, her father had paid her several short visits. His health was still precarious, and he was still laboring under the same mental depression. He had become more stern and inflexible, more taciturn and studious; he exhibited less signs of suffering, but you could see that his disorder was permanently settled, and beyond restoration.

He was trying, about this time, to get a divorce from his wife. The why and wherefore will appear in due time.

Chapter 3.

ON the roadside, about a mile from the "Gap," stood a small inn, offering humble inducements to the weary traveler and his jaded animal. The sign, which hung from a top-heavy post, presented on each side, crossed keys. The design was happy in its signification, but would not have purchased fame for its aspiring designer, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended—that is not always the fate of the best achievements.

The bar-room, as it was called, was a large apartment, devoted to many purposes. It was the general reception room for men, women, and children. The repository of saddles, baggage, rifles, game-bags, fishing-tackle, reaping-hooks, flax-breaks, and loom-reeds, etc. One corner was ornamented with files of newspapers, and show-bills of various descriptions, which had been brought from the county court-house below. Over the chimney-piece was a large representation of a circus which was going the rounds, "low down" in Petersburg and Richmond—wonderful exploits! amazing agility! unrivaled velocity! Between the front windows hung a small looking-glass, over a yard of flowered paper. A yankee clock, the likeness of Jefferson and Pocahontas, ornamented the opposite side of the room.

Every hotel or domicil for the entertainment of the public, from the St. Nicholas and Astor, of Broadway, to the log-cabin inn of the far west, has its peculiarities in form of loungers. They become, in course of time, identified

appendages to the establishment. They differ in appearance, as the houses they frequent. The exquisite lounger on the plush sofas of the city hotels, with his fashionable moustache and jockey club perfume, is represented in the indolent, half-dressed youth, who thrums the cords of a cracked violin, in some outlandish country tavern. They are all devoted patrons of the establishment, indorse its bills of fare, recommend its accommodations, and are always ready to participate in the hilarity which chance might throw in their way. The proprietor of the Cross-Keys was a man of moderate and unimposing pretensions. The appendage to his bar-room was Peter Larkins, who was always on hand—fond of politics, reading newspapers, and getting up items — he attended to everybody's business but his own; he left that for his wife to regulate the best way she could. His farm was always out of order — his fences forever on the decline. His crop was invariably put in long after he had assisted in planting those of his friends', and was seldom matured or gathered in as it should have been. Sometimes the clairvoyant animals saved him the trouble of filling his barn, by pushing over the crazy fences and helping themselves. His house was once a snug cottage; and would still have been so, if he had performed his part as faithfully outside, as his thrifty wife managed the interior. His orchard was exposed to the depredations of the vagrant cattle and boys of the neighborhood. Peter Larkins was one of the best creatures in the world to help one in a pinch, but he was always in a pinch himself. He never had time to do this or that, at home—and things about his premises insinuated that the master was from home.

His gate had been swinging on one hinge for more than

a year, and if it had been any gate but his, it would undoubtedly have been down; but Peter worked at it so carefully, and so good naturedly in his outgoings and incomings, to preserve its standing; and if any one was with him, he always remarked, in a palliative tone, "well, I'll fix you before a coon's age, if I live so long;" but it was never repaired to my knowledge. The sweep of the well was put in wrong, and it always remained so, for Peter never had a moment to spare to remedy the evil. He was the life of every gathering for miles around. He was strong at a logrolling — a whole hand at a cornshucking and houseraising. His jovial demeanor secured him a welcome everywhere, and his merry songs and popular witticisms were well received in his circle of acquaintances. Peter had one fault which engendered a multitude of evils. He loved his bottle — yes, better than his wife, children, or friends, for he would sit for whole days, sipping his mug, at the "Cross-Keys," and forget that his wife had no wood, and that his sick boy needed medicine, or that his unruly beasts, as he called them, had gotten into his fields and trampled down his blades, which were growing so thrifty.

Peter knew his failing, and boasted that he could leave off whenever it suited him; that the little he drank never "*faized*," him, and that his wife loved him just as well drunk as sober and swore he could refrain whenever there was a "needcessity" for it.

Many have thought the same, but all alike have, at some time or other, been deceived. It is easier to crush an evil in the bud, than to grapple with it when it is strong enough to master us. The poor heedless fly, that makes so many perilous revolutions about the blaze of a candle, is very

sure to perish in the flame. "Touch not, taste not," should be the motto of every one who finds a temptation in ardent spirits.

It was a beautiful clear evening in the month of May. The sun was just sinking behind the mountain-tops, when a small carriage stopped at the door of the Cross-Keys. A young man, dressed very handsomely, but bearing about him indubitable marks of reckless and dissipated habits, alighted, and was followed by one of less imposing appearance, wearing a white hat and green cravat. He held the reins, and called loudly for the hostler. Now to tell the truth, there was no such personage at the Cross-Keys. That office was generally filled by any one that happened to be present. The stranger became impatient (for everybody's business is very sure to be nobody's), when Peter Larkins, finding no person answered the call, volunteered his services, and approaching the stranger, offered to hold the reins until the master of ceremonies appeared.

"You are the landlord!" said the young man; "have my horse put up, and give him a plenty of grub. He is the finest horse in the 'Old Dominion.'"

"Ah!" said Peter.

"If there is a better I would like to see him, *I* would, wouldn't you, Fairmont?"

"Be blamed if I wouldn't."

"I ask pardon," says Peter; "here comes the landlord," and he resigned the reins to the negro boy, who came whistling after his master.

The strangers were ushered into the bar-room, and after ordering supper and lodgings for the night, declared that their throats were dry as powder-horns. The bottles were

deposited on the table, and they helped themselves very liberally.

If the reader ever traveled through the mountains of Virginia before the beneficial influence of the temperance cause penetrated its hills and valleys, he knows better than I can tell him, the compliments that passed on that occasion, and the simple curiosity displayed by those who had so few opportunities of hearing or seeing what was going on in the wide world.

"Traveling, strangers?" asked Larkins, rubbing his hands, and smiling complacently.

"I should think so," replied the hero of the white hat.

"Well I don't see that we are at present," said the younger gentleman, with a sinister shrug of his shoulders.

"No offense, Misters, I should like to know the price of corn below, as may be you are from Richmond or Petersburg."

"And may be not, what then?"

"Why still, stranger, you might know the price of corn," persisted Peter.

"I might, and I might not."

"I tell you what, stranger, it is very dull times here, very little traveling done in these parts, and if a straggler happens to *drap* among us, why, he has got to talk, that's certain; it's no use trying to shirk out of it, now, there aint, and if you be Yankee peddlers, why there's no use to keep close, for you can't do it, indeed you can't; we'll *fan* you out; now, can't you tell us the price of corn?"

Peter knew very well that they did not belong to that thriving, sober, money-making race. He could see at a

glance, that they were wild, reckless outlaws, no matter where they originated.

"Do you wish to speculate on the articles?" asked the stranger.

"I never *specelate*," said Peter, closing the only button on his coat. If dame Fortune wants to see me, she can come, if not, why, she may send her daughter and be darned to her."

"Who is that?"

"Why Miss Fortune, to be sure," and Peter walked to the door.

"Stop," cried the oldest of the travelers, familiarly touching him on the shoulder; "you are a character—a devilish clever fellow; I like your grit. Come, take a drink to better acquaintance. My name is Simon Fairmont, and yours ———"

"And mine is Peter Larkins, at your service; success to you, sir, whatever may be your enterprise."

"Why, you are a regular blunderbuss; come, sit down, sir, and let's have a chat, my fine fellow. Do you call this a town?"

"Some call it one thing, and some call it another. It is called the Key Settlement—Blunderville, and a dozen more names; but you see, stranger, it is a very scarce place, and considerably scattered. It could not be called a town only in derision. It has no church, no court-house—they be at the other end of the county."

"You have a school-house, it is to be hoped."

"We did have one over by the blacksmith-shop, but it fell through."

"Was any one killed?"

"*No* sir! the schoolmaster, I mean; the house is there still."

"What befell him?"

"Why, you see, stranger, he come here well recommended, but after awhile he began to show his cloven foot."

"Ah! in what respect?"

"He turned out a regular old swigger — got drunk, and beat the young ones black and blue, *the* scamp; so *we* turned him off."

"You did right; schoolmasters have no right to indulge; it is preposterous. It is a very responsible situation."

"Yes sir; we sent him looming. His name was Godfrey; the boys used to steal his liquor, and when he found it out, they laughed in his face, and said they thought 'Godfrey's cordial' was good for children."

"That was not slow," said the stranger, laughing.

"A man," said Peter, drawing himself up, "ought always to know when to stop."

"Ah! my jolly friend, there's where you mistake yourself. If a man wants to keep clear of the critter, he had better not begin. It is easier beginning than stopping. I have been ten years trying to reform, and every year I go deeper and deeper, and *now*, sir, I live on it, but I get along very happily. Have you no dry goods stores or groceries in this benighted place?"

"We had one store here," replied Larkins, "where they kept a little of everything; but they sold out their last stock, which was a piece of red flannel, and a lot of hoe-handles, and some hoes without handles, and went off to try their luck in *Indihanna*."

"No lawyers?" asked the stranger.

"What do we want with such varmints here? we have no court-house; it is at the county-seat."

"How do you settle your affairs when you go to loggerheads?"

"Mighty little wool to gather in these parts, stranger; Squire Temple, to be sure, does now and then have a case. As for my part, I never have any *difficilties to settle.* Jim Roane and Sam Johnson settle theirs with their fists."

"That is the way I settle mine," said the traveler. "It costs less, and is sooner done. Now tell me—but stop, wet your whistle first." The younger man filled the glass and handed it to Peter.

"After you, sir, is manners," said Larkins, bowing profoundly; his bright eye twinkled with delight at his good luck, and the cordiality which the gentlemen seemed ready to bestow upon him. His vanity was becoming supreme. Peter could not see deeper than the surface. He was simple and ingenuous himself, and such persons are rarely suspicious.

His companions had arrived at the desired point, and were about to broach the subject of their visit to the Key settlement.

"This is fine old mountain-dew," said Fairmont.

"It is double ractified," replied Peter, smacking his lips."

"You spoke just now of Squire Temple; where does he live?" inquired Fairmont.

"About a mile up the road; his place is called Wolf-Gap."

"A horribly savage name."

"In early times," continued Peter, "it was famous for wild varmints, but it is a nice plantation now; the old master has lots of niggers, and plenty of money. He goes down every year to Petersburg with his crop."

"He has a daughter?"

"Yes, sir, as fine a lady as there is in the Blue-Ridge valley, and very handsome."

"How old?"

"In the neighborhood of twenty-five."

"And cords of money?" said the young gentleman, smiling sarcastically. "Does she wish to marry?"

"I can't say," replied Peter, "she has had a power of chances, and good ones at that. The women have their own notions about matters and things."

"Twenty-five, and not willing to marry! Here, take the bottle and have it filled, landlord; I must drink her health; she is a most wonderful woman. Is she the only child?"

"No, sir; he has a son married, and living in New York."

A sly look passed between the gentlemen, but it was lost on Larkins, who, by this time, was getting "unco fou," and had long since passed the Rubicon.

"Take another glass, Mr. Larkins; help yourself—don't be backward. This is the key that unlocks the treasures of the soul—honor, generosity and confidence. When I have drank with a man, I call him friend—my brother—and feel as if bound by an indissoluble tie. It makes us freemasons in many respects. But tell me, my friend, has not the Squire a grand-daughter?"

"He has, and she has lived with him ever since she was a baby." Here Peter related the circumstances mentioned

in a former chapter—how he had surprised the family with his Christmas present.

"Where is her mother?" asked Fairmont, turning his eyes toward the younger gentleman.

"I never heard anything about the mother," replied Larkins. The child has been brought up by her aunt, for the Squire himself is a widower.

The stranger looked around the room, and finding they were alone, drew his chair closer to Peter.

"Friend Larkins—I call *you friend*, because we have touched glasses—and I believe you to be a whole-souled fellow—I would like to enlist your services in a little affair—a trifling matter of my companion's here—but before I let you into my confidence, I must be assured that you will not betray me."

"I never did the like," cried Peter, pompously. "Do I look like a *Judas* Iscariot?" His head was entirely mystified by the fumes of the strong liquor he had taken, and it was with great difficulty he could comprehend his companion.

"Well, Larkins, you must, in the first place, swear to keep my secret, or rather the secret of my friend."

"I swear *pine blank*," replied Peter, striking the table, "I hope the devil may roast me alive if ever I tell it. I am at your ser–ser–vice by ——"

"You will observe, in the first place, Mr. Larkins, that this is my friend *Mr. Ben Darby;* he is on a visit to little Miss Temple."

"Now do tell me," said Peter, opening his eyes and mouth.

"We will take another glass, and then I will let you into our designs."

"No harm to the Squire," said Peter, as the last pellucid idea floated through his foggy brain; "I can't stand that, sir—no sir."

"None in the world, my man," said Mr. Ben Darby, bending his serpent-like eyes full upon the countenance of his new acquaintance; "come, take another drink and I will tell you what we are in for. Now, sir, we mean no evil; all I want is the Squire's little grand-daughter."

"All you want, sir, is Elinor Temple?"

"That is the idea; she does not belong by rights to the Squire."

"No she d–don't"—and Peter laughed with his mouth wide open.

"She is the property of another."

"She is, I be dog——ed, if she ishn't," said Larkins, trying hard to hold himself up.

"And we will not leave the place without her; do you understand it all, Mr. Larkins?"

"I stands under it all, Mr. Larkins," said Peter, laughing, and snapping his fingers comically at his new friend.

"We *must* have her," said Darby, firmly.

"We will have her, by thunder," cried Larkins, reeling to the door; "she will go it—hang my hat."

Peter Larkins, where now is your boasted self-control, that balance of mind which has so long held you above the level of the brute creation? Temptation has at last overcome you, has found you accessible *even* to ruin. The good qualities which have so long lingered in your nature in despite of your habits, are about to succumb at last. You can never again say that the little you drink never *faizes* you—that you can refrain when there is a *needcessity* for it. Let

temptation come in what form it may, there is a moral courage in man sufficient to resist evil and sustain goodness; God has endowed his creatures with this living principle. Some have infringed upon it until it has become feeble, and some have, by perverseness, destroyed it without remedy. Man has power to control his passions. God made him perfect, and fashioned him after his own divinity; he has the capability to reflect and retract, and, like the diamond, to resist all meaner frictions. Let no man say that he can indulge in the habitual use of ardent spirits without the fear of being some time or other overcome: if he even takes it *drop* by *drop*, it falls deeper and deeper into his nature, until it corrodes and blackens the sanctity of his heart, and entirely defaces from it the impress of Deity, and man becomes degraded and demonized.

Chapter 4.

The brand is on thy brow,
Yet I must shade the spot;
For who will love thee now,
If I love thee not.—BARRY CORNWALL.

PETER became so intoxicated that he was totally useless to his new confederates, as an instrument in the accomplishment of their designs, and at a late hour of the night he left his companions and undertook to find his way home. Home! what does the drunkard know about that "hallowed spot?"—that word so full of the heart's best emotions? the cynosure of all that is glorious in man and beautiful in woman!

Peter sought the way to his house. It was not very far from the Cross-Keys. It seemed, however, to our friend to be lengthening as he went. He wondered again and again why it had become so remote and unapproachable; and then he was completely amazed at finding the orchard removed to the front of the building, and for what purpose it had been done, or how it had been accomplished, were both alike incomprehensible. He would stop, shut his eyes, rub them and open them again to see if he was deceived. No, it was no deception—no optical illusion. The gate, which so long patiently moved to and fro on its solitary hinge, had at last become refractory and threatened to pitch him over, in defiance of all his tender expostulations. The old, one-sided well-sweep, working up and

down, like the piston-rod of a Mississippi steamer, brought him to a stand. Looking around in idiotic amazement, he beheld several figures arranged, as he thought, in military order, in front of his corn-crib.

"Now, if it was only muster day," said he, trying in vain to steady himself by the fence—"if it was, I would say that was Captain Graham; I know him by his fea-*ther*. Halloo, Captain Graham!"

The turkey-gobbler flew down from the fence and uttered a guttural salutation.

"Drunk, did you say? Darn your eyes, I'll learn you better manners—you military heathen you!"

In stooping to pick up a stone to throw at the offender, he fell prostrate. His poor wife, who had been sitting up, trying hard to keep down the bitterness of her feelings by singing and talking to her baby, dreading she knew not what, for her husband did not often stay out so very late, unless he was at a frolic:

"Oh! Peter, dear, what is the matter? Has it come to this at last?"

"Yes, by G——! I'm come at last—why don't you let me in?"

"Go in; I don't prevent you."

"Open the door, then—"

"It is open; see, this way. Oh! Peter, I would be ashamed of myself, indeed I would, to act in this way. Oh! it is too bad."

"What's to pay, Susan?"

"To see you so drunk, Peter!"

"I'm not so drunk, Mrs. Larkins!"

"Not drunk! Oh! dear me, Peter, how you talk!"

"No, Susy, dear, but I swal-lowed a cigar—and am devilish *shick!*"

His wife contrived, delicate as she was, to balance him up and get him into the house—but he was, for the first time in his life, boisterous and unruly. It was in vain she tried to soothe him with gentle and loving words—he became worse and worse. She then bethought her of her kind neighbor's maxim—"that to give a drunken man soft words, was casting pearls before swine;" so she commenced scolding. The experiment proved hazardous — Peter became outrageous—stormed and raved—broke everything that came in his way—seized his wife by the throat and nearly choked her to death. The little boy ran out and cried with all his force, but it being so late in the night, no one came to his assistance. Susan, at last, succeeded in pushing him over on to the child's cradle, and before he could recover his feet, she had made her escape, with her two children. She knocked at her nearest neighbor's door.

"Come in, Susy; I know it is you, child," said Mrs. Grimes; "I heard all the fuss."

"Oh! Mrs. Grimes," said Susan, "you always said it would come to this."

"Never mind, child, sit up by the fire and warm yourself—it is very chilly—you shake like you had an *ager-fit.*"

The kind woman put the children in bed, and drawing her chair closely to her distressed visitor, endeavored to cheer her the best way she could.

"Mrs. Grimes," said Susan, "all my comfort is gone forever! Peter was always so good and kind, so pleasant at home and abroad. Never before, when he has taken too much, has he spoken a cross word to me—I always

thought, if ever matters did come to the worst, he would always be good-natured and gentle."

"Kind and gentle! how foolish you are, child. Let me tell you, liquor changes the head—the heart—and the eyes and ears—and it gives the tongue a very different wag—don't you know it does? I pity you from my soul—but say, dear, what has lifted him so?—where has he been and who has he been with? Man's company is his making or his undoing."

"Down at the Cross-Keys, and he did not come home until just a while ago."

"It cannot be helped now, Susy dear, so come lie down and try to rest."

"Mrs. Grimes, you are so good—but how can I sleep when poor Peter is at home by himself dead drunk?"

"Why, he is as happy as a lord mayor."

"But the house might take fire!"

"If it should, it wouldn't matter much if he went with it—good riddance to bad rubbish, say I!"

"But, Mrs. Grimes, he is my husband, and the father of my children!"

"They would be better off without him—and you too, child, if he keeps on this way."

"Home has always been the world to me," said Mrs. Larkins, weeping—"it is precious seldom I ever thought of going out—my heart is too heavy."

"No woman feels like it, that has a drunkard tied to her—that is, if she has the feelings of a mother and wife."

"What hurts me the most," said Susan, "is that the day should ever come that would find me afraid of my husband—the man I left my old father and mother for.

When I was first married everybody said I had done so well, for everybody loved Peter—Oh! dear me, I almost wish I was dead!"

"Hush, child, don't blaspheme—you ought to be glad you are alive; but, Susan, it spoils folks to make too much of them. When a young man shows a disposition to make himself so very popular, and so very agreeable to every one—going to *this* frolic and *that*—he is very apt to be led astray; and I have told Larkins so a thousand times; but come, child, lay yourself down and try and sleep."

"Oh! there 's no comfort for me, Mrs. Grimes, in this wide world—"

The tears fell very fast and thick on the pale cheek of the innocent and wronged wife.

"No comfort—no! no!"

It was long before the last heavy sigh of the unhappy wife was still in slumber. Oh, sleep! soother of the stainless mourner—nothing but remorse can ward thee off; pain and grief are sometimes lost in thy oblivion. Sleep brings back to our grasp the joys, the pleasures, and the hopes lost long ago. We embrace, beneath thy canopy, the loved ones of the tomb. Their smiles return like the beams of morning—renewed in beauty. We retrace the paths of light and roses—drink at the fountain of youth, and forget the fetters that chain us to the rock of life. Pain, sorrow, and death, are all forgotten.

Peter, for the first time in his life, had rested all night on the kitchen floor, and when daylight appeared, he groped his way into his wife's bed, without removing the fine white quilt, *or* his dirty boots. The fumes of his last night's debauchery were just beginning to evaporate, when Susan

presented herself at the door. He laid quiet, and pretended to be asleep. She busied herself about in tidying up the room and getting breakfast. At length, when all was ready, she returned to call him up to breakfast.

"Is the sun up, Susy dear?"

"Long ago."

"He must be in a hurry, for I ain't been long *down*."

"Mrs. Grimes has had prayers long ago."

"You don't say so?"

"And John has gone to mill."

"It is time for me to resuscitate, I suppose," said Peter, trying to get up.

"It will not be much trouble to get ready for breakfast, for I see you have your hat and boots on—all you have to do is to *walk* to it."

"All! yes, I guess it is all—and I am devilish stiff—couldn't you make the table come up this way?—now, do try, *Susy*."

"Susan Larkins!" cried Mrs. Grimes, thrusting her head through the window, "come to your young ones, and leave that drunken brute. Let him take care of himself. I would let him see if I would notice him after his hateful prank—I would be for making as much fuss over him as if he was just elected clerk of the court, the mean *sneak*—Susy, I am ashamed of you———"

While Mrs. Larkins was gone for her children, Peter hurried over to the Cross-Keys. He had not been long in the bar-room before his new acquaintances made their appearance in high spirits.

"Well, Mr. Larkins," said Mr. Fairmont, grasping him familiarly by the hand, "I think we will try and see how

the land lies, to-day. You say it is just a mile to Mr. Temple's?"

"Yes, sir, good measure—not to say anything of the clover-field that we turn, when we strike the barn."

"I don't mean to strike a thing," replied Fairmont, "unless it comes in my way."

"The barn will be certain to do that," replied Peter, "it always serves me so;—but, say, stranger, what was you telling last night, about a child that belonged to the gentleman with the whiskers—you really don't mean to say that it is little Elinor Temple that you are after?"

"The same, sir; but come, let's take some bitters this morning, Mr. Larkins, it will refresh your memory. You are in for it, sir—no backing out."

"That child, Mr. Fairmont—excuse me, sir, I would as soon promise to sell my wife to a nigger buyer, as to touch that child—why, it would not be according to nature to do it. Why, sir, she is——"

"It matters not what she is," said Darby, "she is mine, and I intend to have her. I only want you to show us the way. I see that Fairmont is getting too drunk to be of much service. He is getting into one of his big sprees——"

"Explain, if you please," said Larkins, addressing Fairmont.

"Sir, you are too drunk to comprehend matters," said Darby, proudly, "even if Fairmont was able to explain, which I am sorry to say is not the case. When he sets in, there is no knowing when or where he ends; he goes the whole hog."

"Mr. Darby—sir," replied Peter, drawing himself up, "being as you have not drank any, and being as you were

born since Solomon, and had the benefit of a college edification, perhaps you could find words to explain some faint *idee* of what's in the wind; for I'll eat fire, if it is not all *lignum vitee* to me—now it is."

"We want you to meet us here this evening, and conduct us to 'Squire Temple's. Fairmont will reconnoiter about the 'Gap,' so that he can see the child when she returns from school. In this way there will be no mistake. A blunder in this matter would be embarrassing."

"I'll wash my hands of the whole matter as far as I'm concerned," cried Peter, who was beginning to feel very magnanimous. "I'd sooner run my head into a hollow gum full of bees, than to harm anybody, 'specially a man like the *''Squire;'* the truest friend a man ever had, and as to stealing *that child*, why, cut my head off, if I wouldn't as lief commit *suzansides!*"

"Mr. Larkins! Mr. Larkins! you forget your promise—your oath."

"Oh, you needn't be Mr. Larkinsing me, for when I put my foot down, *it's thar—it is,*" and Peter looked Mount Atlas at him.

"I promise you, harm shall come to no one—we only want the child."

"*Only* the child!" repeated he, "they'd rather lose everything else."

"And you refuse to help us?"

"I do."

"You spoke very differently last night," chimed in Fairmont, who was again so drunk he could scarcely see—"You are a d—— pretty bird; come, take a little of this, my fellow, and y–your head will be d–d—— clear—so it

will. This is the best liquor in the world—n–none of your d–d—— poke-juice."

Peter took a long, deep draught—wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve, and stood looking quizzically at the bestial countenance of his companion. Both were drunk, and neither had the full exercise of his reason ; yet there was a strong contrast. Poor Peter, with all his ignorance, all his child-like simplicity, still retained in his nature, principles of honor, and virtue had not been entirely destroyed—there were roots enough left to germinate. The milk of human kindness still flowed through his veins. His companion had battled longer with the arch-fiend ; every manly quality had long since been shattered. He had commenced in very early youth his reckless course, and lost, by degrees, all the precious gifts of the soul. The fiery fluid had seared every bud of promise, and not one solitary principle of rationality came to perfection. The poison had penetrated every cell of the heart—mixed itself with every growing fiber, and every impetus of feeling, until the whole system felt its deleterious influence.

Young Darby was still another variety of the inebriate. His surface was fair. You would not dare to place him among drunkards if you consulted his outward appearance. You would certainly be disposed to consider him as a *man*, if not a very prepossessing *one*. I compare him to the Solway moss—the exterior is smooth, quiet, and green—fresh, sometimes bright, but all beneath is a troubled mass of putrid fibers of heath, which shakes at every pressure, and often pours forth its turbid fluid to the destruction of all surrounding objects.

Mr. Darby could drink more than either of his com-

panions, yet he was never called an inebriate. He was always capable of attending to his own affairs, and also the concerns of others. He was hypocritical and insidious—very handsome, and decidedly a man of the world.

Peter Larkins laid drunk about the benches of the village tavern all day—too drunk to be sensible of the position he occupied. Late in the evening, his mind seemed to receive a sudden impulse. He left the house precipitately, and was seen making his way toward "Wolf-Gap."

Chapter 5.

"The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue,
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

IT was near the middle of the month of May. The little pale pink and blue blossoms were just beginning to peep out from under the rubbish of winter. All along the sunny side of the precipitous rocks, the green vines were creeping out from the crevices, and twining with the dogwood and laurel. The cedars and hemlocks were casting off the hues of the last season and putting on livelier attire. The wild bee was in the butternut blossom, and the gay birds were singing merrily in the boughs of the wide-spread chestnut-tree, as if the cares and privations of winter were all forgotten. Who does not love a clear sky and a bright spring-day? Who does not love to wander abroad among God's works, and contemplate his power in the formation of the simplest flower or humblest plant? Who has not paused to examine its colors, blending so mysteriously together—the fashion of its leaves, interposing so harmoniously, and the upturned cup that catches the dew-drop which sustains it? Who has not thought, as he looked into the deep, blue bosom of the lowly violet, "he who formed thee is all-powerful; though thou art but a speck, none but the Omnipresent could have called thee forth! Thou alone whisperest to us that there is a God, and *that* God is immaculate and adorable."

I will tell you, reader, who never stops to view the glorious outpouring of nature's joy—who never meditates in solitude on the arcana of Nature, or on the wise administration of the great Ruler of the world — breaking forth in ejaculations of wonder, love, and praise to Him who has formed him in his image. Come with me, reader, and I will show you one who never dreams of such things, and if he does, *it* is in the fleeting memories of his youth,—one who never discriminates between a blossom and a worm,—one who never looks from "nature up to nature's God," but moves along through the world with eyes cast down—he never gazes with delight upon the full, bright moon, or hails Aurora as she rides out from the golden portals of the east, spreading light and glory from hemisphere to hemisphere.

Here he lies by the side of a still little brook, that winds its way through the meadow. He rests upon a soft velvet bank. His head presses a mossy pillow. The sunbeams are dancing on the shelving rock above him. The wild blossoms are wooing the amorous breeze. The mountain-rose opens its bosom to the honey-bee. Beauty is all around—fresh, unspotted beauty. The robins are sporting over his head. The squirrels are peeping out from the hollow ash. All is joy about him, but here he lies like a worried dog.

This, reader, is the habitual drunkard; he is scarcely ever sober. He lies here, with his leaden eyes, dreamingly peering forth from their fiery orbits. The rheum from their corners stands still on his full, black lashes like cold cream, and the saliva running in small rivulets from his half-opened mouth. His countenance has that half-brute, half-human composure of features which gives the face an idiotic ex-

pression—the undisputed endowment of intoxication. He has not chosen this little ravine because he loves the sylvan shades; no, he lies there, in the first place, because when he fell down he could not get up again *just then;* and in the second place, he is waiting like a wolf that is watching for a lamb.

He likes his soft resting-place much better than he sometimes does his city stopping-places, where there are so many rude persons passing. It may be sweeter than the kennel, but he does not know the difference.

This personage is Mr. Fairmont; he has been in the neighborhood of the Gap for two or three days. He has undertaken a daring outrage, but he is too drunk to carry it into execution. He has been trying to sober down long enough to accomplish his ends, but he can't, for his life, refrain or curb his appetite for the fatal act.

While he is thus luxuriously reclining on his mother earth, the wild laughter of the school children came up from the creek bottom, mingling with the noisy fluttering of the geese, which the heedless urchins had frightened from the water, in their merriment and glee. Oh! such a rush of living, glowing joy. The clear, sweet tones of childhood, laughing, screaming, whistling, singing, and the winged creatures making chorus in the highest key—even the dogs could not resist the burst of animal spirits, but—

"For joy hae bark it wi' them."

The children all turned off from the woods, into the most thickly settled part of the valley; but two came down the pathway leading to the Gap. One was a fine-looking boy, about fifteen or sixteen, very manly and

heroic-looking, though clad in homespun, and wearing a hat of braided rye-straw. His clear gray eyes, his broad, full brow, and the finely formed lips were the index of his character. Firm, frank, courageous, generous even to a fault. He lived on Mr. Temple's plantation, and his duty and his pleasure never chimed so pleasantly together, as when he was escorting Elinor to and from school. She was running along by his side, her little calico bonnet dangling in one hand, and her basket, in the other. Sometimes she would set her things down, to pluck the little flowers that peeped at her from the hill-side, or to chase a rabbit, that had started so close from her feet, that it seemed like magic. They had almost run upon Mr. Fairmont before they saw him. Surprised and astonished, they stopped short, and the girl caught the hand of the lad, looked slyly up into his face, to see if all was right *there*—full of confidence in her protector (as woman should be always), she calmly awaited the result.

"Dang my b–buttons, here you are at last."

"What are you doing here?" cried the boy, giving him a hunch in the short ribs with his foot, "get up, it is almost night—the pigeons are going to roost."

"Time to be going, hey? well, you needn't be telling me so; d–don't I know it—d–don't I feel it is time. I say, s–stop, don't leave a body."

"Oh! we must, the geese are going home."

"Let them go, and be d–darned. This is a dev'lish cool place here—you see I'm cooling off, *I* am!"

"I hope you will," said the boy.

"Now, see if I don't. Say, is that Squire Temple's grand-daughter?"

"What is it to you, who she is," said Theodore—poor Elinor clung to her protector, and began to tremble in every limb; "I'll tell you the next time I see you."

"Stop now, d–don't run, wait for company down that d–deep hollow."

"I never wait for any but good company—come Elinor, you see we must walk fast—*you* can't walk, sir, one of your legs is shorter than the other—see now, you can't move it. Oh! yes, I see how—up again, there, that's a man."

"Do come, Theodore," said Elinor, pulling his arm.

"There, he is up once more," cried the boy, "there, he is down again—no, not quite—easy, easy."

"What is the matter? What is he doing?" asked Elinor.

"He is trying his equilibrium, as our master used to say."

"See, Theodore, he is almost up with us; are you not afraid of him?"

"Afraid of a drunkard?"

"Why not?"

"Poor, pitiful wretch, see how well he is dressed, too, a nice watch-chain with a big seal to it, just like Mr. Jefferson used to wear—it is as big as my thumb."

"I wonder who he is," said Elinor.

"Say, stranger," cried Theodore, "what's your name?"

"None of your business."

"That's a queer name, I don't know any one in these parts so called—where do you live?"

"In h——ll!"

"That's just what I thought, so good-bye—we don't go that way."

"Oh! Theodore, he is coming on — see how he runs!"

"Hold your tongue, you mountain loon," said the stranger, staggering close up to the children, "do you want your lights knocked out?"

"If I did, you are not the man to do it—you old rum-jug, you."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he was jostled from the path by the intruder, who darted to Elinor, crying; "I want you—you are the one." The boy caught her in his arms, and dashed down the lane as fast as he could go.

When they lost sight of him, they sat down to breathe.

"Elinor, you never saw a drunkard before?"

"Oh yes! I've seen Peter Larkins drunk."

"Yes, but he is always good-natured."

"Theodore, what makes people get drunk?"

"I suppose they love to—I don't know."

"Do they feel happy when they are stumbling about so?"

"Well I can't say Elinor—I don't know—but if you wish it, I will get drunk and tell you how it operates."

"Oh, no! Theodore, please don't—Oh! I could not look at you. I think if anybody could see how they look, and how they act, they would never get drunk."

"Yes, but they always think they are carrying it on secretly; they never think, when drunk, that other people know it."

"Poor fellow, only see how he holds to the fence."

"Don't pity him, Elinor, he does not deserve it."

"Oh, yes, he does."

"Why? I should like to know."

"Because he has to die."

"Well, we all have to die."

"Yes, but we keep our reason, and can think and pray."

"Well! a man, *that is if he is a man*, can keep from drinking; that's my doctrine."

"Don't dream, to night, that he is running off to the Hunter's Cave with you, Elinor!"

"If I do, I will also dream that you are there, Theodore, to rescue me."

They parted at the gate; Elinor related the adventure of the evening, to her friends at supper. They laughed at her for being alarmed. It was thought of no more, until recalled to mind with many a bitter and agonizing reflection.

Chapter 6.

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie,
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth, she'll wait a wee."

THE evening had closed in very pleasantly, and after an early supper, Miss Temple and her little niece walked down to the quarter where one of the old family servants was confined with the rheumatism.

There is an inexplicable tie between the children of the family and the slaves. It is felt and cherished with ardor on both sides. Elinor loved to gaze upon the ebony face of Sylvia, and would throw her arms around her neck, and lay her soft cheek upon her bosom.

"Come, Elinor," said Miss Temple, "it is getting dark."

"Yes, and if that horrible looking man should be hid in the orchard!"

"We should hardly be afraid of a drunken man, my dear; you and I would show him how the Amherst girls could run."

"Good night, 'mammy' Sylvia."

"God bless you, my darling."

Miss Temple hurried on very rapidly. The shadows lay thick among the apple trees. There was just enough light from the young moon to make objects visible to the eye, but not enough to identify them.

"Hurry, love, we have staid too late." Elinor grasped

her aunt's hand and chatted merrily, as she looked ahead at the bright light in the parlor window; all at once she stopped short in her path.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I do believe there he is now," whispered the child.

"Who, love?"

"Why, the man that frightened us; look, he stands right there by the beehive—don't you see him?"

"Don't be foolish, dear," said Miss Temple, moving on as fast as she could, "what would he want with us?"

"May be he is a negro dealer, and wants to steal somebody."

"Oh you silly child!"

"Well, he is ugly enough to do it."

"The devil he is!" cried a man springing from behind a tree, and seizing the child around the waist, he bore her away. It was but the work of a moment, and before Miss Temple could move or scream, the dear little one was heard faintly crying as at a distance. Then the agonizing screams of Miss Temple were heard from one end of the plantation to the other. The servants rushed from every cabin door—even old Sylvia, who had not been able to get about for months. The report of a pistol added to the consternation, and when Miss Temple rushed into the house, she beheld a heart-rending scene. Near the parlor lay a fine young negro, weltering in blood, and her father, with his mouth gagged, sat in his arm-chair, his hands tied behind him with a strong cord. So soon as Mr. Temple was relieved from his dreadful situation, his servants and near neighbors were dispatched in every direction—some in pursuit of the kidnappers, and others for the county officers.

In giving the premises a thorough investigation, Peter Larkins was found concealed in the entry, and a pistol lying not very far from him. The young man was very badly wounded, and the doctor thought it was very doubtful whether he would recover or not. Peter Larkins had been seen gossiping and drinking with the strangers at the inn, and had, by not revealing what their designs were, laid himself open to suspicion. Some were brought in for witnesses, who had even heard parts of the conversation which had taken place between him and his new acquaintances. It was proved, too, that he had been drunk for three days, and that his conduct had been outrageous at home. His wife was compelled to seek protection from the neighbors. Mrs. Grimes could testify to this, which she did in the following manner: "Well 'Squire, I think it was Tuesday night—yes, I know it was, for John Grimes always goes down to town on Tuesdays. Well, I had been pretty busy all day, and sot up quite late. I had just *kivered* up the fire, and was going to bed, when I thought of some candles that I had sot out in the moulds to cool. So I went out to get them, when I heard a terrible furs over at Larkins'; so I goes in and wakes up Grimes. 'John,' says I, 'get up, I believe in my heart that Peter Larkins has come home drunk, and is acting badly; I hear his wife crying.' 'What do you want me to do?' 'Why, go and quiet him.' Says he, 'It is none of my business; a man has a right to get drunk if he wants to.' 'And more the pity,' says I; 'it's a pity there's not a law for it, if a man can't act the man some one ought to make him.' While we was arguing the point, I heard some one pulling the latch of the door; so I went to open it, and who should it be

but poor Susy, half-dressed, with her baby wrapped up in her shawl, and poor little Dick grumbling and crying behind her. Poor *critter*, it was enough to melt the heart of a stone *jist*, to see her—and then to think of her pitying him—but that's jist the way with women, they are such fools about their drunken brutes of husbands. Now I tell you, it would not do for John Grimes to come home in such a condition that he did not know which end was up! I tell you he would rue it but once, and that would be all his life."

Poor Peter, what could he say? He protested his innocence—none but the 'Squire believed him.

"But you were with those men, Peter?" asked the 'Squire.

"I was, 'Squire, and more's the pity."

"And you knew their designs?"

"I did, 'Squire."

"Then why did you not inform me; have I not always been your friend, and what harm has my poor little darling ever done you?"

"Oh! don't, sir, if you please, talk about her. I can't stand it, indeed I can't," and the tears streamed down his face.

"If you knew these men, and knew their designs against the child, why did you not—I ask again, why did you not warn me?"

"Why, 'Squire, just to tell the truth before God and man, I *did* know it all, but I was so drunk that I did not know I knew it, and I come up on purpose to defeat them."

"Well, Peter," says Mrs. Grimes, "I hope you have found out at last that the little you drink does *faize* you; now don't brag any more."

"That's enough, Mrs. Grimes."

"I want you to have enough."

Peter would have had time to get sober and to reflect on his errors before the next session of court, if he had not contrived to make his escape.

Old Mrs. Grimes took good care of his wife and children, and no news was heard from him for many a long day. Susan, so loving, so innocent, and so trustworthy, wept alone and in silence over her misfortunes. It mattered not where Peter was, her affections, and her hopes of happiness were with him.

Is it not strange that the good and wise love so unfalteringly the erring and the depraved ?—such is true love, and such is woman's love.

It is useless to linger at Wolf-Gap in confusion and perturbation, to listen to the voice of grief and sorrow, every moment awaiting the terminus to suspense and conjecture. From fresh mountain scenes and dewy paths—from simple country life and unsophisticated hearts, gentle reader, we will visit the *recherché* apartments of the heartless and fashionable beauty.

Chapter 7.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.—OTHELLO.

"CLOSE the door softly, Hannah," said a lady who was reclining on a sofa, in all the luxurious indolence of a fashionable woman; "I have a violent headache, this morning. I am very feeble—I wish I knew what produces this *abominable* feeling."

"Perhaps it was going to the theater last night?" said Hannah.

"Then I should have it frequently."

"But it was very chilly, last evening; I trembled like an aspen leaf all the time I was at the Tabernacle."

"What was you doing their, child?"

"I was listening to a temperance lecture."

"*A what?*"

"A temperance lecture, ma'am."

"This world is getting very wise; who was your orator, Hannah?"

"I didn't hear his name, but he knows how to talk, and has a powerful voice."

"You foolish thing, to waste your time in listening to such nonsense. How could it benefit you?"

"Oh! ma'am, every one ought to be interested and benefited by hearing the truth."

"Take my word for it, child, there was not one word of

truth in the whole discourse. Come, do up my hair in the most becoming manner. Braid it behind in three braids, and curl it in front. Let's see—yes, in five curls on each side. I have a very uncomfortable headache, this morning!"

A sinister smile curled the lips of the attendant, as she untied the full, dark tresses of her mistress, and laid them, one by one, on each shoulder.

"So your man of sober habits made a great impression?"

"I did not say so, ma'am; I said everybody ought to *have* been benefited."

"Depend upon it, Hannah, it was all humbug."

"But I know better, asking your pardon, ma'am, for gainsaying your word," and she gave the dark mass of hair a prodigious twitch.

"How do you know? How could you know? There! I declare, you will leave me as bald as an eagle; you are very heedless."

"How do I know?" cried the girl, the blood rushing to her face, and her lips quivering with emotion; "if I could not feel it and know it, who could? I should like to know—who could?"

"Why, dear bless me, Hannah, how violent you are!"

"Yes, ma'am, and you would be violent too, if you were in my place. Oh! ma'am, if you could follow me to my dreary, loathsome, desolate-looking home, of Saturday nights, and witness what I do, you would not wonder if I was violent. If you would take a look and see my brothers and sisters, benumbed with cold, their naked bosoms exposed to the winter wind and to the summer sun, with

feet blistered by frost—to see their beautiful hair all matted with filth and vermin—their faces begrimed with phlegm and dirt, and their poor, little, meager features distorted by hunger and pain. My poor, deluded mother, singing her hellish songs, like a maniac, lying on an old mildewed bed with her wailing skeleton of a baby hugged up to her withered, dried-up breast—the little dying angel tugging to extract a drop to cool its parched tongue—one drop of that nourishment which the brute mother never refuses its young. I should like to know if that is not entering into the merits of the case?"

"Your father, Hannah, what is he about all this time?"

"What is he about?" replied Hannah, giving her mistress anothor nervous grip; "I 'll tell you what he is about—stumbling home with a loaf of bread under one arm and a black jug in the other hand—his eyes bunged up with blood and dust; his face disfigured with coal black; his clothes covered with the nauseous mixture of the gutter-filth—I should not know him if it were not for that eternal jug, that *accursed* jug. Oh! ma'am, why should I not know? But this is not all!"

"It is enough in all conscience, child: mercy! mercy! I declare, you are getting furious!"

"You would be furious too, ma'am, if you were in my place, but you don't know, indeed you don't—how could you?—sitting here on the fashionable side of Broadway, in your beautiful room, with curtains of gold and damask—with your piano and guitar—your nice toilet—your books and engravings—treading on a velvet carpet—lying on a soft, warm sofa, with a bright fire that sends comfort and joy to every part of the room—but above all, your nice

lunch, coming up on a silver tray, with ice-water and champagne. Then you dress and wrap up in your furs and go abroad to see and be seen. Ah! ma'am, it is very little you know of misery."

"Easy, Hannah, easy, for heaven's sake, be careful!"

"I tell you, ma'am, it is bad enough to have a drunken father—a *beast* of a *father*—but it is nothing in comparison with a drunken mother!"

The lady's face flushed crimson, and she moved nervously in her seat.

"Only to think," continued the girl, as she twisted the long dark curls around her finger; "that I have a thousand times wished that I had never been born, or that my mother had strangled me when I was an infant!"

"Oh! you wicked creature!" cried Mrs. Temple, trying to laugh.

"No, ma'am, it is not wicked—it would have been kinder in her, and she would have only murdered me at once, instead of by piecemeal. Who can love a mother who prefers the bottle to her children—her honor—all that is sacred to womanhood?"

"There, child, that will do. Turn the glass round—my hair curls beautifully to-day—it always does when the air is humid. Stop, you must not give another pull—I can't stand it. Did your mother always drink?"

"Always drink?" replied the girl; "no, ma'am—I can remember when my mother was a gentle, lady-like woman, as much so as yourself, ma'am, only she was poor, always poor, ma'am."

"What tempted her to become so fond of her cups?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Who tempts everybody, ma'am? Who tempted Eve? The same one, the devil, ma'am."

"How was she led to it?" asked the lady, as if irresistibly forced to hear truths which she had seldom heard, and which she hardly dared to hear.

"Why you see, ma'am, it was a very sickly season—my father took the cholera, and was very near dying; however, he recovered, but very slowly, and was very much reduced. The doctor advised him to take a little brandy every day before his meals, to strengthen his system. He commenced by taking a little with peppermint—sometimes with ginger, then toddy, with sugar and nutmeg, before dinner. He then went on from one thing to another, until he became a perfect sot; that's the degrees of most drunkards. The same way with my poor mother—she begged, she entreated my poor father to refrain, to pause before it got too late, but he only drank the oftener. It was impossible to make him reasonable. After a while he got to staying out at nights, and became quite worthless, so that my poor mother's heart was entirely broken; and instead of seeking comfort in her Bible, and her God, and her ever-blessed Redeemer, she went to the old black bottle. You see, madam, when her eyes were swollen, and she looked hurried and flurried, like you do sometimes, I thought it was grief for my father's doings, but not a bit of it! she had lost all consciousness of right and wrong—she had sold her soul, and for what?"

The lady looked very earnestly in the girl's face, who was standing directly in front of her, with arms a-kimbo, and the tears falling slowly from her eyes.

"Yes, yes," continued Hannah, "she became a rum-

drinker; she first took violent headaches, especially in the morning, just such as you have ma'am, only——"

"Only what!" cried the lady, trembling in every limb.

"It is champagne gives it to you, as hers was caused by diluted, sour rum."

The lady's face quivered with suppressed emotion; turning the things carelessly over on the dressing-table, she tried to say carelessly, "Why champagne never disagrees with one."

"Yes ma'am, the gentleman that lectured last night said, that the upper-crust, who drank champagne, would never give it up—that it would make folks boozy; that rum, whisky, ale, and beer, got all the credit of turning people topsy-turvy."

"Foreigners must, and will drink," said Mrs. Temple. "Your mother, child, I suppose, was from the Emerald Isle."

"No ma'am," said Hannah, drawing herself up with supreme dignity, "my mother is a native American—she was born in a land of peace and plenty—more is the shame to her."

"Well, Hannah, I have had temperance enough for one day, I will finish dressing, but first bring me a pitcher of ice water."

While Hannah was procuring the ice water, Mrs. Temple stepped into her dressing closet, and drawing forth a very beautiful flask of precious china, with a silver stopper, poured out a wine-glass of clear amber liquor and drank it down with great precipitation, and quickly returned to the dressing-table, ready to receive the ice water, when Hannah returned to the room.

"I expect a charming visitor, this evening," said Mrs. Temple, as Hannah placed the water on the table, "my own sweet little daughter, whom I have not seen for nearly eight years."

"O! ma'am, you will be very happy I am sure."

"Not so very—it takes a great deal to make some people happy. I suppose I am one of that class."

"Oh! ma'am, you ought to be happy."

"Ought to be? How do you know what I ought to be?" and her voice thickening almost to a lisp, and the saliva oozing from the corners of her mouth; "I forget myself sometimes, when talking to you, and if it was not vulgar to use proverbs, I would tell you one, but I can't just get hold of it—'Too much familiarity——' Oh! hang it—"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Hannah, as the lady was vainly endeavoring to fasten her bracelet, "but everybody can be happy in some way or other; God never made man or woman, without giving them a chance to be happy, and I know he has showered blessings upon you as thick as May-blossoms. You have no right to be anything but happy."

"You have a right, I suppose, to be insolent!" cried Mrs. Temple, turning fiercely toward the girl, who stood holding her bracelet and collar.

"I have a right to speak the truth," said Hannah, in a firm, democratic way.

"I'll let you know I am—know—I'll let you *shee* I can do as I *pleashe*," said the lady, almost choking with passion, "do you hear me, *shay*, do you hear me?"

"I should be as deaf as a door-nail if I didn't," said Hannah.

"I *shay*, I have a right to do just as I *pleashe;* I dare you to *shay* otherwise—will you not speak—*s–shay?*"

"I will not say another word ma'am—I am sorry I said so much. You have spoiled me by talking so much to me. I do not wish to forget my place."

"You forgot your place, when you *shaid* I got d–drunk."

"Indeed, I did not say so."

"What did y–you *shay?*"

"I said the champagne disagreed with you."

"But you meant as much."

"Dear me, ma'am, how could it enter my heart, that a rich lady like *you*—one of the upper-crust too—that has every comfort in life, should fall so low?"

"You did *s–shay* it—you did mean it!" interrupted the lady, in a hurried and passionate tone, "you know you did—you low creature you."

"I did not ma'am, say so," said Hannah, deliberately laying down the collar and bracelet, which she had been holding so long, but saw so little prospect of disposing of them in their usual way. "No ma'am, I *did not* say you were 'you-know-how,' but I say so now—and it's a crying sin—and I tell you so if I have to die for it. You are sinning against light and knowledge—for a drunkard cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, ma'am, when you get *sober,* and need my assistance, ma'am, you can just ring the bell, ma'am." Hannah closed the door behind her with a tremendous jerk.

Chapter 8.

——Intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.—SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. TEMPLE moved toward the door as Hannah closed it *sans cérémonie*, but fell back on the sofa, overcome by a variety of emotions—topsy-turvy commotion of the brain, and an unequivocal unwillingness of her feet to perform their usual functions. What a tableau! A superb subject for a Vandyke or a Claude Lorraine. The chamber, with its lofty ceilings; its rich curtains and draperies; its mirrors and chandeliers; in fine, all those exquisite appliances of ease and comfort, so consonant to the taste and use of a fashionable lady.

Mrs. Temple was, unconscious of all around her, extended upon the sofa, unable to change her position. Her form was magnificent, tall and graceful; time had, with dissipation, destroyed the timidity and modesty of youth—these gave place to a Venus-like stateliness and power. Her modishly arranged head had fallen over the cushions, and her dark hair, in long curls, drooped from her high brow, and rested on her shoulders. The contour of her face presented a perfect development of every intellectual beauty; the exquisitely arched brows, and the long silken lashes added the matchless symmetry to her features, so fully appreciated by the eye of an artist; but the contraction of the muscles

and the deep crimson of the cheek, were painful to the sight. The half-opened mouth, with lips relaxed, smiling in contortion and disgust, were almost hideous. An itinerant spasm, twitching first one side of her face, and then the other, eliciting a corresponding sympathy from the corners of her left eye, gave her the agonized look of a fallen angel, and seemed to say,

"And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow;
And reveled in gross joys of earth
'Till I became what I am now!"

She continued in a state between sleep and lethargy. Sometimes she would throw her arms up, clasp her hands wildly, or strike her foot against the ottoman, which was within reach. Her head, so uneasily placed, bobbed up and down, like a cork on water. Love, friendship, and honor, were all forgotten. The hope of heaven and christian faith were expelled from her *cankerous* heart. No joy, no pleasure, no consolation, but the soul-destroying—the deadening influence of the inebriating draught found entrance there. She was lost in the wild ecstasies of delirium, proving the inexpressible and undisputed delights of a drunkard's paradise.

While Mrs. Temple is recovering from her *extraordinary* excitement, I will give you an outline of her history down to the present time. Mrs. Johnson had married in very early life, an aged but aristocratic merchant, who was the father of a very amiable and interesting child. Mr. Johnson died, leaving his young wife the guardian of his two children. The step-daughter was reared at home by her

mother's relations, and Mrs. Temple, the youngest child, was sent to a fashionable boarding-school.

Her education was limited. The frivolous accomplishments of the day were the only points in which she excelled. · Unfortunately for her, and those with whom her lot fell in after days, she was neglected in all the most important points of female tuition. The essential duties of religion and moral rectitude, were to her memory but the myths of the nursery.

She was taught to love and admire virtue as some bright and beautiful vision, mixed up with the mysteries of a future state, but that the whole purpose of woman's being was to secure the praises and flatteries of the world—to attain the goal of ambition by a flourishing debut into the fashionable circles of society, and by tact and judicious management, obtain the hand of some distinguished character—a man whose position in life was unquestionably above mediocrity, and whose name was a passport to the aristocratic sphere, so ardently desired as the acme of all earthly aspirations.

Miss Johnson, unlike most young ladies, was not in the least romantic. The sentiments of her heart concentrated in self. She knew she was handsome, and her only study was how to turn her good looks to some account—how to win, by her graces and accomplishments, a *wealthy husband.*

When chance threw Mr. Temple in her way, every art was called into requisition to accomplish her designs. She admired him and loved him as devotedly as *she could* love. He, the soul of honor and truth, saw only the surface, and dreamed of nothing unfair—thought not of hidden breaches, ambushes, or counter-plots, but felt supremely happy in

sharing his name and fortune with one so worthy, so beautiful, and so innocent. *They were married.*

In very early youth she had been thoughtless enough to turn a willing ear to the praises and protestations of her cousin, Ben Darby, who was a year or two her junior. The conventionalities of life soon placed her before him, and she looked back at the affair, and regretted it as a very childish folly, and soon lost all remembrance of it. Young Darby felt the change, but resolved never to forget it, and never permit her to think he could. An undying revenge was smothered in his heart, and he gloated over the anticipation of success; but his soft, oily voice, and the imperturbable smile, that lay like a tissue of light over his hypocritical face, said "peace, peace," when there was no peace. Darby was poor, and Miss Johnson had been taught from her cradle, that love and poverty were at variance.

They were married, and Ben Darby smiled as he handed his cousin to the carriage which was to bear them off. He kissed his hand gayly as they drove away, and turned from the crowd to vent his smothered bitterness in half breathed curses.

"She shall rue it the longest day she lives. I will follow her to perdition," were the venomous oaths.

"You had better thank your stars that you are rid of her," whispered a voice close by.

"Fairmont, you think so?"

"I know it; she will prove a curse instead of a blessing; there is one poor devil taken in, or my name is Haines."

"Tell me why!"

"If I were to tell you, you would not believe me; it is incredible."

"So bad as that?"

"As bad as you could wish it."

"And she loves another?"

"I surmise she does."

"You speak from suspicion only."

"Oh Darby, you know well what I mean—certainly you do."

"Indeed, I do not."

"Have you truly no suspicion of what I am at?"

"None, as I live."

"Well, I'll let you go on a voyage of discovery; you will not be as long getting at it as Columbus was in finding America, but you will be more astonished. Watch her well, Darby. 'There is something rotten in Denmark.' If I am deceived, you may take the corn."

"Three weeks, three little weeks, on wings of love had o'er them flown," when Mr. Temple discovered he had married a little too hastily, and, for once in his life, had committed a blunder. His wife was not just exactly what he supposed a wife ought to be. They were not congenial. She was frivolous and gay—but then she was young, and would soon lose some of the superabundance of youth's elasticity. She was inconsistent and fitful—but she was petted and spoiled, and, no doubt, would soon imbibe a more placid temperament. His love, he thought, would, in course of time, remedy all her little peculiarities. They were so trivial, that he wished he had not noticed them. He had faults himself—he was too fastidious—he had raised

the standard of feminine worth *too* high. He knew so little about the sex — perhaps it was true to their natures to be mysterious and inexplicable. They were all willful and impetuous, for Scott, the great genius of romance, had said

> "Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> * * *
> When care and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

"A ministering angel," no doubt — and he would have willingly contracted the dyspepsia or consumption, so that he might realize her worth—but all the diseases in the catalogue of death, seemed to shun him, and he was forced to exercise that priceless pearl—patience.

He bore, with manly fortitude, his accumulating perplexities, until, in despair, he concluded he had married a *sprite*.

As time rolled on, Mr. Temple made but slow progress in the study of feminine nature. His wife was a perfect enigma. He found he had been grievously deceived, but he bore it like a philosopher. Like a Christian, he set about to see how all evils could be remedied, but like a *quack* doctor, he commenced the application before he had discovered the cause; of course, his progression was slow and uncertain.

She was always on extremes — when gay, volatile — when serious, gloomy. Yet what distressed him most of all was, her unwillingness to visit with him his mountain-home—and she always recovered from her dark fits sooner, if he were absent, than when, by kindness and affection, he tried to win her smiles. He would leave her, sometimes, the picture of despair and gloom, and upon his return find

her as smiling as a spring morning, or gay as the light-winged lark.

This was painful in the extreme; but he was so gentle in his nature, so truthful and unselfish in his love, that to see her happy was sufficient; at least, he made up his mind that it should *be so.*

Darby was a frequent visitor at his rooms, but his calls were always well timed, and of a ceremonious character—he had no reason to be jealous, for his wife's conduct toward her cousin was irreproachable. Although Darby was hovering like a vulture over the covert of the dove, yet she was unconscious of it, and innocent of any participation in his evil thoughts and designs.

Time, however, by one of those strange casualties, over which human ingenuity has no control, terminated Mr. Temple's misgivings and perplexities respecting the conduct of his wife. The denouement was clear and satisfactory, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Temple was thrown from his horse, which accident resulted in the dislocation of his ankle. He was taken home nearly insensible. His young wife was frantic with grief. When he recovered his consciousness, and found her so wild with anguish on his account, he consoled himself with the hope that his painful disaster would reveal the latent good qualities of his wife.

She lingered about him, whispering sweet words of consolation and sympathy, while the surgeon was binding up the injured member. "A ministering angel thou," thought he, and his eye rested on her face in calm repose.

The next evening early, she left her husband to make some necessary purchases. He appeared quiet

and perfectly at rest. She promised to return in one hour. "In one short hour, dear," she said, looking back at him as she left the room. The hour soon passed off; the invalid was drowsy, and the moments glided dreamily away.

Another hour—still, Mrs. Temple did not appear. The doctor came and found him much excited, and in a great fever. He had been so long listening for his wife's step along the hall, and fancying a thousand evils, that he had worked himself into a fever. Bitter reflections came, one after another. He thought of his home among the hills, where the winds came in gentle whispers; the fragrance of the woodbine, that dropped upon the window sill; the chant of the birds, making their nests in the piazza roof; the soothing hum of the busy bees among the clover-blossoms, mingling with the distant and low tinkling of the cow-bells in the meadows; the form of his beloved sister, whose presence always brought a balm for every anguish, a charm for every pain.

The servant brought his dinner.

"Has not Mrs. Temple returned yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Something must have happened."

"Where did she go, sir?" asked the servant.

"To the Bowery, John."

"When did she leave, sir?"

"At nine, this morning."

"It is now four; I think she will be in soon, sir."

"Yes, I suppose. I am not accustomed to confinement, John, and I am restless."

He tried to read, to sleep, to think, but he had become

so nervous that when the servant came in late in the afternoon, he found him ill, and in violent pain.

The clock struck six—no appearance of Mrs. Temple. The poor sufferer groaned with agony and pain: at last, when night closed in, and the gas was lighted in his room, his uneasiness was vented in groans and bitter invectives. In the midst of this excitement the servant announced Mr. Fairmont.

"How are you getting along Temple? In bed hey!"

"I am in great pain."

"Ah, well, Harry, every body pities you; you are a sober man. Now, if it was your humble servant—why let him go to the devil, the intemperate dog—but where is Mary?"

"I have not seen her since morning."

"No—how you talk!"

"I thought," said Temple, faintly, "she might be at your house."

"So she was, at two o'clock, but she and her sister had a little disagreement, and Mary left suddenly and in a very ill humor. So she has not been here all day?"

"Left me alone and in pain," said he, bitterly.

"You must teach her better," said Fairmont, "it will not do to let women have their way."

"Their hearts should teach them better."

"Suppose they have none?"

"They are not all heartless," said Temple, with a sigh.

"Sir," said Fairmont, "my wife never tries to cut capers. She did when we were first married, but I cured her in a hurry."

"What do you call capers?"

"Pouting, when I staid out of nights, and dumps, if I came home a little—you—know—how."

"Mrs. Temple has never had anything of that sort to complain of."

"I know it; that is the very reason she imposes on your good-nature. Come with me some night, and we will take a regular *bender*—we will get drunk; and come home and say, Mrs. Temple, I am *your* man—I'll see you out, madam, if you are all trumps. Then pitch up the chairs and kick over the tables—sling down the washing crockery. I warrant you, Mary would be as docile as a mummy."

"Hush, Fairmont, said Temple, I cannot listen to you—it jars my nerves; you know well it is not my nature to be violent."

"Nor was it mine once," said Fairmont, "but I will tell you how it was, Temple."

"Not now, Fairmont, some future time, when I can listen with patience."

"No time like the present—you can't help yourself, my man, and while you are getting your foot cured you had just as well do up all the diseases at once! Your wife, Temple, is very far from being an angel, like her sister, Mrs. Fairmont."

Temple groaned.

"But Jane used to be as fractious as a cat. I will tell you how I cured her. Yes, when we were first married, Jane was a woman of her own accord. She undertook to lay down the law to me whenever I came home glorious. One night Darby and I got in with some old cronies, and had a real breakdown; when I went home I found Jane sitting up with the baby, crying and looking like she

had been sold for half-price. So I laid down my cane, and pitched my hat up on the top of the bedstead, and screamed, 'Huzza for General Jackson.' Then, seizing the baby, I sent it up to the ceiling. 'Hurra for John Quincy,' screamed I, and away went baby; but it came down greatly delighted with its aeronautic excursion. I caught it again in my arms, and looked to see how it had affected its mother. Poor Jane had fainted—the first thing she said when she recovered was, 'Simon, is the baby dead!' I tell you, Temple, she never sat up crying for me again, with the baby; I cured her of that trick, certain. I believe in my soul if she had fifty of them, I never would see one if I came home braced. So you see, Temple, women can be cured."

"The fault was all your own," said Temple, "why did you give her cause to weep?"

"A woman, Harry, has no right to raise a muss because a man happens to come home a little *transmogrified*."

Fairmont was interrupted by a confusion of noises in the hall. A loud, unnatural laugh, made Temple start upright. There was a bustle—a sound of mysterious whisperings.

The door was opened by Fairmont, and Temple heard him say, "For God's sake don't bring her in here in that condition."

"What is it? Speak!" gasped Temple, trying in vain to get off the couch.

"Be still, Harry, you will injure yourself," whispered Fairmont.

"Oh have pity on me, Fairmont, tell me what has happened to my wife?"

"It is not much; Mrs. Temple has been taken suddenly ill."

"Oh! do help me up, Fairmont," said the agonized husband, "she ——"

"Lie still, *you* can't help her. It is only the hysterics; women always have so many queer spells and odd fits. My wife used to have them, but they have left her. I tell her if any one has fits about the house it must be me—*if* there is any fitting to do, why, I'll do it myself."

"Oh, she is ill, I know she is; she could not have left me so long"— and Temple covered his face with his hands.

"Nothing but a palpitation of the heart; she ran up stairs too rapidly—she will get better directly. They have taken her to her room; be easy, Harry, a little ice-water—a spoonful of hartshorn will bring all right again. Women are queer creatures at best—hard to manage—you'll find it so."

When Fairmont left the room he found Darby in the parlor, looking very placid and self-composed.

"You have found out, Darby, that Mrs. Temple, has a weak point," whispered Fairmont.

"I loved her once well enough to take her with all her faults."

"Then you ought to have married her, for I see Temple is not the man to bear such things. He is a very sober man, and would, I presume, prefer a sober wife. He will not live with her when he finds it out."

"He promised to take her for better or worse. It is his own look-out."

"If that was Mrs. Fairmont I would take her to the

lunatic asylum, and have a strait jacket put on her, or I would trump up some excuse for her to visit Blackwell's Island."

"Mrs. Temple is your wife's sister; whatever affects one affects the other."

"Not liquor, Darby; but tell me, has Temple found out that his wife ——, that there is something wrong?"

"If he has not, his penetration is pointless; he will, however, be likely to find it out to-morrow."

"I feel very sorry that she will drink."

"I regret she has not tact enough to keep such things in secret."

"Tact, the d——! who can keep such things in the dark?—"

"Speak softly, Fairmont, or it will get out."

"I guess it is out long ago. Now a *man* has a right to drink as much as he pleases—it is nobody's business—but when a young, fashionable woman does it, she ought to be put in solitary confinement and fed on bread and water."

"Have not the fair sex as much right to enjoy the pleasures of life as we have?"

"You call intoxication one of the pleasures of life, do you? Well, I call it hell upon earth. I know you will allow that I know something about it."

"Why persist in it then?" asked Darby, with a malicious smile. "I never do a thing that is contrary to my wishes."

"Talk on."

"It shows a want of self-restraint, of independence, discretion, and bad management."

"As far as your experience goes, Darby, it shows a lack

of hypocrisy—strength in the nervous system—you are made of iron—you have no feelings, you never had—you are so d—— devilish in your nature that you can drink twice as much as any other man; but, by heavens! you walk erect and strut, as much as to say, 'Am I drunk?' and you are never putting on your pants hind-part before. The watch has never picked you up on the curb and carried you home, with your face bruised and a hole in your hat. No, sir! you can reform just when you please—now I want to see you do it. They are getting up a temperance society on a novel plan, let me see you give them your name. A man who is as frigid and dogmatic as you are, with a pint of brandy stowed away, must be a phenomenon after drinking cold water for a week. Cool off once, Darby, just to see how you feel."

"I will follow your example, Fairmont."

"Well, I expect to die—yes, I had just as well say it—in a gutter, or tumble off the leeward side of the ferry-boat, some Sunday, or be found frozen to death in the park, or with a fractured skull, by the watch; but bad as I am, I would not have a drunken wife; and I must say, Darby, it is not manly in you to take Mrs. Temple where she can indulge her propensity. You are not acting the part of a friend to hold the cup to her lips, even if it may bring her to you at last."

"She will get it any-way, Fairmont; it does not matter much—it will be all the same a hundred years hence—so come, boy, let 's go and have a cozy punch in my room, and we will talk it all over, there."

The two worthies finished the evening together over

cigars, oysters, and punch. Darby went to bed stupefied, but the uproarious Fairmont, singing and swearing, stretched himself on the lounge and fell, at last, into a profound sleep, singing

"Bid her shed not one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and bright;
But balmy drops from the red grape borrow
To bathe the relic from morn till night."

Chapter 9.

"Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend."

As the clock struck twelve Mrs. Temple stole softly into the sitting-room where her husband still occupied the lounge. He had at last fallen asleep, overcome by his mental suffering, bodily pain, and powerful anodynes. He was alone; his servant had not yet taken his place to watch for the night. The intense pain he had suffered had gradually diminished, and a sweet repose followed its total cessation.

Mrs. Temple looked upon him as he lay wrapped in "the mantle of sleep;" his face was composed and his fine manly countenance indicated peace and resignation. She turned abruptly from him, fumbled about the bottles and glasses on the table by his side, then cautiously prepared to seat herself on the foot of the lounge. Totally unconscious of how far she might descend—miscalculating the proximity of the point of location, she came down with a tremendous velocity upon the inflamed and aggravated foot, which had not been easy one hour out of the twenty-four. A shriek of agony from the sufferer brought her a little to herself. She raised herself up, and drawing his foot into her lap, she began to trot it up and down with a savage vehemence, singing:

"Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find,
We'll take a flight
Toward heaven, this night,
And leave dull earth behind."

A wild, smothered scream, in which was condensed the anguish of a torturing death, brought the servant to the room. He found Mr. Temple in a strong convulsion and his wife holding on to the dislocated ankle. She was removed from the room; the physician called and re-set the bone with inexpressible suffering to the patient. Days and months passed before he was able to come forth again from his room. Every means was used to prevent Mrs. Temple from indulging in her cups, but all was in vain. Mr. Temple saw that it was impossible to live with her in peace and security, and wisely determined to leave her. Several weeks before the birth of her infant, he kept her in close confinement, and when the child was five weeks old the wretchedly beguiled mother commenced her libations to Bacchus with increased zest. A mother's and a wife's love were forgotten; what then could reach her heart? what could reform her? Mr. Temple had the child removed to a distant village to be nursed. They separated. He occupied a room in one hotel and she in another.

Ever generous and noble-hearted he gave her an ample maintenance; enough to surround her with all the luxuries of life. She attempted to recover the child, and she succeeded in getting possession of it. She kept it two days, weeping bitter tears of repentance over it; but the third day she became intoxicated, and while lying on the sofa,

drunk and asleep, Mr. Temple's confidential servant entered and softly stole it away.

"Did she make no resistance?" asked the husband.

"None, sir."

"Was the child lying on the sofa?"

"Yes sir, with its feet up in its mother's bosom and its head down."

Mr. Temple then resolved to remove Elinor to his paternal dwelling; he could not bear the thought of leaving her within the reach of her mother. He was well aware his wife had friends, and some very reckless ones too. He knew, that when he left New York with the child, he was followed and watched. At Petersburg, he tarried several days at a friend's house, and with a great deal of care, evaded the vigilance of his spies, and succeeded in placing the child in security, without giving them any clue to its asylum.

Now, reader, you know his secret—a drunken wife! A young, beautiful mother offering to the cherubic lips of innocence, the cankering, filthy mixture of a poisoned breast; engendering in its developing constitution, the stamina of pollution. Mothers! touch *not*, taste not; let not one drop of the tempter's cup mingle with the pure element of thy breast. Nature means for the infant to drain a pure fountain.

We left Mrs. Temple lying rather uneasily on the sofa. The sound of the tea-gong roused her up. Finding herself pretty capable of promenading the long halls and winding stairs, she was just coming to the determination to try the experiment, when the door opened, and Mr. Darby entered. He had just returned from Virginia, where he

had gone, on purpose to restore Elinor to her mother. Mr. Temple had lately succeeded in getting a divorce, and Mrs. Temple had promised Darby to marry him, provided he succeeded in securing the child.

Darby did not care so very much about gratifying the whims of the mother, but he thought he would be able to make money by the transaction afterward, for he knew Temple would spare no means to recover it.

"Oh! Darby!" cried the lady, starting from her seat, "is that you? Oh! where—tell me, where is my child?"

"For heaven's sake, Mary, don't go off now into a double-twisted convulsion—be still," and pushing her back to the sofa, he said, "What is the matter?"

"My child, Oh! my child!"

"Mrs. Temple," said he, "you are getting wonderful motherly."

"Dear Ben, you are so cruel—so hard-hearted."

"You shall first welcome me," said Darby, "before I tell you another word."

"Oh! cousin, you are truly welcome. I never was so glad to see you—indeed I am—but I do want to see my child—Ben, you never were a mother," said Mrs. Darby, trying to force up her tears.

"Nor ever expect to be!" said he; "but listen to me—you promised never to drink again, and you have broken your promise—can't you learn to govern yourself? you must do it—you shall. Pray don't expose yourself to your child—but that's no affair of mine—she is not my child."

"You know well, Ben, that I can't keep from it—you know it."

"But you can keep within bounds."

"I will try—I do try—but have pity on me, and tell me, where is my child?"

"She is with Fairmont."

"Oh, goodness! Darby, why did you leave her there? I will go to her."

"You will do no such thing," and he drew her back; "I was not aware that her aunt's house was not a fit place for her."

"Yes, but you know his vulgarity—his loose conversation."

"Oh! I forgot, your child is a *Temple*.

"Now don't be bitter, Darby—but you ought to know that Fairmont is not a fit protector for a girl ten years of age."

"You are becoming sentimentally moral—I sincerely wish your daughter's presence may be beneficial to you."

"Talk on," said Mrs. Temple, "I love to hear you—indeed, you are quite edifying—but stay, there she is! I hear Fairmont's voice."

The door opened, and Fairmont ushered into the room the little wild-flower of Wolf-Gap. She stood amazed in the middle of the apartment, totally at a loss how to proceed. The mother held her arms open, but her emotions were too strong for utterance.

"Why don't you go to your mother, you little Potawatamy, you?" said Fairmont, pushing her forward.

"Please let me be, sir."

"Don't you see your mother is dying to get at you?"

"*My* mother—Oh! no sir—did you say *my* mother?" cried Elinor, looking wildly, first at one, then at the other.

"Elinor, my child, come, come to your mamma."

All the sweet, enrapturing thoughts of a mother's love, rushed into the heart of Elinor. Her doubts vanished—and full of trust and faith, she fell on the bosom of her mother.

"Mother dear—sweet mother," and she laid her pale, but pure cheek, to the burning face of Mrs. Temple.

"My sweet child—but do not call me mother; it brings to mind a big cap, with a wide border—an apron, and tape-strings, with a bunch of keys tied on the side."

"And piles of bread and butter," said Darby.

Elinor listened with astonishment.

"Your aunt Paulina, dear, I suppose, thinks it is Christian-like, to say Mother, because it is in the Bible, but I wish you to call me Mamma."

"Mamma, beautiful mamma," said Elinor, twining her arms around the stately neck.

"How did you *get her*, Darby ?"

"Stole her."

"Were you very sorry, love, when those barbarians caught you, and brought you away ?"

"Yes, mamma, but I did not know that they were bringing me to you."

"We told you so," said Darby.

"Yes, I know you did, Mr. Darby, but you always winked at Mr. Fairmont when you said so, and I thought you were fooling me."

"I suppose they taught you to hate me ?"

"Who, mamma ?"

"Paulina Temple, and your father."

"No ma'am—I never knew I had a mother—a mamma, I mean."

"You are a sweet, docile dove—did you think I was dead?"

"I did, mamma, until these men——"

"Say *gentlemen*, love."

"Dragged me away from dear, sweet Wolf-Gap—and don't you think, mamma, that they were nearly all the time so drunk, that——"

"Come, Darby, it is time for us to leave—by George! she is a bright one. Mrs. Temple, I am afraid you will be for paying us to take that young one back! Good night."

"Mamma," said Elinor, drawing up closely to her again, "did you send those men after me?"

"Gentlemen, dear—you *must* say gentlemen."

"But they are *not*, mamma."

"I know best, love, what is proper."

"Well, they may be gentlemen in New York, but they could not be in Amherst."

"Why not, dear?"

"Because they are drunkards. Why did you send them for me?"

"Because, love, I could not live any longer without you."

"You loved me so?" and Elinor kissed her again, and smiled like one in a dream. "Why did they not come to the house and ask for me, and talk to grandpapa? but they caught me in the orchard—tied up my mouth, and threatened to kill me. Oh! that hateful Darby—is he your cousin, mamma?"

"Yes, my love."

"And Mr. Fairmont is your brother?"

"My brother-in-law."

"Oh! I am glad he is not my own dear uncle."

"You don't like him?"

"I like him better than I do Darby."

"Mr. Darby, love."

"Mamma, where is my father?"

"Papa, love."

"Where is he—do tell me?"

"I do not know."

"Not know? Oh, yes, you do!"

"I do not, child—we never see each other; and if you stay with me, you must give up all your Wolf-Gap friends, and forget them."

"Not my own dear father?"

"Yes—can you not give up all for me?" and Mrs. Temple looked so beautiful when she said this, that Elinor again hid her face in her bosom.

"I feel I shall love you better than all the world, mamma, except——"

"No exceptions, Elinor—you must forget all."

"God will not let me."

"But you will try, I know you will—but how old-womanish you look—your clothes look as old-timed as Lot's wife, when she came out of the ark."

"But Lot's wife, mamma, was never in the ark—she turned to a pillar of salt."

"Yes, because she was prying into things that did not concern her," continued Mrs. Temple; but I say, Elinor, your clothes are a perfect libel on the past. Wolf-Gap fashions, I suppose."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. Mr. Darby bought them for me in Richmond."

"I thought Darby had better taste."

"Oh, mamma, he has not one good quality about him.'

"You must not express such an opinion—you are too little to have one of your own."

"I cannot help seeing when a person is drunk—can I?"

"Well, dear, you must try and think better of him; do you know that, perhaps, he will soon be your father?"

"Never!" cried Elinor, her arms relaxing their hold upon her mother, "my father is living—I can have but one."

"I suppose they never told you that your father and I were divorced?"

"What is divorced?

"Unmarried, love."

"People can't be unmarried without dying," said Elinor.

"Yes, dear—the law does it."

"The law—Oh! no, mamma; for when Ralph Jones and Sallie Barns got married at Wolf-Gap, the preacher said, 'Those whom God joins together, let no man put asunder,' and when I asked grandpapa what it meant, he said they *had* to live together until they died."

"These things are beyond your comprehension, love—we will talk no more about it to-night; be careful, dear, not to talk in company about your Ralph Jones and Sallie Barnes; it sounds vulgar."

Elinor understood enough to make her feel very unhappy, and even after she was introduced to the splendor and luxury of city life, she pined for the green fields and sweet quiet glades, where the music of nature, and the fragrance of the earth, poured out their treasures upon the passing winds.

She had been but a few days with her mother, when the

novelty of having "a sweet, beautiful mamma," began to pall on her imagination. Although Mrs. Temple was beautiful and fashionable, and given to gross flattery, yet there was at best little in her to interest a pure-minded child, and Elinor's education was so different from hers, that child as she was, Mrs. Temple could not cope with her arguments; so there was very little congeniality between them. The idea of her mother marrying again, was full of horror and disgust. She felt, she knew there was something wrong, but she was not old enough to enter into the merits of the case. The thought of having Darby for her daily companion, was torture, and the poor child brooded in painful silence over her misfortunes. She determined to write home in spite of all her mother's precautions. Her mother's love was all made up of sweet words and rich presents—books, clothes, and jewels—all were pleasing and novel to Elinor, but there was something missing; she could not feel easy with her mother; could not rely upon her in full faith; there was no common sentiment or common feeling. If Elinor spoke of the mountains of Amherst, and her country associations, her mother always stopped her short,—

"Well, dear, you must forget all those vulgar people—you are in the city now."

Her mother left her alone so much of her time—she was sick so often—sat up so late at night, and slept so late in the morning—sometimes until dinner-time—then she was so fretful and peevish—always garrulous, and never agreeable only of evenings. Elinor was getting very weary of being shut up all day in the house, having access only to the parlor and halls. She read until her eyes ached—

looked over all the streams and mountains which were in the pictures that adorned the walls, and her young heart yearned for the joys of country life—the song of the wild bird on the mountain's crest—the murmurs of the crystal drops that washed the cleft rock—the noise of the geese in the meadow-brook; but above all, the old school-house in the hollow, where she had passed so many bright and happy days, making bouquets of wild flowers, and twisting love-knots out of the long broom-straws.

Tired of her thoughts, she gazed from the window to find relief by watching the crowd which swept to and fro with the speed of thought. She read the signs over the street, and spelt them backward; watched the neighbors at the boarding-house on the corner—the little pale-faced baby that lived at the window, tapping the glass with its tiny fingers, like a bird in a cage—the sickly-looking gentleman in No. —, pausing at his easel, and the old woman over the Insurance Office, with the mob-cap, brushing the dust and cobwebs from the shelves of the quaint-looking old room, while its inmate was walking on the Battery—the lady with the green shawl and brown parasol, who goes out and comes in so frequently; she takes off the everlasting shawl, folds it up, and lays it away; seats herself in the rocking-chair, and talks to herself. Elinor wonders what she is saying—expects she is tired of being alone. Then she became interested in a large building that was undergoing a remodeling, a huge brick house nearly opposite; they were pulling it down, and building it over; the bricks were all taken apart; the old crust of mortar removed, and the bricks piled up outside the curb-stone. A good many hands were employed, and all seemed very busy. So

deeply were her childish thoughts taken up in counting the loads of brick that were placed on the temporary tower, she did not notice that any one was near her.

"Elinor," said Hannah, "do not lean so far out of the window, you might fall out and crush somebody's new-fashioned bonnet."

"No I won't, Hannah; but only see that boy over there!"

"Where?"

"Piling up the bricks, don't you see?"

"I see lots of them, all the time—there is no scarcity of the article in this city."

"Yes, but I mean that boy, there, with the straw hat and striped pants. Oh! look at him, Hannah, what a heavy load he carries!"

"He 'll get done the sooner."

"See, Hannah, how fast he walks! there, don't you see how fast he is piling them up? Theodore! Theodore!" she cried, almost springing from the window.

"Miss Elinor, your mamma will hear you—you had better not make her mad unless you want to see the devil's wife!"

"Oh! Hannah, that is Theodore!" and she called again, "Theodore!"

"I 'll Theodore you, you vulgar little de'il," cried Mrs. Temple, seizing her by the shoulders and pulling her down; "how dare you scream at those nasty, low-bred carriers? are you not ashamed of yourself? Come, come, no crying—I will not have it! Fix her up, Hannah, and bring her in the sitting-room—Mr. Darby wants to see her—mind, don't provoke me!"

"Didn't I tell you so!" said Hannah, as soon as her mistress left the hall; "she is one of the furies. Ah! child, your troubles are just beginning—I pity you and will do all I can to help you. I was going to leave, the night you came, but said to myself—I know a thing or two, so I concluded I would stay just on your account."

"You are very kind, Hannah, and I feel very sorry that mamma is angry—but, Hannah, that was Theodore—I know it was."

"And pray, who is Theodore, Miss, that you must be calling him from the window?"

"Oh! you know, he lived just down below grandpa's—I left him there when I came away."

"How came he here? It must be his ghost!"

"I know it is him."

"How do you know?"

"By his walk."

"All hod-carriers walk queer," said Hannah, laughing; "don't be so foolish, and whatever you do, don't you mention his name before your lady-mother—if you do, I pity you."

Elinor walked timidly into the room and was welcomed by Mr. Darby, who introduced her to some ladies and gentlemen who had met to have a social whist party.

"What a sweet, little daughter you have," said Miss Stitson—"very much like you, Mrs. Temple."

"She is the image of her father," said Darby; "a Temple out and out."

Elinor looked down to hide the smile of satisfaction that would come over her features in spite of all her self-control.

"Elinor can sing like a canary," said Mr. Darby; "have you ever sung for your mamma, child?"

"No sir, she has never told me to sing."

"The birds do not wait to be asked," said Miss Stitson.

"Yes, but they are out in the sunshine and can't help singing."

"And have no mammas to scold them," said Darby, mischievously.

"No; and no Darby to hate," said Elinor.

"How did Mr. Darby find out that you sing?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"He heard me singing on the road when we were coming from Virginia."

"Oh! Mrs. Temple, she is a prize!" cried Miss Stitson; "so very precocious! Well, dear, you will sing for me—come sit here, where I can see your eyes—now begin, dear."

Elinor sang a sweet, simple air with simple words, which pleased the company very much; at least, the gentlemen praised her and the ladies caressed her; and between the two, Elinor, like "children of a larger growth," felt called upon to do her best to increase the admiration; her vanity was excited. Turning to Mr. Darby, she said:

"Now, Mr. Darby, I'll sing a song that will just suit you."

"Why will it suit me, pray, Miss Elinor?"

"Because it is a temperance song."

Loud peals of laughter broke forth at Darby's expense.

"Let's have it, by all means," cried Miss Stitson.

"Yes, it will certainly be beneficial to Ben," said a gentleman.

"It must work a miracle, then," said Mrs. Brown.

"Why, Ben, the temperance question is beginning to seek out victims."

"Who composed your song, dear?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"I don't know, madam; Mrs. Grimes got it from a Boston newspaper, and she made me sing it at a quilting for Peter Larkins—you know Peter Larkins?" said she, looking trustfully at Ben Darby.

The room rang with laughter.

"One of your country cronies, hey! Darby?" said Mrs. Brown.

Darby smiled blandly and bore the jests of his friends patiently. Mrs. Temple was on thorns.

"Come, dear," cried Miss Stitson; "I am dying to hear it!"

Elinor folded her hands on her bosom and sang in a sweet voice:

The sun is brightly looming
Over hill and over dale,
The sweet may-buds are blooming
Down in the winding vale.
Crystal drops are falling
On every leaf and flower,
To life and beauty calling
The wild woodland bower.

Cold water, ever flowing,
Thy diamond-drops are free—
Cold water, sparkling, glowing—
We can drink, drink of thee.

The wild deer on the mountain,
The eagle on the steep
Drink of the gushing fountain
So limpid and so deep;

It 's Heaven's own distilling,
For the sparkling waters glide
Through the earth's bosom, filling
The ocean with its tide.
Cold water, ever flowing,
Thy diamond-drops are free—
Cold water, sparkling—glowing,
We can drink, drink of thee.

The amber wine-cup gleaming
With the sweet grape's crimson glow,
Its wizard drops are teeming
With bitterness and woe.
Dark goblet! oh, how cheating,
Though thy brim may jeweled be,
The pleasures, oh! how fleeting
To those who drink of thee.
Cold water, ever flowing,
Thy diamond-drops are free—
Cold water, sparkling—glowing,
We can drink, drink of thee.

A peal of merriment succeeded the song, and some one accused Darby of looking very penitential; but he swore he had enough of cold water, and called up hot punch to carry off his chill. They all became very convivial. Champagne followed the punch, and some of the company were becoming a little uproarious.

Mrs. Brown proposed to toast the temperance song; and Miss Stitson, the singer; so Darby poured out a glass of wine and handed it to the child, and expressed his admiration for the song. Elinor refused to take it.

"Thank you, sir, I never drank any in my life."

"That is no reason you never should."

"Papa never would let me taste it," said Elinor, look-

ing beseechingly toward her mother. "Indeed, he said I must never touch liquor."

"Oh what a little vulgarity it is," cried Mrs. Temple, turning crimson; "it is wine, dear, never say liquor."

"Yes, mamma, I know that, but it will make drunk come."

"Do you know, child, you are acting very impolitely?"

"I suppose I am, but I cannot drink it, Mr. Darby."

"Just taste it, Elinor, that is all that is required of you."

"I will not touch it, for our preacher at Wolf-Gap, said: Touch not, taste not, nor handle the unclean thing."

"What a sweet angel it is, quite a little moralist," said Miss Stitson. "She is a perfect treasure."

Mrs. Temple led Elinor to the door, and ordered Hannah not to permit her to return, but put her to bed.

"Did you drink any punch?" asked Hannah, who had been listening at the door.

"No, I did not."

"That was just right; never taste it, never Miss—it is rank poison; it kills soul and body both. I will take you, some night, to the Tabernacle, to hear the Temperance Lecturer—would you like to go?"

"Very much, Hannah; you are very good—but please let me look out of the hall window. I will not make a noise."

"What for, child?"

"Perhaps Theodore is there."

"Thinking of him still?"

"He is my old friend, Hannah, and he is very good and true."

"How do you know?"

"Grandpa said he could trust him with his honor or his life. Yes, yes," whispered she, "there he is still!" She clasped her hands, and he took off his hat and replaced it, with a very grave air. "Oh yes! Hannah, it is him, please let him in."

"In here, child! that will never do—I must take him to my room — he is just the size of Charley, my brother. My heart is warming up toward this Theodore of yours, dear."

"Oh! I love you for that, Hannah; bring him in here first."

"No! come with me."

Elinor was so delighted when she saw Theodore, that she could scarcely keep still a moment.

"How d'ye do, Miss Elinor?"

"I am well, Theodore, how's the folks at Grandpa's? Oh! I have been so lonesome."

"Lonesome, in this great city?" asked Theodore.

"Yes, very—but, Theodore, you worked very hard to-day—it is worse than turning over Grandpa's hay."

"A *little*, Miss."

"What makes you say Miss?" asked Elinor, eagerly.

"Because it is not the same as it was," said the lad, gazing kindly at the excited little girl.

"I am very sure I am the same Elinor, and you are the same Theodore," replied the child, with a glowing face, full of trust and decision.

"We are in the city now, and must do as the folks here do."

"Yes," said Hannah, "when we go to Rome we must be Romans."

"Theodore Harper," tell me, cried Elinor, "what you came to New-York for, and who came with you?"

"He came to see the Elephant," said Hannah.

"Where is the Elephant," asked Elinor, with childish credulity.

"Ah, that is it," said Hannah, smiling quietly—"that's the question everybody asks; well, dear, be easy, you will be very apt to see it before you leave the city."

Chapter 10.

I loved her as a brother loves
His favorite sister.—L. E. L.

"THEODORE, what made you leave home? You were not dragged away with your mouth stopped up with an old dirty pocket-handkerchief, as I was."

"No, I hope I was not," said Theodore, with a look of decided heroism. "They would have stirred up a very different kind of a coon, the drunken varmints!"

"I wish I was back at the "Gap," don't you, Theodore?"

"No, Miss Elinor—this is a great city. There are so many ways to get along here and to learn."

"You cannot go to school, can you?" asked Elinor, with a tear in her eye.

"No; but I can work all day, and Saturday night I can go to lectures—on Sunday, to Sabbath School and church; and I can rent lots of books to read. You see, Elinor, (Miss, I mean), when they brought you off, the whole plantation was in a dreadful panic. Your aunt Paulina was nearly crazy. Some ran one way, some another—some went for the doctor for poor yellow Joe, who was nearly killed—some went for the constables. Miss Paulina gave me some money, and told me to take old Cindarilla, and never stop until I come up with you. Her word was always my gospel, so I started off; but I did not get the old mare.

You know how contrary and hateful she gets, sometimes. I put off in the direction they went, and, knowing all the by-paths through the hills, I took every near cut I could, and I know very little grass grew under my feet. I never should, however, have caught up with them, if it had not been for a gentleman from Bottetout county, that was taking a drove of mules and horses down to Petersburg, for the lower markets. He had his creatures in a pasture, and was about getting his breakfast when I went into the inn. When I asked the tavern keeper if he had seen a dearborn, and two gentlemen, and a little girl with black curls—"

"That was me, wasn't it, Theodore?" inquired Elinor in great glee.

"It was nobody else. I was not thinking of anything else, but how to catch up with the villains——"

"Hush! Theodore," said Elinor, putting her hand over his mouth. "There is one of them in the parlor—speak low."

"I would not tell my name if I was afraid of either of them!

"You are right, brother," said Hannah, "but still, it is best not 'to nod at a *sheep* when you have your hand in *its mouth*;' but go on with your story."

"Well, as I was saying, the landlord said, they passed there two days ago — they stayed there all night, and the child cried herself to sleep."

"I would not have cried, Theodore, if I had thought you were so near."

"The man," continued Theodore, "had a fractious *creater* along, that would neither drive nor be driven. As I was walking along the roadside, he asked me what I would take

to ride the animal to Petersburg. I told him I would ride him if he would pay my expenses there and back; so I did it."

"You were quite a good manager," said Elinor, highly delighted with his narrative.

"Where there is a will, there is always a way," said Hannah. "A handful of mother wit is worth a bushel of learning; but go on, brother, and tell us how you got along."

"I could tell you a pretty long history — but we have not the time now, so I must be concise and short in my story."

"Short and sweet," said Hannah.

"I traveled a very long road before I came in sight of you, Elinor. Just as we got in the suburbs of Petersburg, I saw the carriage, and knew it for the one that had stood at the 'Cross-Keys.' It was nearly night, and the man whose horse I had ridden, gave me money to pay my way home again. I went in the hotel, and seated myself to reflect on what I ought to do. I counted over my little stock, and felt quite satisfied that I should not starve. I determined, however, to be very saving."

"'Better spare at the brim than at the bottom,'" said Hannah, soberly looking at the youth; "I hope you will continue as you have begun."

"So I bought me some crackers and cheese, and then thought I would walk out a little, and see the place, as it had been a long time since I was there. As I was going up High street, I looked into a confectionary shop window, at the nice things that were placed there for show, and heard some very loud words uttered at the door, and turning,

I saw the same man who carried you off—he was quite drunk, and his companion was trying to get him back to the tavern."

"'Here, my lad,' said the youngest gentleman; 'here, take these bundles and follow me'—so I took them and walked behind them to the hotel. When we got to the office he told me to bring them up in the parlor. I did as he bade me, and when I got up in the room he told me to throw them on the sofa. As I passed over to dispose of my burden, I saw you sitting in a big rocking-chair, fast asleep. I don't know, but it seems to me, that there were two tears still fresh on your cheek; but you were resting as sweetly as if you were at home in your crib."

"Oh! I wish you had whispered 'Elinor!'" cried the young girl, clapping her hands at the very thought.

"Yes," said Hannah, laughing in her quiet but quick way; "then all the fat would have been in the fire; but go on, brother, and tell us how you got on, and why you did not inform on them."

"How could I? what could a poor, friendless, unknown boy, like me, do with such desperate men with their pockets full of money? I knew if I said one word, they would have me put in jail under some false accusation—in fact, I did not know what to do, and I was afraid of trying to do anything—it would only make matters worse. The gentleman gave me a quarter for bringing his things home; so I said to myself—this will buy me a night's lodging. So I slept all night in the same tavern in order that I might watch them. They got drunk and kept it up nearly all night. I got up very early and took my station where I could mark all their movements."

9768634

"Did you see me again?" asked Elinor.

"Yes, in the evening, when you were riding in the stage to Richmond; I was on the outside with the driver. At night, when the moon was shining as bright as day, I peeped in, when the gentlemen were dozing, and saw you turning over the leaves of a little book."

"Oh, yes! I mind now," said Elinor; "but I did not see you."

"I didn't intend you should then, Miss Elinor. You staid in Richmond three days, and I was not very far off—near enough to watch the folks every time they left the doors. I thought to myself, that I had just as well keep on following them—for I knew they would stop some time; and I thought, too, it was just as well to stay and seek my fortune now, as to go back and begin again—for you know, I have got it to make, and the sooner the better."

"I tell you, brother," said Hannah, "'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' but go on, we have very little time."

"I came to New York on the same packet-boat with you, Miss Elinor, and when we landed here, as we left the boat, Mr. Darby gave me his portmanteau and cloak, and bade me follow him. I passed along through the crowd, close behind him, and when we reached the hotel I deposited the articles according to order. As he was getting his purse open he looked at me very hard and said:

"'I have seen you before?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Where?'

"'At Petersburg, sir, and perhaps on the packet-boat.'

"'Where are you going?' said he.

"'I am not going anywhere,' said I.

"'Do you not belong to this city?' said he—'you look new and verdant.'

"'Henceforth, sir,' said I, 'it is my intention to live in a city.'

"'Come to find mischief to do, hey?'

"'No sir,' said I, 'I hope not.'

"'What can you do?'

"'Almost anything that is right and decent,' said I.

"'I will give you employment in a retail liquor store, if that will suit you. I like your looks—you have nothing sneaking about you.'

"'I would not like to be in a liquor store, sir; I have no relish for the business, and I don't want to be in the way of temptation.'

"'You are a bigger fool than I took you to be,' said he—giving me fifty cents—as he said—for my trouble and old acquaintance-sake. I did not feel well to take his money, but knew my situation was urgent, and that I must, of course, subdue my feelings and many wants, even to live in such a place and be honest. Just as I turned off from the hotel door, and was looking up and down, wondering at the splendor and show of novelties that presented themselves——"

"Like a cat in a strange garret," said Hannah.

"Well, while I stood there, some one pulled me by the shoulder and said, 'Halloo! Theodore, is this you, or is it your ghost?'—and who do you think it was, Miss Elinor?"

"My papa?"

"No—but Peter Larkins."

"Peter Larkins?"

"Yes; in New York! I tell you, Miss, he looked——"

"Natural as a gourd," said Hannah.

"Was he drunk?" asked the child.

"Not a bit of it, Miss—then he told me he had been put in jail, since we left, and how he had made his escape and was on his way to Ohio, where he intended to reform, and then send for his family.

"He took me to the house he had stopped at, and we passed the night together. He told me that the gentlemen, who had taken you away, were your mother's relations, and that no evil could befall you—that they were bringing you to your mother; and I am very glad that such was the case; but still, I know enough to be very certain that they did not have any good motive in stealing you off in the way they did. I told him so—but he said we could do nothing now, that we were poor and friendless—and it was useless to confront them—that I must write back to the Gap and let them know where you are. Poor fellow! I felt very sorry for him. He wanted to divide his funds with me, but I would not hear of it. I told him that I was rich in health and strength and could get along.

"So you like your home, Miss Elinor? how could you help it!—everything so fine."

"Ah! brother," said Hannah, "appearances are deceitful—all is not gold that glitters—this is no place, I tell you, for that child, and the sooner she gets away the better—but go on with your story."

"It is nearly finished. As I stood on the pier looking at the boat in which Peter had taken his passage, a man

called to me and asked me to take a dog up to the museum for him—it was a very queer-looking animal. I carried it up for him, and he gave me a dollar and offered me something to drink. I told him I never drank anything stronger than water. 'That's a fine fellow—and if you take my advice, you never will,' said he."

"I warrant you, he took a little himself," said Hannah; "good preachers give their hearers fruits, not flowers."

"Yes, I saw him afterward, and he was stumbling along as drunk as a loon. I expect, he had drank up his dog."

"That is going the whole dog, brother, is it not?"

"I should say *it was*."

"Tell on, Theodore, you are almost as interesting as Robinson Crusoe!"

"Oh! no, Miss Elinor."

"Yes, but you know, it is not just like it—for you could not be put to it so in a city where there are so many things—you could not act Robinson Crusoe *here*."

"I tell you it is a hundred times harder, children getting along, in a city, than on a desolate island—if you believe my racket—flesh and blood rubbing against flesh and blood! I tell you, it is better to be in solitude and alone—but finish your story, brother."

"It is finished," said Theodore. "I found I could get work as a daily laborer, and chance brought me to the building opposite."

"Not chance—Oh! no—not chance, Theodore; there is no chance—it was Providence," cried Elinor, with great earnestness — "God watches over us — God is everywhere."

"Yes, children, God is still where he was—but say, Mr.

Theodore, you can tell us something else—where do you board?"

"Oh!" said he, looking down and blushing—"boarding is out of the question—that is further a-head yet."

"Well, who eats and washes you?"

"Nobody eats *me*, and I wash *myself*," said Theodore, laughing.

"But where do you stay?"

"I stay about the building all day, and sometimes at night—and when I am hungry, I buy something at the stalls to eat."

"Theodore, you have no home!" said little Elinor, and the tears fell from her eyes.

"No, Elinor," replied the youth in a low, soft tone—"no *home*—no *friends!*" and his lips quivered with emotion—"I know none here but *you, Elinor!*"

"You must not live this way, brother—it is not right; after I put Miss Elinor to bed, I will go with you to Greenwich street, where you can get quite genteel boarding—where you can stay of a night, and not sleep out as you have done."

"I am so afraid of bad company."

"You will find folks there like yourself; it is kept by a very decent old woman. She will not have fracases about her; when servants get out of place, they stay there until they find a new situation."

"Servants!" said Elinor, with emphasis. "Theodore is no servant; he belongs to one of the first families in Virginia."

"He is a poor young person," returned Hannah, a little piqued, "and has to do the best he can. I tell you, it does

mighty little good to belong to a first-rate family, in any place, when one finds themselves in the center of New York, with empty pockets and no rich kin. An ounce of gold is better than a pound of honor."

"Yes, Miss Elinor," replied Theodore, "Hannah is right; I *must* do the best I can; but Miss Elinor, you ought to find out where your papa is, and let him hear that you are safe."

"He would not think she was very secure," said Hannah, "if he knew she was here in this place; he does not wish her to be with her mother; only just hear them now. What did he take you away for?"—she spoke rapidly, but in a low tone—"he does not want you corrupted."

"Mamma will take care of me."

"She is not capable of taking care of herself," replied Hannah, looking significantly at the youth.

"Why, Hannah?"

"Because she is remarkable weak," replied the girl, winking at Theodore; "sometimes she is so weak she can scarcely walk at all."

"Then I ought to stay with her and lead her," said Elinor. "Oh! Theodore, I wish you could see my mamma; she is very beautiful."

"Yes, when she is at herself she is a very nice lady; but she is very often ill-disposed. I will put this young lady to bed, and then I will go with you, sir."

"Theodore must come again; will you not?"

"It is just as Hannah says; I want to do right. I can't say what is proper; for what is right in one place, may not be so in another."

"Yes, indeed, you shall come some night when the folks

are away; but don't show your face here in daytime, or you will be suspected."

Elinor was very sorry to part from her old playmate, but felt comforted by the assurance of seeing him again.

Elinor had not been with her mother three weeks before she became weary of the change. The presence of the child was a check on her usual habits. She drank, it is true, but maternal love and womanly pride withheld her from exposing herself to the pity and contempt of her discriminating child. Things could not long remain thus; Mrs. Temple lost, by degrees, the influence of her better feelings, and returned again, with renewed relish and fresh avidity, to her virulent course of conduct.

The insinuations of Hannah were lost on the innocent and ingenuous child. She knew that men sometimes became intoxicated. She had seen, to her great disgust, the preference her mother bestowed on the dissipated Darby. The knowledge of the fact had cost her much, but when she discovered the mystery of her folly, it came on her like a death-stroke; the fresh buoyancy of childhood was gone, never to return—the outgushing joy of youth was pressed back upon the heart. The gentle, yet proud child, was crushed—mortified—humiliated.

A drunken woman! and that woman her mother—the wife of her honest, frank, high-minded father. Now she knew how he suffered; why his cheek was pale; why his voice trembled. Now she knew all—yes, all.

She had been out with Hannah to the bird-store, and had returned in childish hilarity, with the sweetest bird in the world, and springing lightly into the room, she threw her arms rather rudely around the neck of her mother.

Mrs. Temple, who had made frequent visits that morning to her china *boutelle*, was in the land of visions and mental aberrations, almost unable to realize who or where she was. The hearty embrace of little Elinor's vigorous arms, threw her into a violent rage ; she seized her by the throat, and after choking her nearly breathless, she pushed her off with so much force that the child's head struck against the bedstead post, and hurt her very much.

Hannah rescued the child from her, and administered to her necessities.

Overcome with excitement, Mrs. Temple threw herself back on the sofa, like a worried hyena.

Poor little girl ! she turned from the loathsome, degrading sight, burying her face in her hands ; her convulsive sobs and bitter tears, told how deeply aggrieved she felt, and how irretrievable her destiny.

"What are you sitting there for, Elinor, as if you were screwed to the win-ther?" said Mrs. Temple, trying in vain to raise herself from her ungraceful attitude; "come here—raise the curtain."

Elinor came close to her.

"Are you homesick—tired already of me ?"

"No! no, mamma."

"Whisper, then, love, and tell me why you are discontented ?—you shall tell me—I have a right to compel you—come, speak out," and Mrs. Temple strung the long curls of the child through her fingers, with as much *sang-froid* as if she was asking the simplest question in the world—"Oh! how you pucker up your features ; you will spoil your beauty."

"Beauty is very little account, sometimes, Miss Elinor,

unless it goes in company with good behavior," said Hannah, letting down one curtain, and drawing up the other with a prophetic vehemence. "Some people preach, but never practice."

"Come, dear, we will adjourn to the parlor, and let Hannah finish the room."

"No! no! mamma, please stay," cried Elinor, holding her down. "You must not—you can't go down."

"I can't?—I would like to see you prevent me. I must go." She raised herself up, and tried to hold by the furniture.

"Let her go, Miss Elinor."

"No! no! mamma—have mercy on me, if you have lost all shame for yourself; the parlor is full of ladies—it is such a disgrace."

"She ain't a-going, dear—she shall not," and Hannah passed swiftly before her and closed the door, then turned the key.

Mrs. Temple, when she found she could not get out, seated herself, and looked very silly.

"Mamma," cried Elinor, falling on her knee before her, "if you knew how miserable I feel, you never would do so again."

"I never will strike you again."

"Oh! it is not that, mamma—I mean drinking."

"Well, put down the curtains; don't cry, love;" Elinor obeyed in fear and trembling; "there, put it *dowd*—I declare you are the roughest gawk I ever saw, you great mountain pine-knot—come to your mamma, dear—who has been *throobling* my darling—who has interfered with mamma's wild daisy!"

"Not I, madam, if you mean me;" said Hannah, jerking up the things which were out of place, "A body's friends sometimes is a body's worst enemies—I never put my spoon in other people's platters."

"My darling," continued the lady, "why are you crying?"

"Oh! my mamma, I feel very unhappy indeed, but I cannot tell you why."

"But you shall, Miss; you need not think I don't know you have been taught to hate me—I feel you never will love me."

"Oh I did love her—did I not Hannah? and I could love you, my own dear mamma, if——"

"That is a little, long, narrow word," said Hannah, in a low tone, "but it takes up a heap of room when it comes in."

"No doubt, you would have loved me, if you had not been taught better—I am sure I have done all I *couth* to please you—but *ungrathful* people——"

"Oh! indeed, I am not ungrateful, mamma—indeed I am not."

"Well! wipe that black place off your face, and look happy and smiling."

"I can't get it off, mamma."

"Let Hannah try."

"It is past Hannah's skill," said the girl, menacingly; "you had better send for the doctor."

"Why, what is it!" inquired Mrs. Temple, completely bewildered.

"It is where you struck her, or choked her," said Hannah; "and mind, if she dies with that on her face, it will be the worse for you."

Mrs. Temple laughed in a horrid, idiotical way, and tapping her fingers on the sofa, as if she was playing on the piano, and faintly muttering, "You certainly all are turned fools," lay back quite motionless.

The little weeper sat at the window, the tears falling thick and fast. The window was her refuge from perplexity. She could not but forget for a few moments, her own situation, in watching the variety of groups, that presented such new and unthought of pictures to the observer. The richly dressed, the flaunting figures which exhibited themselves on the street—the wretched, tattered, abject and houseless vagabond, hurrying to and fro, as if propelled by some invisible spring—the brilliant carriages, rolling up and down Broadway, and the drays and ice carts; the rich and poor, bond, free, rumbling and tumbling helter-skelter, knock-me-down crowd, that moved to and fro like a double panorama—

"Miss Elinor," and some one touched her shoulder, "come help me to lay your mother on the sofa, she will slide directly, and break her Grecian nose, as she calls it."

"Please, Hannah," said Elinor, struggling hard to subdue her emotion, "don't laugh at her, it is so hard."

"Don't I know how the shoe pinches, Miss Elinor; I have just sich a mother, only, mine is poor, friendless, and has a poor, weak, degraded husband. Ah! it is me that can feel for you—it is only my way of talking and doing. If I could help it I would—but what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh."

"You speak so lightly, Hannah."

"The truth is, somehow or other—I don't know how it

is, but it is so. There are so many feelings mixed up together, when you see a person intoxicated, that pity makes a very poor show."

"But listen, Hannah—when that person is your own dear mother?"

"Miss Elinor, when you have worried and fretted, and worked, as I have, with the unreasonableness of such folks, your patience will get threadbare—but I don't know, you have a softer heart than mine, and you must not stay here until it becomes as hard as a nether mill-stone. Lift up your mamma's foot—there, place it on the ottoman—there—stretch down the dress a little further over the foot. She looks like a bride elect!"

"What is elect?" asked the child.

"Why going to be—hand me that vail, dear, to spread over this yawning abyss of punch and wine."

"Oh, please, Hannah!"

"Never mind, dear—all's well that ends well—there now—I hope she will sleep until I do all I have to do—good saints! she breathes like an alligator—so come, darling, let's go up to the Bowery."

"Mamma said I must not leave the house without her knowledge."

"She meant by yourself, child."

"Did she?"

"Certainly; you never supposed she intended to keep you like a bird in a cage—you went with me this morning, why not this evening—what's good for the fish is good for the sauce."

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of whom?"

"Mamma; and afraid of doing wrong."

"You are not in duty bound to mind her; and beside, she told you we might go out for bird-seed, you know."

"Oh yes! she did—I will go with you."

"You *must* go with me—I can't leave you here with your mother in this condition, you are in danger of being murdered—only see your poor bruised up face—you look as if you had been in a row at the Five-points—come, get your hat on, and as it is quite cool out, you must put your mantle on."

Little Elinor was so painfully occupied in bitter reflections, that she did not pay any attention to the hurry-flurry proceedings of her waiting-maid—how quickly she turned the articles of the toilette—cramming her basket with brushes, soap, combs, etc. She then gathered up the most valuable articles of the child's wardrobe. Finally, when they got to the door, Hannah said; "Here, Miss, you will have to carry this wallet, it will not hurt you, if you are aristocracy."

"I wish to help you, Hannah, you are so kind to me—but what are you taking such a load for—all the brushes and combs?"

"He who asks questions," said Hannah, looking very mysteriously at the child, "often hears more than he wants—so, dear, keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open."

"Do tell me, why you are taking the bird-cage out?"

"To air the dear little creature, so come on, love."

"This is not the way to the Bowery!" said Elinor, as she turned down Maiden Lane.

"There are more ways to the gallows than one," replied Hannah, dragging the child with her down a little, dirty, crowded alley, where they were soon lost in the crowd.

Chapter 11.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride.—THOMSON.

ON Abingdon-square, in a dilapidated building, affording but little shelter, so frail and decayed that it could scarcely be called a dwelling, sojourned the family of Simon Fairmont. The rooms were scantily furnished, but in the arrangement of the household everything was placed to the best advantage. Some few cherished ornaments on the mantle-piece, souvenirs of the past, and a neat little work-table, with a rocking-chair, remained as attestations of brighter and more prosperous days.

Mrs. Fairmont had taken very hard lessons of privation and sorrow since the early days of marriage, (such as thousands have borne). She had passed through many heart-breaking scenes, such as would have crushed the heart and spirits had she not learned humility and fortitude of Him who lingered with the woman of Samaria at the well—who whispered to Mary that her sins were forgiven, and peace to the Syrio-Phenician heroine, who begged only for the crumbs of his compassion. Every drunkard's wife needs Divine support—a double portion. Mrs. Fairmont sought, not only to fulfill her duty, but also those of her husband, as far as she could; striving to remedy the evils which intemperance was bringing upon her young and growing family; teaching them lessons of forbearance and content-

ment—to lay up treasures in that world where the contemned sojourners of this life find reparation and repose.

The cruel, inexorable husband was forced to see and feel her superiority; to acknowledge that her life was irreproachable. She trusted in her Savior, and the precepts of his Heavenly doctrine opened in her soul a fountain of living waters. Her religion raised her above the calamities of earth; although she was now experiencing, among all her other troubles, the ravages of want—the pinchings of poverty, and all the horrors which throng, like evil specters, about the dwelling of the confirmed drunkard. Her life had been made up of privations, humiliation, and exertion; yet never, in all the phases of his wayward career, had she seen one hope of reformation; but every year added to her grievances, until all hope of a change was banished from her mind. When Fairmont found his wife was getting, as he called it, be-sainted, he raised a terrible scene—swore he would break her neck, or else he would break her of that trick.

One evening he found she had gone to church, and he determined to follow her thither, and see for himself how things were managed. The services were nearly concluded when he entered.

The sexton met him at the door, and seeing his condition, would not let him in. He was boisterous, and made great confusion, and was driven off by the officers of the police. He was at home when his wife returned.

"You talk about late hours," said he, looking daggers at his inoffensive wife. "What do you think of yourself, madam; now answer me that, will you?"

She laid her hat off, and seated herself in her usual place, with a calm, unruffled countenance.

"You are wonderfully composed madam. I suppose you are showing me how Christians can fight the devil: well, madam, if that's your game, we'll see who is master. If you suppose that I will put up with such folly as you are practicing you are mistaken; do you hear? Stay at home, madam: do you comprehend me!

"I do, sir."

"You have that much sense left, hey? Mind, you must, in future, stay away from that d——d old humbug of a church, crying and groaning as if the devil was after you with a long pole. You will stay at home!"

"Will you stay with me, dear?"

"I'll teach you, madam, that my business is my own, and yours is to obey."

"We will not quarrel, Fairmont. Oh! do not be harsh!"

"Answer me one question—Do you intend to keep up this mummery of praying and shouting?"

"It is not foolishness—leave me, my husband, at least the comfort of worshiping my God in peace!"

"Do you intend to keep it up?"

"God being my helper, I will try and do my duty!"

"And frequent that old musty crowd of groaning hypocrites?"

"I most assuredly will," said Mrs. Fairmont, as if driven to sudden resolution. "There is your God!" and she pointed to a decanter which he had emptied—"you worship it with all the powers of soul and body. Wife, home and children, character and health are all sacrificed to

appease its demands. You devote all to it—leave me, then, the privilege of worshiping *my God!*"

"Do you see this?" and he showed her a small rattan, which he madly raised over her head—"do you see this?"

"Yes, Mr. Fairmont—but what of it?"

"Why the next time, madam, you are found in that lying, hypocritical *muss*, I'll give you something that will make you shout in good earnest. I'll see, Mrs. Fairmont, which is the strongest, *me* or your religion!"

"Oh, husband!" cried Mrs. Fairmont, pressing her hands to her ears—"you are chilling me to the heart!"

"I'll do it—don't you believe it?"

"You think you will; but I will pray to my heavenly Father, who is in heaven, to soften your heart toward her who has loved you so fondly—so truly. Oh! no! husband, you could not strike *me!*"

"I could not? By thunder! I'll see who will prevent me?"

Rushing forward, like a demon, he caught her by the hair, and drawing her down on her knees, was just in the act of striking, when his passion and fury were checked suddenly by spasms, and he fell in convulsions on the floor.

When Mr. Fairmont began to recover from his indisposition, he seemed kinder to his wife. He did not resume the subject of her attendance at church; but when he was perfectly sober, his wife seated herself by him, and taking his hand, talked to him, in a firm, placid way, of her future expectations, and concluded by telling him that she wanted it perfectly understood, that he was not to interfere with her religious exercises.

"Whenever you find that it makes me neglect my duties

at home, or causes me to be less kind and devoted in all things—then you may interfere."

He finally agreed to this, and it was mutually understood that she was to go to church just when she pleased, and where she pleased.

Fairmont loved his wife; trusted her implicitly, and so truly did he credit her religious feelings, that he sometimes almost fancied he saw a halo of glory around her head, such as Mary wears in the assembly of the Nativity.

For the last four years, Mr. Fairmont had quit all business, and spent his whole time in drinking and gambling. Sometimes he had money, and spent it lavishly; then, for days and weeks, they were suffering the stings of poverty.

It was night, and the rain spattered against the windows, shaking the crazy tenement; and the oft-repeated gusts of wind that blew up from North river, swept round the dwelling in a perfect storm, shaking the loose shingles from the roof, and shattering the swinging window-blinds. Mrs. Fairmont sat by a small candle-stand, sewing with unabating zeal. She was a few years older than her half-sister, Mrs. Temple; slight in figure, and delicate complexion. She was pale, and looked fagged with toil. Her auburn hair lay in waves on her smooth forehead; no wrinkles on her face to tell of the sorrows within—a jarring temper, or a broken heart; but patience and hope, *faith* and love, by turns, lent life and beauty to her every feature. She worked on.

"Almost done, mother dear?" said her daughter, kneeling before her on a little stool.

"Almost, Kate."

"You look so tired, mother; I wish I could work the button-holes. "Mother, can *you* sleep while it storms so?"

"I mean to try, dear."

"Do you love to hear the rain rattle on the roof?"

"I used to, when I was a child, and lived at uncle Jeffy's; but our roof is too crazy and open. I like to be well sheltered in such weather."

"There is a pretty stiff gale," said a boy who came in with a load of broken sticks and barrel-hoops—a small bundle of fagots to kindle his morning's fire. "See, Kate, I have provided, like Abraham, the materials for a fire, but where is the lamb?"

"God will provide it, my son," said the mother.

"Is papa gone?"

"Long ago."

"And are we to have no supper!"

"No one needs supper," replied Kate, twining her arms around his neck—"we had a late dinner."

"Yes, and a poor one at that—potatoes and tea."

"You must not grumble, my son; we are better off now than a good many other people."

"I should like to see them," said the boy, "just to hear them say how they feel. Where are they, mother?"

"Oh! George, almost everywhere in the city; in the streets, alleys, parks—scattered about on the pavements, on the docks, in the steam-packets, on the Battery, at the Bowery theater, in the hospitals and prisons."

"Mother, you forgot the old Brewery; but I am hungry, mother, very hungry. I deserve to have something to eat; I know I do?"

"Why, brother?"

"Because I might have helped myself, and nobody would ever have been the wiser. Kate, you know old Mrs. Grundy, down at the corner?"

"That keeps a stall, and has pies and apples to sell? Oh! yes."

"The same. Just now I was coming by, and she called me, and said, 'George, come here and watch my table, until I go after that man you see standing at the drug-store; he owes me two shillings; you are an honest boy, and I am not afraid to trust you.' But oh! mother, when I looked down on the nice pies, with the red juice peeping out, and the crust, seeming as if it was made with a view to make the mouth water; I had to think over my prayer, 'lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.' The water came in my mouth, then in my eyes, and my stomach felt as if it had no bottom. I have felt faint and weak ever since."

"There is a can of milk and a roll in the cupboard, George; I put it there for Willy; but, perhaps, he will sleep all night."

"He might not, mother; so I will only take half of them."

"You are right, my son; never be selfish."

"Selfish, like father?"

"Oh! George, I did not say that."

"No, mother, you did not; he tells me *that* himself every hour in the day, in everything he says and does."

"Remember, son, 'honor thy father and mother.'"

"I can't honor him; it is impossible," cried the boy, earnestly, "you had just as well tell me to love hunger and pain, or mortification."

"Oh! George!"

"A man that has the best wife in the world, and children who are willing to do right, and leaves them to starve in poverty and ignorance, must expect to be despised, and——"

"Hush, brother," cried the young girl. "You must not talk thus."

"I will not curse him, but I will speak out. I have borne it as long as I can. As to myself, I don't care that, (and he snapped his fingers,) no, I don't! I can get along; and I will not stay here, idling away my time in waiting on him, and getting nothing but curses and kicks; it don't pay—I have had cuffs and hard words long enough; and if you, Kate, will wait on mother, and help her, I will put out, some day to seek my fortune."

"Where will you go, brother?"

"Wherever Providence leads me. To see father doing as he does, is killing; it will kill me—that and starvation together."

"George," said his mother, faintly, and still bending over the shirt she was making, "will you leave me?"

"Not long, mother, dear; and I will send you money to buy coffee, which you love so well, and so seldom have; I know I can get work."

"I fear bad influences, George."

"Bad influences!" repeated the son. "I would like to know where I could find worse examples than I find sometimes at home! If my father could not entice me to drink, who could? I want you to understand me, mother—look at me."

"She hasn't time, brother."

"I am looking, George."

"You *love me*, mother, I know you do. I am old enough to understand affairs. My father will never reform—it is a thing impossible; his treatment to you makes me hate him."

"I do not hate him, son; why should you?—it is sinful."

"Perhaps it is, but I can't help it. Let me go, mother, or my temper will get the better of me, and I may do something rash. Do you know, I have often wished I was dead?"

"George, you must not talk thus; it is cruel to me, indeed it is," and the poor mother brushed away a tear.

"I must leave him—the sooner the better, but you shall never regret it. I will live for you, to try and recompense you for all your toil and affection."

"My recompense is with Him, who will bestow it if I deserve any;" her voice was low and faint. She looked with a comfortless heart on the honest face of her high-minded boy, when she reflected on the improbability of his ever deriving any benefit from home, but her feeble instructions, her sympathy, and advice. She sewed on, but tears were gathering in her eyes, and sad thoughts stirring up the fountain of grief.

The conversation was interrupted by a heavy step on the sill—the slight tap at the door, caused Mrs. Fairmont to start.

"It is not father," said George, boldly venturing forth to answer the call.

A bright smile rested on every face, as Henry Temple entered, and seated himself among them. He was still pale and thin, but looking much better than he did when

he left the mountains of Virginia. His visits were always a special providence to the wants and interests of the family. Since he had become acquainted with them, he had sought every opportunity to relieve their embarrassments, and add to their comforts. He found sympathy and strength of purpose, in his intercourse with Mrs. Fairmont; he learned from her example, lessons conducive and profitable to his happiness. Her troubles and difficulties were more appalling than his, yet her serenity of mind, and her abiding faith, threw such beautiful rays over the clouds which surrounded her, that he almost envied her instead of pitying her condition. With her he could speak freely of his feelings—his plans; and could ask her counsel, and even her assistance, if necessary. He could trust and rely implicitly on her friendship. Since Mrs. Fairmont became a Methodist, her sister shunned her; they were never congenial, for when an opportunity offered, the former was very apt to use her influence in trying to urge her to reform. Mrs. Temple, of course, rejected her kind suggestions, and as they could not be a comfort to each other, they gradually became estranged. When Mrs. Fairmont became religious, devotedly pious, Mrs. Temple declared she could not, in justice to herself or her friends, associate with Jane, now she had made a fool of herself, by mingling with low characters, and become so enthusiastic as to quit a respectable church, and go where there were no pews—sitting with *Tom*, *Dick* and *Harry*, and all that sort of thing. Poor Jane! she had to walk her lowly way alone and uncared for, by the world, but she never faltered. She knew there was One whose unseen hand led her on; though the storm darkened and the

winds gathered, she drew closer and closer, trusting her *all* to Him who was able to sustain her.

"Jane, you are looking feeble," said her visitor, "are you not well?"

"I feel fatigued—I must be more careful;" she smiled.

"Mother works too closely," said Kate.

"How can she help it?" said George.

"Where is Fairmont?" asked Mr. Temple.

"I do not know—somewhere in the city, I suppose—he has been away a great part of his time for the last two weeks."

"How do you get along, Jane?"

"The best I can—always looking for better days. You received my note, which was left during your absence?" asked Mrs. Fairmont.

"Yes, and a long letter from home, giving me a distressing account of the daring adventures of Darby and Fairmont. Now, how deeply your husband was concerned, I cannot tell; I thought I would see you before I attempted a rescue."

"I know nothing about their proceedings, only I have seen the dear child—Fairmont brought her here on their arrival—she remained here while he changed his dress; he then took her——"

"Where—in the city, I hope?"

"Yes, to her mother."

"She is still there!" cried he, springing from his seat—"my own precious child—my all—Oh! Jane, I have not one moment to lose."

"I suppose, Henry, you know that Mary and Darby are to be married shortly?"

"Of course—I have thought so for some time. Well, be it so—but my child, Jane—I must rescue her. I will return in an hour or so, and let you know how we get on." As Temple left the house, he whispered to George to follow him.

"Your mother is looking very feeble, George," said he; "she has been living, I fear, poorly; that must not be; take this and have her a comfortable supper—to morrrow I will attend to your comforts more fully." George was glad to obey, and with a bounding step, he sought his old friend, Mrs. Grundy, and was trembling with excitement, lest the tempting pies had gone the way of all pies, before he could have the felicity of demolishing at least one of them. While they were rejoicing over a good supper, Temple was rolling down Broadway in an omnibus."

He did not know exactly where Mrs. Temple boarded; she had lately changed her residence so frequently, to avoid disgrace and exposure, which was rapidly following her up, despite of all her precautions.

He called first at one fashionable hotel then another, until almost wearied with anxiety and suspense, he paused at the corner of one of the streets entering Broadway, to collect his thoughts and compose his agitation. He was standing immediately before one of the hotels of high repute, looking intently on the crowd passing to and fro, when he felt some one touch his arm, and turning abruptly, he saw a lad who seemed hurried and agitated. It was Theodore Harper, but Mr. Temple did not recognize him. He was surprised and astonished when he discovered who he was, and that he had it in his power to inform him of Mrs. Temple's present abode, and other very startling

facts, of which he was ignorant. The opposite hotel, it seemed, was in some excitement, at the strange circumstances which had occurred. It appeared from Theodore's statement, that little Elinor had been decoyed away from home by some unknown means, and had not been heard of for nearly two days. Her mother and friends were in great distress and consternation, and were using every means to find out her place of concealment, but all to no effect. This intelligence was horrible and embarrassing to Mr. Temple. He went with Theodore to the house, and made a diligent and earnest investigation. Mrs. Temple was not at home, but the proprietor of the establishment corroborated the account he had just heard, but could give him no satisfaction on the subject. Mr. Temple was in one of those dilemmas, which seemed to have no outlet. He asked question after question, made one suggestion after another, to no effect. He finally determined to secure Darby, and force him to produce the child, as he could prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he had stolen her from the asylum where he had placed her.

He began even to waver in this resolution when he ascertained, by further inquiry, that Mr. Darby was totally ignorant of Elinor's place of concealment, and had been, and was still actively engaged in using means to find out where she was, and those who had beguiled her away.

Mr. Darby, it seems, from facts gathered from the gossip of the hotel, had cast suspicion on Mrs. Temple's maid; but as Hannah Reeves was punctual at her post of duties, and had never been missing, nothing could be proved against her. She was, it is true, unusually silent, but if possible, more nervous and restless than ever—sarcastic

and proverbial in the extreme. Her manner, when questioned, was such as to silence rather than encourage her inquisitors.

"And is there not enough vagabond thieves in the city, that make it their business and calling to steal young-ones? Must it be laid on an honest girl, who has poor brothers and sisters enough, suffering for food and raiment, without hunting up the rich and the proud? Let me tell you, Mr. Darby, it takes a rogue to catch a rogue—no doubt, you will find her—you had better look to *yourself*—heaven takes care of its *own*."

"But the child was seen with you last, Hannah," said Mrs. Temple, in great agitation.

"Who saw her?" asked the girl, looking with dignified assurance at her mistress—"the one that saw her last ought to know where she is."

"She left the house with you, Hannah," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, ma'am, who says she left it with me, the last time? I am sure, ma'am, you can't say so—for to my best knowledge, you have no right even to suppose it, being as you could not, for your life, tell a hawk from a hand-saw, and am equally certain, that I never left the print of my hand on her throat—neither did I kick her or bruise her—neither was I ——" the last word reached only the ear for which it was intended—"so have me up, if you please, ma'am, and accuse me of stealing her—do it just as soon as you please—I am ready. I should like to go before the court—I have my defense ready—'a short horse is soon curried.' I should like to go, ma'am—I think I see myself there *now*—I could soon settle the hash. Stealing the dear

child! as if I did not have trouble enough of my own without craving other people's."

Mrs. Temple and Darby were both actually silenced by her vehement and boisterous defense, and she walked off with a very innocent face and quite an independent air. She had never made her appearance since.

Mr. Temple, not knowing what to do, proposed to Theodore to return to Abingdon Lyceum, in order to see Fairmont, hoping to find out some clue by which he might secure Darby or recover the child. He preferred accomplishing the latter, if possible, without interfering with his adversary. As he and Mrs. Temple were on the eve of being married, he did not wish to be, in any way, suspected of molesting them; in fact, he did not desire to be mixed up in the affair at all. Darby was a person with whom he did not feel disposed, under any circumstances, to confer —— all he desired or sought was the recovery of his darling Elinor, and he was almost incapable of acting from nervous excitement and terrifying suspense.

Mrs. Fairmont was still sewing, and awaiting anxiously the return of her friend, hoping to hear that he had found Mrs. Temple and secured his child.

Scarcely had Mr. Temple finished his exciting facts, when a loud noise was heard at the door, as if it had been shaken from its hinges—then heavy steps and thumps—down went a broken chair, and Fairmont, with his clothes wet, his face disfigured and red as an autumn sun, came blundering in. He held a bundle in one hand, and his old threadbare bandanna pocket-handkerchief dangled cornerwise from the other.

"Dog on the old, infernal shanty! Can't you keep the

old, bow-legged chairs out of a man's way?—or do you keep them on purpose to bark a body's shins? The old, rickety things are not fit for a gentleman's house—so here goes!"

Down went one chair upon another until every unoccupied one was piled in the center of the room.

"Come here, Kate, by golly! you shall cut a swell and outshine the best of them. Huzza for Simon Fairmont! the favorite of fortune—and, madam, your most humble servant to command until death!"

"Husband, come sit down and compose yourself—here is Harry come to see us."

"Yes, and everybody will be coming to see us *now*, Jane. We will show the folks how the generous millionaire lives—if we don't make them stare my name's Haines! ha! ha!" He laughed with such hearty good-will, that his hearers could scarce refrain from joining in chorus. "I wish I may be screwed up into a cocked hat, if I don't make the aristocracy tremble! We'll tell them the time of day—and no mistake! hey, George! Roll yourself out and kindle a fire in the stove—stir out and drum up a supper here, in quick time—a jam-up, regular fancy ball doings!—none of your poverty-stricken, wishy-washy, cabbage-leaf soup, but genuine crab, scrambled eggs, sausage and apple dumplings!—and look here, George Washington Fairmont, don't forget the one thing needful," added he, with a mystical turning up of his fist to his mouth.

George walked off solemnly, as if to perform the orders to a letter, but hid himself behind the arm-chair of his mother. Mr. Fairmont swayed up and down the room in a storm of excitement, gathering up everything that presented itself

to his attention and piled them up in the room where he had thrown the chairs. Sometimes he would wink at Mr. Temple—snap his finger at Kate—then stop, and gaze very lovingly at his wife.

It was very unusual for him to be so very pleasant, and his family were astonished at his humors. His wife begged him to sit down and be quiet, for Mr. Temple wished to speak to him on some very urgent business.

He made her no answer, but walked up to the work-table, and taking up the work-box and basket pitched them to the far end of the room, and snatching the costly piece of work out of her hands, which had for weeks stolen the health from her cheeks, wadded it up in a knot and holding it to the lamp, set it on fire and threw it blazing into the fire-place.

"Jane!—Mrs. Fairmont!" cried the reckless madman, gazing wildly on the composed face of his wife, "no man but myself, shall have the benefit of your—of *your services*—but *myself*, henceforth and forevermore!—do you hear me—me, madam?—no man shall wear shirts of your manufactory—Temple, you bear witness!"

"Fairmont," said the latter, drawing him to a chair, "for shame—how can you torment Jane so mercilessly?—one so faithful, and so loving, and so just."

"What am I doing? Only about to relieve her of all her troubles, except myself."

"You are acting like a *madman*."

"I want Jane to understand me; for the future we must take a more elevated stand. No, by golly! Temple, we will have no more shifting — no more pinching and eking to keep soul and body together; but you, madam, shall ride

in your coach, and have a pew in Trinity Church! instead of walking in old rubber shoes to that low, nasty chapel on Mulberry street."

"Fairmont, for mercy's sake, tell me what you are making all this to do about?"

"Why, Jenny, my love, your prayers have gone up the right way for once!"

"Oh! Mr. Fairmont, do be reasonable."

"I never was more so in my life. Jane, I have the greatest news to tell; it will make the hair on your head crack like a wagon-whip. Jane, don't you think, that old sea-dog of an uncle of yours, old Jeffy, has died at last, and left a million of dollars! More than half of it is yours; Jane, do you hear me?"

"Oh! not dear uncle Jeffy?" cried Mrs. Fairmont, clasping her hands."

"Yes, indeed, old uncle Jeffy; the most precious old relative that ever died. Halloo, Jane! don't go to—to act the fool, crying because your uncle has died, and left you his heiress—for shame! you ungrateful baggage!"

"You never knew him and loved him as I did," said she, quivering with emotion.

"I love him now, Jane—I honor him. I tell you what! I am going to reform—join the temperance society, and settle down, like folks; and Jane will find out at last that she has a jewel of a husband. We will send Kate to Troy, and George to West Point, to learn to be a general; and we will walk up and down Broadway every bright day. How will that please you? Huzza for Simon Fairmont! They may all go to the devil with their aristocracy. Shake hands, Temple; why, man, Mrs. Fairmont is worth

a half a million, and you, Temple, are appointed his executor."

"Fairmont, you are drunk!"

"Not as much so as you think. Here, Temple—here are the precious documents. Jane, do hush up; it is all gammon to be weeping, because your kind, considerate uncle died, and left you rich. I swear! I could not squeeze out a tear if it was for my life. Oh! Jenny, you are an angel in woman's clothing. All right, Temple—you are a kind of judge—hey?"

"Yes, Jane, Fairmont is telling you the truth; here is a letter with an account of his death and burial, and a copy of his will; he died at Boston."

"Yes, it is all a fact, Jane; the dear old alligator has not remembered me in his last will and testament; the old son of a tinker has not left me one darn cent that I can finger, only what Jane pleases to give me; but Jane is a glorious woman!"

"Fairmont," said Temple, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you will reform; you said so just now. Are you in earnest?"

"I am, by golly, after this week!"

"Say this moment, and make your wife happy as well as independent."

"No, I will taper off with one grand spree, and then—and then, Mrs. Fairmont, I will be yours to command."

It was some time before Mr. Temple could bring his business to a close with Fairmont. The sudden and unexpected good fortune had nearly turned his wits, and it was almost impossible to prevail on him to listen to the inquiries of Mr. Temple. At last he let out the whole affair. He gave him a full account of their adventures, and was very

careful to lay all the blame on Darby. He, it appears, had been hired to assist in the abduction. Mr. Temple could not think of prosecuting him on account of his family—not that he felt in any degree lenient toward him, but the children would suffer disgrace and humiliation, and they had already so many evils and mortifications, that he resolved to spare them. His thoughts now turned to Darby; he must seek and push him to extremities. Fairmont offered to accompany them.

The three left the house, and Mrs. Fairmont and her children were left again alone—yes, alone, but not friendless or poverty-stricken. She looked for a moment on their bright and glowing faces; the next moment their arms were linked about each other's necks, and silently they sank upon their knees, in prayer and thanksgiving to Him, who, in the plenitude of his mercy had inclosed them around as with a hedge.

"Oh! mother, you will never know the bitterness of poverty again," said Kate, wiping the tears from her cheek.

"Nor shall I have to leave you, mother, fading and dying with penury; and dear Kate will be educated like a lady."

"And perhaps," said Kate, in a low whisper, "it may reform Pa."

"Never, sister; never!"

"Hush, my son, let us strive to be humble and patient."

"Just to think, mother, how happy we shall be—never to hunger again."

"Never to shiver with cold, or blush on account of our rags."

"No one will dare pity us now," said George, looking the picture of self-esteem, "they will not point at us, and

say, 'They are nice children; it is a pity their father drinks,' or, 'George, your beast of a father is in the kennel; if you don't want the hogs to eat him, you'd better be after *roustering* him.' If he will drink, mother, we will have him do it at home; we will not trouble the watch to bring him in of a night; we will give him a good, faithful servant to watch over him."

"And Oh! mother, dearest, only to think you will not have to sew to buy tea and potatoes," said Kate, resting her flushed cheek on the calm brow of her mother.

"Nor earn money for father, for he always tries to get all our poor earnings; but would it not be such unheard-of happiness, if fortune could only buy respectability as well as food and raiment? *Sister! mother!* how willingly would we give the last red copper to reform him—how willingly would I tread the dark, low vale of poverty and obscurity, if I could take my father by the hand, and say, *my father*, the kind husband of my mother. As it is, among the splendor and affluence to which fortune may bring us, the thought that he is what he is—a drunkard—will rankle in my heart like a thorn."

"My son! no more of this, it is wrong; we must endeavor to be thankful and happy."

The mother silently leaned upon the shoulder of the agitated boy, and Kate kneeled before them.

Ah! how the cruel conduct of that reckless devotee of intemperance had drawn those hearts together. The mother, like a tutelar angel, had warded off the influence of his evil course, and by her example of resignation and her precepts of virtue and forbearance, had led them on, thus far, unscathed.

There are many such martyrs in this world, wearing out by piecemeal on the thorny rugged path that intemperance marks out for its victims. The husband drinks on, and forgets his duties and his sorrows; but *she*, who lingers on with him in defiance of all, toils and suffers until her brain is racked, and her heart weary and faint. But there is One who marks every sigh—who sees every tear that falls, and in the day He comes to make up his jewels, she will be found by the angel of the covenant, and placed in the crown of the kingdom of glory.

When Mr. Temple left the house in Abingdon-square, he dispatched Fairmont, with two police officers, in search of Darby.

They returned with information that no intelligence had been received of the child, and that Mrs. Temple had left her boarding-house that morning, and had departed with her baggage as for a long journey, having been but a few moments united in the holy bands of matrimony to her cousin. They were, therefore, together.

Suspicion had at first fallen upon Hannah Reeves, but as she so stoutly denied all participation in the affair, and seemed ready to baffle the assertions, by making some very embarrassing statements in regard to the treatment which the little girl had received from her mother, it made it on the part of the lady, very hazardous, and crippled the efforts made to discover the child.

Mr. Temple, as a last, and almost hopeless effort, determined to see the girl, and have a full investigation of the matter as far as she was concerned.

With a view to this he made inquiries as to the character and general conduct of the girl. She bore a good name in

the hotel where she had been employed. All who knew her gave her a character free from taint of any kind. Her father was very intemperate—the family miserably poor and wretched, both in a moral and physical position. Hannah, and her eldest brother, who was her junior, kept the family from utter starvation by their industry and steady adherence to honesty and propriety. The father had become so worthless that he could scarcely earn means enough to supply the mother and himself with rum.

Chapter 12.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.—SHAKSPEARE.

IN an alley opening into Leonard street, stood a low, dark, crazy tenement. The windows were not only destitute of glass, but the sashes were broken and disjointed, the doors were dislodged from their hinges, and propped up with half-burned planks. The sills had all rotted away, and stones and oyster-shells filled up the chasm between the floor and the entrance. The roof was shattered, and trembled on its decayed rafters, worm-eaten, and "mossed with age," and crusted with the soot and smoke of years. All around the miserable doorway was filth, and all within was penury and want—the most revolting degradation. The scaled and battered walls, smeared and begrimed floors, the tottering partition, the caved hearth, filled with all kinds of offal, told a tale of human suffering, human frailty, and brutal association.

A faint light issued from the half-closed door. This was the abode of John Reeves, the father of Hannah. The family occupied the lower room, an old rickety bedstead, the long posts of which nearly crossed each other, at the top, occupied one corner of the room, with coverings which no human ingenuity could describe, from casual observation. Part of a quilt of the ancient, but well remembered combination, styled 'nine patch,' hung down at the foot, to conceal the squalid nest beneath, composed of rags, shav-

ings, and old newspapers, worked into the consistency of half-dried paste. A broken stove, yellow with rust, its doors all gone or burned out, stood nearly in the middle of the floor, and was covered with ashes and grease. A few chairs, all crippled, or uneasily resting on dislocated members; a wheelbarrow without a back, and only one leg, was propped up in one corner, to serve as a cradle. It was the only utensil of industry which remained as a relic of other days. An old greasy table, completed the inventory of household movables.

A woman about forty years of age, with purple lips and maudlin eyes, loathsome and disagreeable in the extreme, sat rocking a wailing diseased infant to and fro, with a violence and petulance, ill adapted to its strength and frame, and which seemed to have no soothing in its administration, if one might judge from its aggravated cries. Several ragged boys and girls were squatted about the bed, amazed and bewildered by the figures which filled up the doorway.

"Does John Reeves live here?" asked Mr. Temple, addressing the woman, who appeared unconscious of his presence.

"He takes his grub here, when he can git it," replied the woman gruffly, "but it ain't often he gits any."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Temple.

"You don't expect *me* to answer that question—you can't be so onreasonable—that is, if so be you know him and his ways—I never knows where he is, unless he is drunk and at home—I never goes to look after him—it ain't to be expected."

"He drinks hard, hey?" asked Fairmont.

"An' he does that very thing."

"That is a bad business—it is well you keep sober, Mrs. Reeves, in order to take care of the children."

"Keep sober!" cried she, tossing her baby up in her arms, and shaking it nearly breathless to keep it from screaming to the 'top of its bent,' "and who says to the contrary? I should like for them to tell me so to my face—I am a decent woman, sir, and should like to know what the men folks are after here—I am sure we troubles no one."

"You have a daughter who lives out—is she at home, or has she found a new situation?"

. "No, she just went out to hunt up something to eat; for it is very little that John Reeves brings into this house but rum and black looks."

"So the girl is kind and good?" asked Temple.

"The best sort—if it was not for her and Charley, I don't know where I should have been by this time."

"May be in heaven," said Fairmont, "who knows?"

"And why not? I am sure I have as good a right as any one," replied Mrs. Reeves, loudly.

"I beg pardon—I am sure I have no objection, provided you leave your ill-manners behind."

"Fairmont, be quiet," said Temple, "and don't provoke her. Mrs. Reeves," continued he, addressing the irritated woman, "I have some business with your daughter, and——"

"I am here," cried Hannah, hastily entering, and placing a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk on the table, "to answer for myself—what is the fracas now?"

"I have come to see, if you know anything about the removal of Elinor Temple?"

"And you come again, to taunt me about the child—stealing a child!" cried she, fiercely tearing the children one by one from the food, which she had placed on the table, which they gathered about like so many starved rats. "I said again and again, that I have not stolen her—may-be you would like to search—well do it, and welcome. Don't you see I have enough trouble, without loading me down? and even if I did know where she is, what of it? I would die before I would tell. And as for you, Mr. Fairmont, you will not get her again, I can tell you—you stole her once from her dear blessed home, and brought her to be buffeted and kicked about by an inhuman mother. Why, Theodore, what are you after? bless me! I did not know you—here, take this chair—I am so glad to see you."

"Never mind sitting down, Hannah, I have not time—this is Elinor's father, Hannah—he has come here, in hopes of hearing some news of poor little Miss Temple—he is nearly dead with anxiety and suspense."

"Her father—her own father?"

"Yes, you may be sure."

"You are sure?"

"Elinor would tell you it is he—where is she Hannah, do you know?"

"Oh yes, I know well enough—and if this is her father, circumstances alter cases—I did not steal your child, sir—I never dreamed of it—but I put her in a safe place, because they tried to bribe me to decoy her off, so that Mr. Fairmont there, could not take her from her mother, as he

had threatened to do. I am so glad, sir, that you have come at last to see her, and take her away. Send those men away, and I will go with you to her lodgings."

Fairmont and the officers left the house and awaited their return at the corner of the street. Hannah lighted a small lamp and requested Mr. Temple and Theodore to follow her. She passed through the back door and crossed a narrow, dirty yard, whose noxious effluvia was not only sickening to the senses, but appalling to the mind. Mr. Temple shuddered when he thought of his child being daily exposed to such an atmosphere, and trembling with fatigue and anxiety, he followed the girl up a narrow, tottering stairway, which was propped by slender pieces of rotten scantling.

Hannah passed up first and held the light below, as the rest mounted alternately. As Hannah entered the room, she was greeted by a voice whose every tone fell like life and balm upon the feelings of the anxious father. The next moment his child was folded in his arms, and for a time, all his sorrows were forgotten.

Mr. Temple found himself in a small room, but as neat as wax—a nice bed with a white covering and fringed curtains—a polished table in the center of the room, with a bright lamp — a few books of genteel appearance, and a sweet fresh, bouquet in a large tumbler, were the first objects which he noticed, after he had embraced his child. The change from filth and pollution to purity was so sudden and unlooked-for, that the contrast was irresistible.

"How nice Mrs. Martin keeps everything!" said Hannah to Theodore; "'cleanliness is the handmaid of virtue.'

Then turning to Elinor, she said: "Where is Aunty Martin, dear?"

"She is gone to Canal-street to buy some buttons for a vest."

Things became gradually quiet, and Hannah informed Mr. Temple of the proceedings of Mrs. Temple, since the arrival of Elinor, and the conduct of Darby during the last days that she spent in the hotel. Mr. Darby had, it appeared from Hannah's statement, tried to bribe her to decoy the child away and meet him with her on the Battery, where he would come prepared to take charge of her. The reason he gave was this—Fairmont had threatened to take her back to her father, in order to force Darby to pay him for his assistance in bringing her to the city. He was determined to make them fulfill their contract, which Darby was equally disposed to overlook. Hannah had been offered a very tempting reward to do as she had been requested, but her principles were too sterling to bend to the designs of others, and although nothing but a poor, insignificant servant, she had a noble heart. She had penetration, too, enough to discover that something was in agitation, she could not tell exactly what, but fearing it might result in evil to Elinor, she resolved to put her out of their reach. As her resources were limited and her acquaintances restricted to a certain class, she was compelled to do the best she could under the circumstances. Darby was very desirous that the child should be brought away without Mrs. Temple's knowledge. Hannah determined that she would outwit them all. She listened with patience to Mr. Darby's arrangements, but did not acquiesce. She asked a good many questions, but before there

was an understanding between them, Mrs. Temple rang her bell and Hannah readily obeyed the summons, glad of an excuse to leave matters uncompromised. That afternoon she took Elinor to Mrs. Martin's.

"Who is Mrs. Martin?" asked Mr. Temple.

"Oh, sir! don't you remember the lady that nursed Miss Elinor, when she was a baby?"

"Yes, she was a very young widow."

"And is again one," said Hannah; "both her husbands killed themselves with rum. She has been in the habit of sewing for Mrs. Temple—that is the way we became acquainted. She has lived here a good while, in perfect retirement. She is a very excellent person, and I knew you would be willing to pay Miss Elinor's board, as Mrs. Martin is quite poor and depends on her labor for her support."

Mrs. Martin returned, and matters were soon arranged for the removal of Elinor, who had listened as if in a trance to all that had been said and done—one hand in her father's, the other clasped by Theodore. She was the living picture of trust and fond reliance.

Mrs. Martin received an ample remuneration for the trouble and care she had bestowed on her young boarder. Hannah tied on her little blue bonnet and mantle; Mrs. Martin smoothed the wrinkles from her black silk apron and kissed "her dear, little face," as she called it.

Her friends both promised to visit her in a few days, and she soon found herself in an omnibus on her way to her father's residence.

"Where is Theodore, papa?" asked Elinor, as she found herself on the pavement—"Theodore! Theodore!"

"I certainly thought he was with us—I meant he should return home with us. Well, well, we will see him in the morning—he is a noble little fellow and must be taken care of—he will make a man some of these days."

"Yes, papa, he is so good!"

"Well, love, we will have him home with us, in the morning," and Mr. Temple led his little daughter up the marble steps of his stately mansion.

Elinor was soon asleep in her father's house; the assurance of having Theodore always with her at her own home, made her almost forget the huge shadow that lay across the threshold—a drunken mother! Pause, thou votary of the bottle! the cup in thy hand holds the tears of the innocent and the curses of thy own conscience! Dash it down! trample it beneath thy feet! Earth has no greater evil, nor life a more damning malediction!

Chapter 13.

Weep not for those whom the vail of the tomb,
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth hath profaned what was born for the skies.—Moore.

The civilized world assents to the fact that intemperance is a curse upon society—that the habitual drunkard is a clog upon social life. Like the upas, he stands alone, and all who venture within his atmosphere are blighted—withered, and accursed. The dark and unholy path of the destroyer is studded with monuments of human ruin, whose pinnacles are too high, and epitaphs too emblazoned, to evade even the eye of the sensualist, recording the terrifying history of those who moulder beneath; over whose sad graves, fathers, mothers, brothers and children ever pour the sweet and bitter memories of undying affection upon the crumbling ruins of beloved hearts, which they had made their household altars, and upon it had offered up the myrrh and frankincense of a holy sacrifice. And on these gloomy mounds of human devastation and self-destruction does Genius crape her brow, for a bright, aspiring son, struck down in his proud career—as the heaven-winged eaglet, when he sweeps too near the earth, falls by the fiery missile of the fowler.

In every part of the globe exists this melancholy experience; and on every spot of earth is this record spread wide open for the perusal and admonition of all. Surely,

then, no new appeal or argument can be expected from any quarter in behalf of the temperance cause; its advocates are everywhere—their efforts and struggles have, in a measure, improved the moral condition of every vineyard. Its champions in every battle-field have waged war with all the weapons that the powers of human reason could wield. The soul of man is endowed with attributes of ample dignity for the control and adornment of his physical conformation. His Maker has ordained that his mind, in its essence, is an exhalation of His own imperishable, all-pervading intelligence. It follows reason, then, that all the higher qualities of every man, though he may be pinched by penury, or clad in tatters, are a part of God himself.

In the economy of nature He has also offered fit food for this deathless principle. It is the proud privilege of his immortality to study the wants, the rights, the spirits and passions of men; to facilitate their enjoyments—the exercise and restraint of each. Over these wants, these impatient and cherished rights—over the swelling spirits—over these *burning*, *bounding* passions of men, this mind may erect an empire invisible, save only in its effects, which shall restrain to obedience the erring, the unwarranted assumptions and oppressions of the mightiest of fellow-beings. To this influence of *mind* over *mind*—of *feeling* over *feeling*, is assigned the task of relieving poignant sufferings; of elevating the degraded to the level of self-respect and respectable association—of creating in communities a moral tone, which shall reflect from the mirror of society the image of the Gospel; of informing and moulding the rising generation into a mighty, virtuous posterity. This power and

influence is the effect of various means: from example, present sympathy—from contact, through the senses, and often by familiarity, with the evil or the pure. One-half of our susceptibilities are blunted by the very force of the constant recurrence of revolting scenes. I could here branch off into speculations upon reformation to support or refute the opinion, "that no human being can be thoroughly reformed except through the channel of an enlightened conscience; that the revolting spectacle and consequences of intoxication are results of the same principle, which produce all other moral extravagances, and should be corrected, as are all other excesses to which they are allied; that he who staggers beneath the torpidity of alcohol is not the only drunkard; that it is the operation of this same appetite for excitement that induces the young lady to sacrifice her family-comfort and domestic duties to the piano, or the deep and seducing intensities of light literature; and which too often brings upon her youth, beauty and prime, the dark shadow of death even amid the festivities of mirth. Upon this principle the coquette murders hearts—the libertine ruins the virtuous—the innocent; the frivolous and fashionable mother lets her infant sicken and die—a victim to the mummeries of dress and show; the young glutton lays up a life of gout or dyspepsia, or dies of apoplexy.

These are points ripe for discussion, but come not within the compass of my design, as I am not making a temperance speech, but relating facts connected with the subject, and the opinions and views of others.

Mr. Temple awoke next morning refreshed in body and mind. His thoughts turned from the recovery of his daughter to those connected with it. The horrid situation of the

Reeves family pressed with force upon his mind, and he arose with a determination to endeavor to work a reformation in the moral condition of the household—to secure Hannah as a trusty attendant and friend for his daughter, and to place Theodore Harper in a respectable and lucrative position.

How to ensure a lasting reform was the first question that presented itself: by elevating them to their former position in society—and by removing the obstacles and difficulties under which they labored, place them in circumstances conducive to a perfect restoration of health, repectability and self-esteem. Without encouragement and assistance, the jeopardized powers of moral rectitude are hard to re-establish. We are dependent creatures at best; we need the smile of approval—the stimulus of the friendly grip—the approximity of mind to mind, to keep us in the onward path of virtue and forbearance. Who could expect a fellow-being to retrace the way of duty and integrity of purpose, when he sees on every hand his former friends and neighbors shunning him, as if followed by the plague-spot; wrapping themselves in the mantle of infallible rectitude, and looking down upon the penitent, as if he was one whom the rules of society placed in another orbit?

Under such a state of affairs, how can the drunkard be expected to reform? What would he accomplish by a regenerated nature? He could not regain the confidence of his fellow-man. If it were not for the prize at the end of the race, the hope that reaches beyond this life, and brightens up this vale of sorrow and death, the wanderer from virtue would have but feeble encouragement to forsake the error of his ways.

Mr. Temple was a Son of Temperance; he did not waste his time in idle discussions, but went to work with the spirit and the understanding.

The Temperance society offers a beautiful example to the world. It not only preaches the doctrine of reformation, but meets its converts half way. The hand of fellowship is offered; they are supported and elevated by the social virtues of the order — sustained and embraced by the cheering thought of *E pluribus unum*. It brings into practice those divine attributes which draw man to the likeness of his Maker; wisdom, firmness, unflinching perseverance, kindness, order, method, and skill The internal power of the subject appeals to the conscience and experience of man. It is not the creature of force or love, but the great and irresistible operation of moral suasion, opening an avenue of intercourse and encouragement; assisting those who may need it, to a reasonable degree, in the efforts to acquire a competency. It does not hold out a premium to vice or a reward for virtue to its votaries; but declares, by its plain and honest dealing with the children of men, that it is the duty of every individual to be virtuous, and that no man should feel that he has a right to be paid to become respectable beyond the reward which merit always expects from the hands of society. What a fine platform on which he can re-establish his impaired character—regain his lost Eden. He here finds every inducement to reform; by degrees, he recovers his former position in society, and the confidence and respect of his friends. May I not here remark, how very partial the conventionalities of society are to the interest and well-being of man? If a woman departs from the straight path of rectitude and prudence,

every eye marks the deviation, and every tongue condemns; no excuse or extenuation. If she falls, she falls forever. No one lifts up her bowed head—no hand wipes away the penitential tear, or reaches out, in the dark, to guide her weak and erring steps. No one pities her, or seconds her efforts to reform; and even if she does reform, she is shunned and despised. No eye compassionates her, but the eye of Him who died upon the cross. There is for her no "Temple of Honor," wherein she can redeem her standing. She feels not the power of human sympathy, which falls upon the heart like the evening and the morning dew, fertilizing the feeble efforts of nature to put forth blossoms of hope and grace. Jesus alone is her friend; he binds up her broken heart; chases the tears from her withered cheek, and whispers in the still, small voice, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

"Thou who hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! would'st thou wake in Heaven?
Like Mary kneel—like Mary weep,
Love much, and be forgiven."

Mr. Temple was a Son of Temperance; and I will try to show you how he found his way to the heart of an habitual drunkard.

The shadows of evening were gathering over the city, when he bent his steps toward Leonard street. He found no one within the wretched domicil but the captious Mrs. Reeves, who had been indulging in liquor pretty freely. She entertained her visitor with murmurs and complaints. He gleaned, from her hasty and broken narrative, a few facts which gave him a better idea of their present situa-

tion. He discovered that they had seen better days—that loss of health came first—then sickness—diminution of friends—lastly, penury and degradation.

To remove the latter, was the first consideration, and while Mr. Temple was making up his mind on the point, he was interrupted by a very boisterous movement at the door. In a moment, a crowd of boys and ruffians pressed against the house; loud cries were heard for the crowd to give way. Cursing, swearing, pushing and tearing, they bore everything before them. At last, an officer succeeded in making a way for two laboring men, bearing on a broad plank, the body of a lad, covered with blood and dirt. No one offered assistance. Mr. Temple looked inquiringly at Mrs. Reeves, but she seemed stupefied.

"Is John Reeves's wife here?" asked one of the men, as he rested their burden on two broken chairs.

"Yes!" screamed the woman, "what have you there?—what do you come here for? In heaven's name, what does it mean?"

"Mother! mother!" cried Hannah springing forward through the doorway, "it is Charley—our own dear Charley, mother—it is Charley! Charley! and he is—mother—he is dead!"

"Dead!" screamed the frantic woman, "Oh! no, he is not dead—it can't be; what, Charley! my own darling, beautiful boy," and she laid her screaming infant on the bed, and staggered toward the body, which was resting on two chairs in horrible ghastliness.

"He is dead, mother—he was killed by——"

"By what? Oh! my God!—say, by what?"

"A stone—and it was to save his drunken father—yes, mother—do you hear?—a drunken father!"

"Killed!" repeated the mother, and fell senseless by the side of her son.

Screams of horror and anguish filled the miserable apartment.

The body of the youth was laid out, and some of the neighbors brought a clean sheet to lay him on; another combed out his sun-burnt hair, and washed off the clots of blood from his neck and face. Another brought a pillow, with a clean case. So his young limbs were straightened out, and his stiff, cold features, in death's repose, lay in decent, but poverty-stricken order.

But what had the son of an habitual drunkard to expect? Nothing in this life, but buffets and scornful sneers, or the cold pity of the world, (between the two there is not much difference). Young and gentle in his nature — loving and kind to all; with honest principles; religiously disposed; shunning wicked company, and striving, with his sister, to support his family—at least, to keep them from starvation, and reform his parents; he was suddenly cut off—snatched away from his good purposes. Why was this done? Who could tell? It was one of the inscrutable decrees of a mysterious but *never*-erring Providence.

While they were all gathered around his bier, weeping the unrestrained tears of natural sorrow, the poor degraded father came staggering and stumbling, and jostling those in his way, along through the crowd.

"Can't you come out and let a body come? What's the

use of having a home, if a man can't get in it, hey? Can't ye come out?"

"How did this happen?" asked Mr. Temple of one of the bystanders.

"His father had fallen down into the cellar of a house, that was repairing, on Grand street; the walls were tumbling in, and he ran down to extricate his father; he succeeded in getting the poor intoxicated wretch out, but he would not leave the spot, until Charley went back for his old straw hat, which he had dropped off in his fall. The kind, and even obedient son was returning with it, when a large stone fell upon his shoulder, and crushed him. The father was so drunk, that he did not understand or comprehend the nature of the awful catastrophe."

His appearance was revolting in the extreme; his ragged clothes were covered with the rubbish and filth, which he had gathered in his fall; his shaggy hair hung in strings over his haggard countenance; his beard had not been shaven for days; his red flannel shirt had changed its original hue, to an invisible purple; his stained, and faded corduroy pants, had no notion of an upright position, without being coaxed by an old leathern belt. He stood in the middle of the room, with his hat in both hands, holding it as light and careful, as if it was composed of spun glass, and lined with cobwebs; he looked wildly around, but seemed entirely unconscious of what had occurred.

"Father! father!" cried Hannah, "see, here is poor Charley. Oh! I always knew it would end in something dreadful—father, do you hear? poor, dear Charley is dead, father—dead—own, own darling Charley."

"But I guess he *zaved* the hat," replied the old toper, holding it up in both hands, and grinning like an idiot.

"Oh! father! have you no heart—no soul—Oh! my poor brothers and sisters—Oh! sweet, darling Charley—dead—dead!" The poor girl gave way to a fresh paroxysm of frantic grief, but the father walked doggedly away from the body of his dead son, and seated himself on the bedside, still holding his hat with caressing pains.

As Mr. Temple looked on, he felt almost discouraged in his good resolves—but perseverance was one of the virtues of the Order; he determined not to retire from the work, without at least making all the efforts within his power. In the first place, they were provided with food and raiment. He then procured a plain, decent coffin for the dead.

The next day, when he visited Leonard street, he found everything different. The young corpse lay in a black coffin, and a crowd of the poorer class of people had assembled, as much from curiosity as sympathy or good feeling. They were talking, whistling, and moving to and fro, as if death and sorrow had no hold upon human sympathy. The father and mother were both smartened up in the new garments, which the benevolence of Mr. Temple had provided for them. Hannah had washed and fixed up the poor, sickly, debilitated children, who were selfish enough to express their joy and delight, at having bread to eat, and clean things to put on; little recked they of the magnitude of the catastrophe, which had led to such unlooked-for good fortune.

"Charley will never want to eat again, will he, Han-

nah?" asked Sammy, with tears in his eyes, but a faint smile on his lips.

"Why do you ask such a question?" answered his sister, shuddering.

"'Cause, we will have his share of grub; that's 'cause why."

Poor Hannah wiped the tears from her cheek, and silently went about arranging matters for the burial of her brother.

Mr. Temple found the father perfectly sobered by his awful situation; he was not only deeply affected at the sad death of his son, but was suffering all the tortures which contrition, and remorse could inflict. He felt sensibly, that he had been the cause of his son's destruction—the immediate cause of his death; the thought was almost too intolerable to be borne—the very wormwood and gall of bitterness. It was a mental aggravation that could know no palliative; it would weigh upon the heart, as long as life should last—a souvenir of sin. Even if he could reform, and lead a new life, he knew and felt, that the present wound would rankle in his soul, as long as "memory, the warden of the brain," held its office.

"Sir, you are very kind," said the agonized father, as Temple offered him his hand; he tried hard not to see it, but his visitor was determined he should shake hands with him; "you have been kind—monstrous kind," repeated Reeves, trying to conceal the tears which were falling fast. "It has been a long time since I heard soft words from a gentleman like you."

"I expect, Mr. Reeves, *that* was somewhat your own fault."

"Somewhat, as you say; but, sir, this has been a hard world to me—it has too."

"It is a beautiful world, Mr. Reeves, and full of blessings."

"And curses too—I know it," replied Reeves, looking around him with a bitter smile.

"I likewise, my friend—but do we not bring those curses sometimes on ourselves, by disobedience and willfulness—by neglecting the duties Providence has assigned us—living without regard to our present or future welfare?"

"Oh! sir, you speak truly," said Reeves, pressing his rough hands together and looking wildly at the gloomy coffin which contained the body of his son. "It is dreadful to think of it! Don't talk of it."

"We must speak of it," said Temple, laying his hand on his shoulder—"it is for your good."

"I can't bear it—no, I can't."

"If you had been stabbed near the region of the heart, and a physician were to stand by and witness your writhing agonies, would you not call him heartless if he did not offer to extract the festering steel?"

"Sir, it is worse than that—it is in my heart deep, deep—no hand can reach it."

"You are a man—you will let me try?"

"I am not, sir—I am a brute unworthy of your notice. I am vile. I am the murderer of my own son, my beloved, darling son!"

"Oh! Charley!" cried the mother, throwing herself back on the chair—"we did not know how dear you were!"

"No, sir, we have been blind."

"Your eyes are now opened," said Mr. Temple.

"I see it all—I wish, sir, the cursed stone had fallen on my head."

"That is wrong. There is a wise and just Providence, who orders all things for the best."

"It can't be for the best—I know it can't!" screamed the mother. "You need not preach that doctrine—there is no best in it! I know there isn't!"

"Be still, mother," said Hannah, soothingly. "Listen!"

"That boy, sir, was our support. I have been a very wicked father!"

"God forgive ye!" said the mother.

"I hope, Mr. Reeves, this will be the means of reforming you—you must quit drinking. It is no use to be nice about words. You and your wife have led a horrible life—your children are perishing for food, and their souls are starving for moral instruction. What do you suppose will be the end of all this? Destruction to yourselves and to your children!"

"Poor Charley is the first," said Hannah, wringing her hands.

"If I had only been sober, yesterday, this never would have happened—it couldn't."

"In course it couldn't," said Mrs. Reeves.

"How long have you been drinking?" asked the Son of Temperance.

"I have not drawn a sober breath for years—that is to say, I have never been without the scent of it on my breath. Don't tell me I could reform and become sober! Don't talk to me about signing the pledge—if I was to, I should break it."

"You can reform—and now is the time to commence. It

is true, you cannot undo what you have done—you cannot restore the beloved form of your son to life, but all the other evils can be remedied—the other six children can be snatched from ruin and disgrace. Your wife will be rescued, perhaps, from perdition. Are you a man? Can you hesitate?"

"Oh! sir, show me the way, and if there is enough of manhood in me, I will try. I will, sir, indeed I will. Help me, sir, I am weak and vile!" and the tears fell plenteously from his eyes.

"See here," said Temple, drawing the white covering from the cold, clammy face of the dead boy; "this is your son—your dead son. God gave him to you, and God has taken him away. You loved him?"

"As well as a drunkard could love," replied Reeves; "but that's little—now I know how little—not so well as the *bottle*. I have loved nothing but rum, for years."

"That's the truth, John Reeves," said his wife—"if ever you told it."

"But I never thought it would come to this—this. Oh! my poor boy! what a wretch I am!"

Temple took the hand of Reeves and laid it on the cold, silent heart of the son. "Here, in this solemn place, swear that you will never take alcohol again in any form or for any purpose; here, under the shadow of the dead and in presence of your Maker!"

"Oh! sir, I cannot!" cried the trembling father, drawing his hand suddenly back; "I should break that oath and dishonor the dead. I can't do it."

"If you are sincere in your profession of sorrow and penitence, you cannot object to anything that will support

and sustain you in that resolution. If you are not in earnest, forbear!"

"I am in earnest—I will! I will! and I here pledge myself before my wife and children, and in presence of my dead son—Oh! Charley! bear witness for your miserable father—never to touch the accursed stuff again. So help me God!"

"Mother! mother!" cried Hannah; "do you hear my father?—do you hear him?"

"Yes, I hear him. I have heard John Reeves talk before."

"Can you hear him and be still, mother? have you no promise to make?—is he the only rum drinker in the house?"

"It is easy talking—I want to see him do what he has said he would."

"Oh, mother! will you not give a promise to Charley? He has died to save you from a bitter curse!"

"Well," replied the wife, drawing herself up; "I'll promise never to drink another drop, as long as Reeves keeps sober; but if he is at it again, why I'll go halves. I was a sober woman until he brought the truck in the house."

"I know, I did it all—I never blamed you, Sally."

"How could you? You learned me how. I never tasted rum, in my life, till you began the game; but I won't stand in your road, John; you shan't have it to say—no, you shan't——"

"You have been just as much to blame as Reeves," said Temple to the wife; "perhaps more so. If he does wrong, it is no reason you should; and if he rendered him-

self unfit for the duties of a father, it was more incumbent on you to double your diligence as a mother."

"The men always take up for the men—it is mighty easy preaching, but I guess, sir, if you straighten the kinks out of John Reeves, you won't find any hinderance from Sally."

"Hush, mother!" said Hannah, "here comes a minister to pray with us and bury Charley."

A new burst of sorrow filled the little room, and after the elapse of a half hour the hearse and two hacks left for the burial of the dead.

Mr. Temple watched faithfully over his converts. He judged from the first that the husband was sincere and resolute in his efforts to reform. A few evenings after, at a meeting of the Temperance Society, the name of John Reeves was presented as a candidate for admission to the order. He was sustained and countenanced by the brotherhood. He got as much work as he could do, and as soon as Temple was perfectly satisfied that he would not relapse, he gave him the refusal of a small farm, which lay on the Hudson river, a short distance from the city. He and his family were delighted with the prospect of a country life, and readily embraced the offer. In a short time they were comfortably settled in their new home. Mrs. Reeves kept her word, and often, when her husband left for the city market, she would follow him to the big gate to say, "John, let what comes, don't, for God's sake, break the pledge!" Her advice was perhaps timely, but Reeves had no inclination to retrace his old steps. What the temperance society commenced, the evangelical truths of the church finished, and no one would have recognized the dark, haggard, dogged inebriate, in the active, enthusiastic, church-going Reeves.

Hannah was taken into Mr. Temple's family as a friend, rather than a servant, to Elinor. In the meantime, Theodore Harper was not forgotten, but no one had seen or heard of him since the night Elinor was restored to her family. Every exertion had been made to find him out, but in vain. Letters were written back to his old home, but he had never returned or written.

Chapter 14.

I see hau folks live that have riches,
But surely, poor folk maun be wretches.—BURNS.

THE acquisition of fortune to the Fairmont family, rendered their manner of life more tolerable, and advanced their claims upon good society. It gave peace and plenty, where lately toil and want held the household in thraldom. It rendered Mr. Fairmont, at first, more pleasant and agreeable in his family. The excitement of moving to a fine commodious dwelling, purchasing furniture and luxuries, to which they had so long been strangers, amused and stimulated him for a few months, and drew him from his old habits. Mr. Temple and his temperance associates used their best endeavors to reclaim him. They tried to surround him with benign influences, and draw him within the circle of the brotherhood; but he swore he was not going to be tied up by anybody—that he drank his own liquor, and paid for it with his own money—that he lived in a free country, and would do just as he pleased. "What! sign away his liberty, like a poor half-hearted devil, that could not say his soul was his own? No, indeed! he was not going to put his conscience in any other man's keeping—if they did not like him or his wine, they could keep away; he would see that the temperance folks handled none of his money!"

His present situation afforded him the means of excessive indulgence. He could not, it is true, encroach upon the

property of his wife and children in any point, yet he disposed of all that he could by right or ingenuity appropriate to himself or his extravagance. Every day he became more selfish. He gave suppers to a low, lawless set of associates and loafers, in disregard of the entreaties of his wife, or the delicate feelings of his children. Their future prospects never entered into his thoughts, but blind and willful, he dashed on through a vortex of degradation and crime. From excessive drinking, he gave way to every temptation that beset him. In the midst of his unlawful career, he was brought home at a late hour of the night, horribly mutilated in the face, and stabbed in his side by some hero of the bowie-knife, with whom he had quarreled in some of those dens of infernal purposes. He had been gambling high, and being quite heated with his evening cups, he became captious and indignant toward his *fiendish friends;* a dispute arose, which ended in a perfect row, in which he fell desperately wounded.

He was received at home with every demonstration of care and attention. He was confined to his bed, unable to assist himself, but lay like a chained demon, raving and blaspheming to such a degree, that his friends could not bear to approach him. His physician forbade him the use of stimulants, as his situation was very precarious, and his wounds in great danger of mortification. He became furious—had to be guarded by strong watchers. Through all the tortuous scenes of his confinement, his gentle wife, with unflinching fortitude, watched by his pillow. When others trembled and quailed at his hideous and unearthly extravagances, she soothed him by kind words and loving promises. He would beg for one drop—one taste only, as

much as would dampen his feverish lips; then he would rave, and break out in volleys of the most appalling curses. Thus passed a week, or ten days, in which time, in despite of his inhuman conduct, he began to recover. As his wounds became by degrees less alarming in their appearance and symptoms, he also gradually became more pacified in his nature, and less brutal in his manners; suffice it to say, to the astonishment of all, he appeared quite satisfied with his retirement and regimen, and seemed to have forgotten his former unprincipled course. Happy hearts rejoiced over his reformation, and prayed that it might be lasting. Months had passed since his disaster, but Fairmont had never been able to leave the house.

George had gone to West Point, and Kate to Troy, to complete their educations. Mrs. Fairmont, with her four young children had gone out to take a walk in the park, as the afternoon had been quite oppressive. Mr. Fairmont's attendants had long since been discharged, and for the last two months, it had not been thought necessary to have any particular watch over him. His servant was very faithful and attentive, and never left the house during his mistress's absence.

Mrs. Fairmont and her little party had been gone but a few moments, before some one rang the bell:

"Is Mr. Fairmont at home?" asked a man, in a low voice.

"Yes sir."

"Tell him, an old friend wishes to see him."

"That's a jewel I did not know I possessed," said Fairmont, when he heard the message, "*hustle* him along, and let's see what kind of a bird he is. Ah! is it you, Darby?—

where are you from?" asked Fairmont, shaking him by the hand.

"From perdition!"

"You don't say so. How do you like the country?—rather too warm, hey?"

"I have no mind, or time to talk—where's your wife, Fairmont?"

"Out, showing the children in the park."

"Is she as pious as ever?"

"Just so."

"And rich, I hear?" added Darby.

"As cream, man—but what is it to you?"

"I want money—I have just broken out of prison—I must have money enough to take me to—no matter where—I must have it."

"I have none to give you."

"Your wife has, and I must have some."

"Well! if you must, you must—but you will have to wait until Jane comes. I have been ill—very ill, for a long time, Darby, and have had no use for money."

"No use for money!" repeated his companion, in a tone of mock surprise, "How you talk! it surely can't be Simon Fairmont I am talking to, for I remember the time—and it has not been long ago either—when you could not have enough—and was not over nice about the means to gain it."

"Talk on—I deserve all you can say—I have been a dev'lish scamp, and no mistake—but when you get honest it will be time to preach honesty to your betters."

"We will not quarrel about what we never had, or

ever will have—I can't wait for your purse-keeper—where does she keep her funds?"

"What do you mean, Darby?—what can you mean?"

"Oh! don't be alarmed—I only intend to have some before I leave."

"You don't come to rob old friends," said Fairmont, with a sarcastic smile; "if Jane had known *you* were in want, or her sister suffering, she would have attended to her case. Where is your wife, Darby?"

"At our lodgings, on Hudson street—but come, if you have any money to give me, hurry—I must have some."

"Here is all I have," said Fairmont, giving him a ten dollar bill, "take it, and go your ways—and for God's sake don't show your face here again, if you have been guilty of a crime."

"Is this the way you treat your old comrades? Fairmont, with all your roughness and brutality, I always thought there was something noble at the bottom of your nature, but I have judged erroneously—an old companion, one who always stuck to you through evil and good——"

"Evil! yes, you may say that; but it is darn'd little good that we ever saw together. I have never known one good act result from our intimacy; and it matters not what we have been, I am bound to shield my family from the evil influence to which I have hitherto subjected them."

"How long since you made this heroic resolution?" inquired Darby, with a sneer.

"Since you entered the room, and told me you had been in prison."

"Accused of murder!" added Darby, boldly.

"Guilty, or not guilty, Ben?"

"That is for the jury to decide, when it has heard the evidence. Such things are very precarious, and I resolved to save running the risk, by making my escape. No doubt, they are searching for me now; it was our old friend, Benson."

"That you murdered?" asked Fairmont.

"He is not dead; I wish he was."

"That is very singular. I thought he was your best friend?"

"He may be, for aught I know; but he is suffering so, and all for nothing, that I wish I had let him alone, or ended his misery."

"Tell me the circumstances, Darby; were you gambling?"

"No; would you believe it, Fairmont?—it was jealousy, the 'green-eyed monster.' Oh! I have led a horrible life since I saw you; that woman has been my destiny."

"Well, you would have it; she was the wife of another man, and you would not let her be. Who is her tempter now—some very good-looking fellow, I suppose?"

"She was innocent," replied Darby, flinching as though he was felt with a probe. "It was all imagination. You see, I had been drinking a little too freely, and when I encountered my wife and some one walking toward our lodgings, I followed a little distance behind to watch their movements, and when they parted at the door, I confronted him, and accused him of trying to seduce my wife. He denied the charge, and said that 'if I had not been guilty of such an act myself, I would not be so ready to accuse other

people;' then I cursed him; he struck me, and I stabbed him."

"Is he dead, did you say?"

"Not quite."

"I was caught — brought before the court—and committed to prison, last night. I broke out, and have been hid all day under ground. You see my necessities are imperious!"

"I thought liquor was never your excuse for foul deeds—it never unnerved you?"

"It begins to affect me differently. I loathe it—yet have not strength of purpose enough to shun it. It is part of my nature; I could not exist without it. They tell me you have reformed," continued Darby, looking quizzically at his old comrade.

"Well, I don't pretend to say I have. I can't feel as if I had; but if you had told me, six months ago, that I could have kept soul and body together so long, without the use of ardent spirits, I should have laughed at the idea."

"I should have laughed myself," said his visitor, sneeringly.

"I don't know, now, what I might do if I was tempted—just in the road of it. Man is a poor, weak devil at best."

"Yes; very feeble, when he suffers himself to be deprived of his liberty of conscience—to be cooped up and restrained like a bad boy."

"To tell you the truth, Darby, I have found out, since my long illness, that I *am* a poor, half-souled, irresolute, uncertain machine, which has been so used and abused,

that it has to be braced up and screwed at every point; and after all its repairs, it can scarcely perform the purposes for which it was originally made."

"You are growing philosophical, I perceive."

"No; I have been blind, and am just getting my eyes open."

"You cannot walk out?" asked Darby, kindly smiling, "because now you have reformed, there would be no danger of your going in too deep, and I would like to take a parting glass, for 'auld lang syne,' you know."

"It is with great difficulty I can move across the floor," replied Fairmont, "and even if I could, drinking with Ben Darby, a well-to-do grocery-keeper, and Ben Darby, a refugee murderer, are two things!"

"Well, Fairmont, you sha'n't say that I stood by, and saw you imposed on—held in vile slavery—your conscience contracted and extended according to the notions and whims of others. See here," and with the smile of a demon, he drew a flask from his pocket, and set it down on the table, "don't this remind you of old times. It is the same tickler that we used in common so long. I leave it with you as a memento of happier days. If you can look at it two weeks without tasting it, why, man, you may know whether you have reformed or not; this will remove all doubts; you may call yourself a reformed drunkard."

"For God's sake, take it away," cried Fairmont, his face flushing, and trembling from head to foot.

"No, no, Fairmont, I call this a knock-down argument; farewell, perhaps when you hear of me again, I shall be elevated to a more conspicuous situation;" buttoning up his

coat, he hurried down stairs, leaving his old comrade bewildered by his movements.

Fairmont drew a long breath, as he heard the door close behind his visitor. For some time he sat with his eyes fixed on his old acquaintance, as it sat cozily on the table, with its well-remembered features. The abrupt and unexpected visit of Darby upset his composure, and his mind, in a moment, was running back over the long waste of misspent years—times of their early association. His heart warmed at the recollection of their jovial hours—of their wild, boisterous, and reckless exploits—the wit and humor of his comrade—

> "His ancient, trusty, drouther crony,
> He loved him like a vera brither,
> They had been fou for weeks thegither."

It was in vain that he tried to divert his thoughts. He took up the newspaper and tried to read, but he could not keep his eyes from the bottle.

"No, it will not do to tamper with the lion, or play with edged tools," said he, drawing himself up. "I will not meddle with the cursed stuff. What can make Ben so vile? —the insidious tempter—I'll let him see what grit I am." He took up the bottle and held it before the light. It was full. He took out the stopper, and a perfume of rich cogniac saluted his olfactory nerves. It was strong and powerful, as of old. "I'll be hanged if it is not the real stuff, and no mistake; Simon, what say you to a pull?—'to drink, or not to drink, that is the question'—whether, like a man, I will wrestle against temptation, or turn once more to death and ruin. Oh! thou accursed begetter of ten thousand furious passions! thou deadly anodyne to all the noble feel-

ings of man's nature! enticer to all the horrors of polluted fancy! engenderer of vice, and all the catalogue of evils to which the soul is subject! Oh! how I have loved thee, thou damnable drug! How blindly have I devoted all to thy service—to thy infernal influence! Wife, children, and friends, reputation and health, have all been surrendered without one effort, one solitary reservation. I have served thee with a blind zeal and never-flinching devotion; but I renounce thee forever; I will not yield myself a victim to thy dominion again. Oh! we must struggle for the mastery. Lie there, thou fell destroyer! Begone! I will not taste thee, beverage of hell!" He pushed it out of sight, and turned to the open window; the breeze came softly over his agitated face; he heard the steps of his wife on the pavement, and the joyous voices of the little gladsome party, as they followed their mother up the steps.

"How glad I am, Simon, you did not touch it," said he, mentally, as his wife entered with her calm, sweet smile. She approached him so loving and true that he could not resist the newly-awakened stimulus of nature in his heart—he reached out his arms, and without any explanation, she was pressed to his heart, and for the first time in her life, she felt his warm tears upon her cheek. His voice was husky, with strange and incomprehensible emotion.

Mrs. Fairmont looked wildly in his face; the new and unaccountable expression of his features overpowered her, and she hid her face in his bosom.

"Don't be alarmed, Jane, I am not going to act the fool;

don't cry. I am a devilish queer fellow; I am a monster, wife, I know it; why have you not hated me all this time—shunned and despised me?"

"Because you were my husband—the father of my children, and you have always loved *me*."

"Jane, that is true; but I have been very unkind."

"You never meant to be so."

"Yes, I did, Jane; do you see that bottle?"

"What bottle?" said Jane, in great agitation.

"This, wife, do you see it?"

"Yes; what is in it?"

"Life or death. Brandy, child, brandy."

"How strange you are to-night — how did you get it?"

"A friend brought it to me."

"Oh! no—not a friend, but some poor, miserable tempter. Oh! pray, do not taste it; perhaps it is drugged.

"Ay, I know it is, with poison more subtle than hellebore, for it kills soul and body."

"Let me destroy it, Mr. Fairmont," asked his wife, beseechingly.

"No, Jane, I want you every day, at dinner, and every evening, at tea, to place this bottle before me."

"Oh! I cannot, husband—Oh! no, I will not tempt you in any way; no, I dare not do it."

"Well, well, our man John shall do it."

This was actually done, at his request, every day for two weeks: at the expiration of the term, and just that evening two weeks from the time Darby left, Mr. Fairmont

arose at the tea-table, and taking the bottle in his hand, and holding it out to his wife, said :

"Jane, take this, it has lost even the power of temptation; I am a changed man, and I have to thank you and this bottle."

Just as he placed it again on the table it burst into pieces ; the remains at the bottom of it were examined, and were found to contain opium. What was Darby's design no one knew.

Months passed off, and Fairmont remained true to his good resolutions; he was indeed a changed man, and Jane Fairmont was more than fully compensated for all her hard trials ; all her sorrows were forgotten, or if they returned to memory they only served to magnify, by contrast, the magnitude of her present happiness.

When he became well enough to go out, she was always ready to accompany him, and as he still continued to be very lame, she always had a good excuse for offering her services. She dreaded, at first, his meeting with his old companions, for fear they might again lead him astray before his reformation could be radically effected. Her influence over him increased every day ; she persuaded him to attend a temperance lecture, and as he was naturally warm and impetuous, he was carried away by the enthusiasm manifested by the speaker; he felt so fully sensible of the truths held forth in the arguments that he joined heartily in the cause ; he even went so far as to give an off-hand speech on temperance, which was remarkable alone for its originality and vehemence ; but it had a wonderful effect upon those of the audience who had been acquainted with his former course of life."

He lost, by degrees, the rough, unfeeling manner which had marked his wayward course, and became less harsh and blunt in his domestic circle. Mrs. Fairmont would have felt unspeakably happy at the change daily manifested in the conduct of her husband, had she not also witnessed the rapid decline of his constitutional powers. As his mind gained health and strength his frame gradually yielded to an insidious disease brought on by habitual intemperance.

Chapter 15.

Lo, you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her—stand close.—SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. FAIRMONT had been trying, for several weeks, to discover the lodgings of Darby and his wife; at last she gave up all hope of discovering them. Hannah Reeves, one of her most efficient emissaries, declared "that you had just as well look for a needle in a haystack." Some three or four days after Mrs. Fairmont's last search for her sister, and after she had abandoned all hope of seeing or hearing from her, she, by accident, was led to discover them. Bridget, a girl employed as a nurse, came in, one morning, to desire permission to go home for an hour or so.

"Why will not to-morrow do as well?" asked Mrs. Fairmont.

"As for myself, ma'am," replied Bridget; "it would be all one and the same thing; but, ma'am, my mother is quite poorly, and my father is drunk, and the children are all down with the measles, and our genteel boarders are going to leave without paying their dues; and you know, ma'am, it is very hard to live on nothing without something to keep it up."

"Yes, Bridget, especially if one has boarders."

"And sich boarders, too, ma'am! Why it is only taking the bread out of our own mouths to put it in theirs."

"Why do you not get rid of them?"

"We have tried hard to do it, but you had as well try to shift off the ague."

"Do you find their meals?"

"Only once a day, when called for. It is no very great need that they have for victuals, to-be-sure, ma'am."

"Very queer people! How do they live?"

"True for you, ma'am, and well might you say that same thing, providing you could see them and their doings—but it is not myself that likes to be-rate our customers."

"Are they decent people?"

"Dacent! Oh! ma'am, all but the dacent—they both drink beyond all r'asonable bounds."

"Drink!" cried Mrs. Fairmont, with a start; "who knows, Bridget, but they are the very people we have been looking for?"

"Never, ma'am!" replied Bridget, raising her hands and eyes.

"What name do they go by?"

"She calls herself Mrs. Ben Darby."

"Oh! yes, it is the same. Is the woman very handsome?"

"Sorry a bit, ma'am; she and beauty has parted long ago, and are now living like strangers."

Mrs. Fairmont gave the girl permission to visit home and see how matters stood, and if the boarders had not left, to return and let her know; and if she needed any comforts for the sick children, she would try and supply them.

"Thank'ee, ma'am; and if everybody was like your own self, ma'am, it is very little of sorrow the world would be afther knowing."

About an hour elapsed and Bridget returned in great haste.

"Ma'am, if you please, you can come."

"Is she still there?—you are certain?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am; but, be sure, and she is no company for you, ma'am."

"It is my duty, girl—I must see her."

"Well, ma'am, and you will have no very pleasant sight—I am sure not. It will excite your pitiful tears to see sich a sight."

"Bridget, you will go with me?"

"Surely, ma'am, if your heart is set on it; but, dear, it is very shocking to great ladies like you, ma'am, to visit such places. My mother is poor and my father is—— Oh! ma'am, I can't say the word — it sticks in my throat!"

"Ah, child!" said Mrs. Fairmont, "I have been in very poor places. I will do you no harm, and I will try and benefit you all I can; you are a good girl, come with me;" and followed by the girl, the good lady bent her steps toward Anthony street. They entered a building of very mean appearance—a grocery was kept in front—Bridget's family occupied two rooms above—one was "to let," the other was occupied by the father, mother, and four small children. The back room, opening on a little, filthy alley, was used for various purposes; a brush-maker worked in one, and an old woman was doing up muslin in another; on the door of the third was this advertisement—"Carpets shook and chimneys cured of smoking—done here."

"This way, please," said Bridget, leading the way up a tottering pair of stairs, worn thin by hard usage and heavy

feet. She opened the door at the head of the hall, and Mrs. Fairmont found herself in the presence of her sister. On a very low, contracted bed, with ordinary and unclean quilts, sat Mrs. Ben Darby. She had changed so much that her sister was, for a moment or two, uncertain whether it could in reality be the one she sought or not, but she soon satisfied herself that her conjectures were right.

"Jane Fairmont!" exclaimed Mrs. Darby, rolling herself from the foot of the bedstead and seating herself upright. "Well, really, I am taken by surprise."

"I felt that I must see you once more, Mary."

"I am oppressed by your condescension."

"You need not be; I have come from good motives—I believed it my duty to do so."

"Duty! duty! Oh! yes, you and duty are synonymous ideas. Dear me! Well, Jane, how are you getting on now? Do you make out to spend your money, or does it rust on your hands—or does the Church help you to lighten the pile?"

"Mary, it matters not what you say, I am prepared to bear it all. I have done wrong in not seeking you before."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it."

"I felt I had given you up too easily."

"I never complained of it, Jane."

"I have come to see if I can in any way help you, or add to your comfort."

"Yes, Jane, of course you can. You are now rich, and I am poor. If you have any money on your hands, I will willingly do you the favor to use it; but if you have come here to talk about religion and temperance, and all that sort of thing, why I will not spend my time listening to

you, for I am giving music lessons, and have all my time occupied."

"Mary, if you need money, I have it for you — but I must once more try and save you. I cannot refrain from making one more effort to reform you — to draw you from your old ways."

"Mrs. Fairmont," said the lady, drawing herself up with great dignity, "if you don't like my ways, you can let me alone. I despise, as much as ever, your intolerable cant!"

"Call it what you please, Mary; it has been my comfort and stay, and made me happy in the darkest hour. What is a woman without faith and hope in a world to come?"

"This world suits me very well, Jane, if I had my share of it — but tell me, is it true that Fairmont has reformed?"

"He has not drank a drop in three months."

"Of course, I had reference to his drinking. Your husband has always been such a blunt, low, vulgar individual, that it could not be supposed he could change in any other way. I suppose you have accomplished the mighty work by prayer and fasting — or, perhaps, by moral suasion."

"Mary," said Mrs. Fairmont, and a deep shade reddened her cheek, "he has courageously extricated himself — he called into exertion every power within him, and, with the assistance of his God, he has been able to conquer his foe!"

"Ah! I suppose he has become pious — but you really do not mean to say that Fairmont *has* reformed? Is he in

earnest? Is he religious? You have lived too long, Jane, to be duped at last."

"No, Mary, my husband is no hypocrite; you know very well, he never was; he may return to his old habits, but he is sincere now. He is not a professor of religion *yet*, but we all know that there is no good action or effort, which man may make, that goes unrewarded. There is no good thought, breathed in silence and solitude, that goes unacknowledged — even on the instant, God is ever ready to assist the good purposes of the soul."

"Oh yes, you have preached that doctrine so long that you have it at your fingers' ends. How do you know all this, pray, even if it was true?"

"God has given us a written revelation — He has given us capacities to love, and tenderness to bestow. He has invited us to converse with Him in prayer."

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Darby, with mock solemnity.

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered, or unexpressed;
> The motion of a hidden fire,
> That trembles in the breast."

"Oh! plague on it all, Jane," cried Mrs. Darby, furiously, "you may poke such nonsense at your brothers and sisters, but I will not hear one word more — I will not,"— and putting a finger in each ear, she began to whistle — "The Campbells are coming."

Poor Jane sat silent, and at a loss how to proceed.

"Jane Fairmont," said Mrs. Darby, suddenly dropping her fingers from her auricles, "I never could see how a woman of your wonderful sense, could be so easily gulled. All this religious fuss is sheer nonsense — just got up to frighten folks into being good."

"Oh! Mary, do not say that — you will yet see your error, when it is too late!"

"Never! never! I am not very changeable in my opinions. I will not believe in God! I never did, nor never can!"

"Mary, if you could, only for a moment, realize the sustaining power of faith, how little and vain would appear the temptations which now beset you! Sister, let me plead with you — do not treat me so harshly. Listen with patience, but for a moment. Oh! Mary, I have prayed for you—"

"Had you not enough in your own family to occupy your faith?" asked Mrs. Darby, sneeringly. "As to your prayers, I do not thank you for them. I despise your canting fuss. I desire you to drop it."

"I must speak," replied Mrs. Fairmont; "I came for that purpose. You never will hear the truth but from me; no one else dares speak to you on the subject. I tell you, Mary, you are destroying soul and body — the invincible spirit of crime is hovering over you — death and irretrievable ruin are before you — pause, before it is too late— think, while reason and life are unquenched."

"I will not hear another word," said Mrs. Darby, rising, with a flushed face, and trembling with excitement. "I would not give the snap of my finger for all the religion in the world—it is all hypocrisy."

"Well, Mary, take all religion out of the question— your conduct is destructive to your health, your character, your peace of mind, all that is sacred and dear to the heart of woman. You will sink deeper and deeper, until you

become a loathsome burden to yourself, and a stigma on your family."

"You may talk *now*, Mrs. Fairmont, but the time has been, when you did not hold your head so *very* high!"

"The time has never been, Mary, when I could not look the pure and the honest in the face. I have had my sorrows, mortifications, and misfortunes—my pride has been humbled, my best feelings abused — but my conscience, through all, has remained untarnished, and, although tied to the fate of a drunkard, yet still, I have had moments of bliss, and hours of sweet and holy inspiration, which the troubles of life could not destroy or diminish."

"You need not get animated!" cried Mrs. Darby, wildly throwing up her arms; "I despise your hypocrisy—I loathe and detest your sanctity. It is none of your business if I go to hell!—I will go on my own expense—it will not cost you anything. Don't lay 'the flattering unction to your soul' that you have caused me one regret, or been instrumental in raising one penitential thought—one sigh of remorse. I am superior to your vile superstition and humbuggery. If you are mistress of your time, I am not," continued she, pulling on a pair of soiled kid gloves; "I give music lessons to the Miss Dumptons, and must wish you a good morning." She was just in the act of bowing herself out when she confronted her husband, who came rushing in, and nearly overthrew her, for neither of the pair were very stable.

"Our passages are taken—come, gather up your trumpery, and let's be off!"

"And is it for going you are?" cried the landlady,

springing up stairs, looking first at Darby and then at his wife; and without paying your bill? Well, we will see which is the fool. And you call yourselves big-bugs, hey! Now let's see you be it, and pay down your dues. Not one dud leaves this premises till my money is paid. A pretty piece of business, to give the best room and the choice of everything for nothing! You have been trouble enough to please, not to mention your disorderly manners and unchristian way of living. Take that, will you, ma'am!"

Mrs. Fairmont found it impossible to hold any more conversation with her sister, and despairing of doing any other good, pulled out her purse and paid the bills; after which she assisted them by procuring suitable clothing for their journey, and begged the landlady to make them as comfortable as possible until they left.

"Comfortable indade!" cried the landlady, "and how in the wide world would you think to make her comfortable unless with a demijohn of the cratur, or a something stronger than water, and—asking your pardon—snoring and wallowing like brute beasts?"

The story he had invented about stabbing his friend was all a romance, got up for the occasion to force money from Fairmont. It is true, he had been imprisoned lately, frequently, for his outrageous conduct in the streets and public places of resort.

Chapter 16.

Death is a fearful thing.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SIX or seven years had passed since the reformation of Mr. Fairmont. His constitution was so impaired by his long course of reckless dissipation, that he fell into a rapid decline, and was soon called to exchange worlds.

Endowed with a vigorous frame, strong intellect, and naturally a lively, good-natured disposition, he might have lived longer, and proved a comfort to his family and an ornament to society, had it not been for the "enchanted cup." All these gifts were worn out in the servitude of a master appetite, in slavery and in chains, not only suffering himself, but blighting the hopes and crushing the hearts which clung to him through poverty, want and degradation. But Death came! It comes to all—the mighty and the weak, the sinner and the penitent, the willing Christian and the ready infant—yes, it came to the reformed drunkard, and as he lay calmly watching the sun's rays filleting the canopy of his couch with golden threads, he smiled faintly and turned his eyes to the guardian face of his wife.

"My wife," he muttered, and tried hard to grasp her hand, but alas! *his* was weak in death.

"What did you wish, dear husband?" asked Jane, bending her cheek to his in order to catch his lowest tone.

"Wife!" he repeated, and a smile of indescribable satisfaction passed over his countenance.

"I am here; did I ever leave you?"

"Never! never!"

"Tell me, dear, then, what you wish."

"Wife!" he repeated, fixing his filmy eyes upon her quivering face, "wife! wife!" As the last word passed from his lips, his hand relaxed its hold upon Jane's, and a slight spasm about the mouth told that all was over.

"Wife! wife!" the sound seemed almost to linger in that still apartment. Wife! yes, what had the world of *his* gratitude—what left he behind but that one faithful heart—and she *dared* not mourn his loss; yet true to the end, she stood alone at his dying pillow, her prayers rising like holy incense to the throne of the Redeemer.

As the last breath passed away, and his countenance settled in the rigidity of death, Mrs. Fairmont wiped the clammy drops from his brow, smoothed down the motionless eyelids, and gazed long on his stiffening features.

Her mind was carried back, in despite of herself, to the days of her childhood—the days of early love—the bright, beautiful morning she gathered her bridal wreath, and walked with a light step and trusting heart to the village church;—she remembered his vows of devotion to her—the fleeting dream of the honeymoon. Then came long and bitter reminiscences, like a train of funeral specters—the many weary watches of the night—her footsteps upon his haunted path, his staggering way—his horrid excesses, chilling curses—his taunts, his selfishness and barbarity to his children—his bartered integrity—his brutality in all things—his derision, his scorn of religion.

These things passed through her mind like broken dreams, but how insupportable her feelings must have been, if she had in any one instance spurned him, or added, by her ill-temper or willfulness, an impetus to his reckless course; but now, as she layed her hand upon his cold, hard brow, and viewed the ravages of death in every lineament of his face, no remorse or self-accusation augmented the trials of the moment. She had the consciousness of having performed every duty connected with her married life.

She could recall no querulous murmur, no bitter invective—no harsh, or unkind repugnance or sentiment of derision—disgust, or anything calculated to aggravate his feelings. Her life had heretofore been a chronicle of resignation, trust, and faith. The few last years, her husband had led a very different life, and of course she had been comparatively happy, and felt, now that death had separated them, a hope of meeting him in a better and a brighter world.

Oh! if it was not for that faith that bears the Christian's hopes beyond the clouds and vapors of this world, to that serene atmosphere, where not a doubt or fear interposes between him and his God, ah! dear me! how dark would this life be—how aimless and inglorious would be the best performance, if man had no hope of a future life, but was doomed "to fly away as a dream, yea, chased away as a vision of the night." The Christian says:

"Oh! that my words were now written! Oh! that they were printed in a book!"

"That they were graven with an iron pen, and led in the rock forever!"

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day."

"And though after my skin, worms destroy *this body*, yet, in my flesh shall I see God!"

Chapter 17.

"O sir! to willful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters."

ELINOR TEMPLE and Kate Fairmont had finished their education in the far-famed Troy Seminary. They were both interesting, and it would have been difficult to award the palm of beauty to either.

Kate was fair and delicate, her figure slight, auburn hair and blue eyes; sweet gentle eyes, like a child's, guileless, but loving. She was sensitive to acuteness, shrinking, trusting, unsuspicious; holding on to all the beautiful and bright things in life—dreading, shunning the harshness and asperities of nature. Like her mother, she had given her heart to the gentle teachings of the Holy Spirit, and was meekly learning of Mary's master, choosing that better part, which could not be taken from her. She had, like most young persons, a good deal of romance in her disposition, at least enough to make her enthusiastic.

Elinor Temple had fulfilled the ardent desires of her father, at least he felt proud and well satisfied with her improvements

I shall not endeavor to describe her in the parlance of the novelist, for I am not writing fiction, but speak the words of truth and soberness. She had still her glossy black hair, her dark, pensive eyes. When she laughed, she displayed a brilliant set of teeth, but she never laughed for that purpose. Her education was more

thorough, and perhaps more substantial, than young ladies generally have a predilection for. Her mind, under such discipline, had become steady in its researches, and decided in its purposes.

She was almost too silent and quiet for one of her years, but sobriety is very beautiful when adorned with youth and beauty, and I may add, wealth.

The young ladies, as I have already said, had finished their education. They are now presented to the reader, on the splendid steam-packet the New World, gliding down the placid waters of the Hudson, to their friends and home.

Many events had transpired since they had left the city. Within their family, Mr. Fairmont had died, and Elinor's grandfather had passed away, and was sleeping among his native hills.

"But the strangest of all," said Kate, "is that your aunt Paulina is married—everybody set her down as an old maid."

"She has married, my papa writes me," replied Elinor, "a splendid looking man, and one of rare talents—but see, Kate, we are at West Point;" and as Elinor spoke, she placed her arm in her cousin's, and they walked out to where Mrs. Fairmont sat, viewing the scenery. The boat had stopped to take in passengers, and among the crowd, were several remarkable young gentlemen; and as they passed into the boat, they were hailed by some friends on board, who seemed very joyful at their arrival. One of the passengers who was taken in at West Point, seemed to be quite ill; he leaned on the arm of a very tall, strong, independent-looking man, whom Elinor felt certain she had

seen before, but when, or where, she could not say. The sick young gentleman elicited much attention, and much sympathy. They laid him on a settee under the awning, and his companions gathered around.

"Poor dear soul," said an old lady on board, "perhaps he has the cholery."

"How do you get on with your patient, Doc.?" asked a young gentleman, who had just joined the group; "do you make any progress in the restoration of his faculties?" He addressed himself to the tall assistant of the sick man.

"No, you undo my work as fast as I perform it. He was much better last week, until you got him off."

"Do you hear that, Clarence?" and there was loud laughing among them."

"You are very welcome to make merry at my expense," replied the tall gentleman, "but humanity forbids you to mock such a case as that," and he pointed to the prostrate youth, who seemed regardless of all around him.

The bystanders were amazed at the heartless levity of the young gentlemen, who could find it in their hearts to laugh at a poor sick fellow-creature; but when they found out that he was drunk, and had been so for days, pity gave way to contempt, and they walked off, one by one, and left him to the care of a solitary friend.

Yes, young and delicate as he looked, that youth had been drunk for days. His friend was trying to sober him, before they reached the city, as he was expected there by his mother, who had sent for him to visit his twin-sister, who was dying of consumption. His friend had stopped with him the day before, in the neighborhood of West Point, to endeavor to sober him; for ever while under the influence

of ardent spirits, he was subject to convulsions which were horrible to witness. Notwithstanding all the aggravation of the case, there were several young men on board who had used every exertion to have him drink, just as soon as he began to recover from the vile condition into which he was plunged. Poor boy! and a widow's son!

The boat touched the pier at the foot of Courtlandt; all was hurry and confusion; the passengers going out—visitors coming in, seeking friends, and passing out again; the gathering of baggage—the blusterings of the chamber-maid; the porters after checks; drummers for the hotels, screaming forth the praises of the various establishments; the hack-drivers and the cabmen storming and cracking their whips; sticking them up in the faces of the passengers with such hearty ferocity, that one unaccustomed to such scenes would momentarily suppose that the city was in general revolt, and had passed an ordinance that no strangers should effect disembarkation on the island.

"Tenth street," said Mrs. Fairmont, as they seated themselves in the hack.

"Tenth street!" shouted the porter to the driver, as he closed the carriage door.

"Tenth street!" repeated one of the young gentlemen, from the side of the packet, "I could have sworn it."

"So could I—what is it?" asked one of his companions.

"That those folks lived in Tenth street."

"May I ask why?"

"They are the Temples—the very people my uncle has sent me to visit."

"You were always a lucky dog, Clarence."

"I tell you those girls are *sum;* I wish it was my uncle's

nephew, instead of you, that makes their acquaintance. Pray, be liberal; don't fall in love with both."

A smile of ineffable contempt crossed the features of the tall protector of the sick youth, when he heard this little episode, as he was placing his charge in the care of those who had been sent to convey him home.

"Tenth street," he repeated, mentally, and walked rapidly up Courtlandt, and was soon lost in the mighty crowd that waves down the great thoroughfare.

MRS. BEN DARBY.

PART II.

Chapter 18.

Here we are met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow are we;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be.—BURNS.

It was a dark, wintery night. The gas-lights shone dimly through the dark fog which filled the atmosphere; a damp, chilly air came from the bay, that gave a charm to warm rooms and crowded assemblies. A gentleman, enveloped partially in a cloak of the most modern fabrication and approved style, paused at the corner of Barclay street, to read, by the rays of a lamp, a card which he had drawn from his pocket.

The light falling on his upraised face, revealed an intellectual physiognomy. Genius, wit, classical lore, and boundless aspirations were expressed in his candid countenance. The eccentric luster of his dark eyes was set off by a decidedly fashionable moustache. His dress and movements were of that peculiar and not-to-be-mistaken character, which city life always bestows upon the wealthy and refined. All who were acquainted with the different phases of New York population, could have felt no hesitation in pronouncing him a star of the upper firmament.

"Ah! tenth street," he said, and replaced the card in his pocket, then drawing his cloak more closely around him, watched intently the omnibuses which passed in quick succession up and down Broadway.

"Are you lost, Duval?" said a familiar voice, while a rather abrupt hand pulled him by the folds of his cloak; "Or are you deliberating which of the two to choose—Niblo's or the opera?"

"Watching for an omnibus to Tenth-street; but when did you return from Brooklyn?"

"About an hour ago, and I have been searching for you ever since; but say, old crony, what draws you to Tenth-street? Very urgent business? I hope it admits of postponement on account of weather, for we must have you to-night—we cannot possibly get along without you."

"What, not if you have Morgan and Sandford and Symes?"

"No, it will be no *go* without you. Who will sing for us?"

"It will be impossible for me to be with you to-night. There are four or five of our old set in the city; let some one of them make up your number."

"Oh! it is not numbers—we are not deficient in that respect—but spirit, Duval, such as poor Yorick's. Sandford is a lackadaisical devil, only half-witted at best, and Symes is a would-be humorist as flat and pointless as sour champagne—so you see, we cannot do without you."

"Not to-night—my friends will expect me."

"Yes, to-night, by all that is glorious!"

"'Business before pleasure' was my father's maxim—I

have some very important business to look after—affairs that *must* be attended to."

"That was a motto concocted for the benefit of the last generation; in these progressive times we discard all such musty references and go a-head on our own *hook*. So come along, to-morrow will do just as well."

"To-morrow will be Sunday."

"So much the better, you will have a whole day to recruit and repair damages in."

"Quite impossible, Herman, my friends must be attended to."

"No backing out, Clarence; our old hearties will expect you—we have lots of arrangements. Come, there is no getting off."

"Excuse me, Herman," said Duval, coolly; "my affairs are imperious."

"Ah, pardon me! I recollect *now*—it is a Tenth-street omnibus you are waiting for. No doubt, those blue eyes are very imperious. I suppose, if there is a woman in the opposition I shall have to surender, hey?"

"No, no, there is no lady in the case; but to be true and candid with you, Herman, I must begin to discipline myself more to business—my natural disposition for excitment; my propensities for mirth and hilarity are getting almost too strong to master. I have been a sad truant lately, if I do not now begin to struggle I shall——"

"'Fall like Lucifer, never to rise again,'" added his companion. "Oh, nonsense! come along then to my room, we will talk it all over. If you cannot spend the evening you can warm yourself, for it is very cold chatting here—hang it all, come along, it is but a square or

two. You need more coaxing than a young girl would to marry."

"Well, well, as you insist so earnestly there is no refraining. It is indeed very chilly here, but I have only a very few minutes to spare."

A smile of sinister raillery glided over the dark countenance of Herman Frazier when he found his companion so easily duped. So looks the stealthy fowler, when he finds his unconscious prey cunningly enticed within the meshes of his fillet.

They entered the hotel; Frazier insisted on his friends taking something to drink, as they had been standing out so long in the evening's damp. The office was filled with loungers, and the street musicians were performing in concert with remuneration in prospective. Duval looked around at the motley groups, as if not heeding his companion. The latter seeing his hesitation, said:

"One glass, Clarence, by way of preventive."

Fearing one look of ridicule, he took the glass of brandy, drank it, and followed his companion to his room—the door was closed, and they cozily seated themselves before a good fire.

"Only see how comfortable I can make you—not quite so magnificent as B——, but *soyez tranquille*, and do not suppose your friends will stand by and see you bury yourself, like an old, imbecile miser, among the gifts which nature and fortune have bestowed upon you, when they can make you a leading spirit in society. It is time enough to preach temperance and abstinence, when old age gets a lease on you or death comes with a habeas corpus.

"One thing is decided," said Clarence, stretching his

feet upon the fender, and folding his arms on his bosom, looking as imperturbable as Napoleon himself; "you must not expect me to engage in all the sports your imagination can suggest—it will not do—I must look to the future."

"Now you are patronizing Theodore Harper; he does well as an original, but any imitation of him will be puerile and flat."

"Not at all," rejoined Clarence; "I admire him much, but I feel no desire to pattern by any one; but I know that there is a great deal expected of me. You recollect I am the only remaining male of a very old family."

"The lasting planting of an aristocratical tribe!" exclaimed Frazier, with a malicious smile. "Well, I can't lose much caste by my profligacy—my father was one of the democracy—one of the people."

"I am just entering into business," continued Clarence; "and my friends are steady, sober Quakers. Any carelessness, on my part, will not only be displeasing, but will eventually deprive me of fortune. I hold no claim on my uncle's property—I am only an adopted child—I dare not disappoint him—it would be ruinous to me."

"Why need you? Can you not enjoy life without making shipwreck?"

"My natural love for stimulants," replied Clarence, leads me, (I well know it), to dissipation; I have struggled against it; if I give ground at one point a floodgate opens upon me with irresistible force."

"I swear, cried Frazier, you were made for your friends—that you are the very soul of conviviality; all that is jovial and witty. Clarence, we will not give you up without a struggle."

"Listen, Herman; my course at college, this last year, has left me many regrets—I may say poignant remorse."

"In what respect do you find yourself a subject of remorse?" asked his friend; "I am very sure you never kept bad company."

"Our habits were bad," replied Clarence; "decidedly so; and you *must* feel it was improper."

"How could that be?" inquired Herman, "I am certain our club was composed of first-rate spirits; minds of bright and transcendent aspirations—the very cream of human nature—none of your mongrel breed—none of your dregs from the reservoir of society; you must own that for genius, intelligence and refinement, they could not be surpassed."

"I know all that, but ——"

"No buts in the case, Clarence," cried Frazier, "while we are confined to the fellowship and sociability of such companions, who can find fault? What harm can result from frequently meeting—taking a few glasses, and singing a few songs?"

"But it does not end there," exclaimed Duval; "no, that is the first step; by degrees we lose our refinement and taste, and become willing to herd with the doubtful—the low, and finally, the depraved. We have taken the first steps—let us pause—reflect; a few more will lead us to irretrievable ruin—endless perdition; is it not easier to retrace this one degree than to wade back upon a sea of transgressions, or sink deeper and deeper into a pool of pollution, whose rank and fetid surface is enough to contaminate a universe?"

"Go on brother," cried Frazier, waving his hand with mock gravity.

"Sacrificing our all, and not only that, but drawing with us others, who, but for us, might have been innocent and happy."

"Huzza for temperance," cried Frazier, springing to his feet; "you are getting up opposition to Father Mathew—you are an aspiring dog."

Just then a noise was heard in the hall.

"I did not know you expected company here," said Clarence, reproachfully."

"They sometimes come without being expected; however, I will be candid, you are caught—fairly caught, and ——"

"I cannot stay," said Clarence, buttoning up his coat.

The door opened, and as the visitor entered Duval tried to escape, and found himself in the arms of his old associates.

"By all that is sacred I hold you fast," said his friend.

"You shall not escape," said another.

Chapter 19.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.—BURNS.

OTHER gentlemen came in, until the room was pretty well filled; Clarence was introduced to new associates, caressed and flattered until his new-fledged regrets and good resolutions began to vanish like wax before the sun, until they were all dissolved. He caught the contagion of mirth and gayety from those who surrounded him.

What a common tableau is here presented to the reader—an episode in the life of almost every young man—yet how many have fallen victims, willing victims to intemperance, by the temptations offered in social wit, talents, hilarity and wine!

"I am glad to see you, Duval," said a third, "very glad to see you, 'pon my soul I am."

"Gentlemen, one and all," cried Frazier, as he handed them chairs, "Mr. Clarence Duval has come to the determination to relinquish the felicity of life, and join the temperance society."

"The devil you have," said young Symes, turning to Duval, "I thought you were a man of more refined taste; that your enjoyment of the good things of this life was too exquisite to permit you to patronize a humbug——"

"And forget the pleasures of a glorious hot punch, or a bottle of champagne," added Frazier—"for Heaven's sake, pause, sir."

"Are you going to the Tabernacle to hear that *old rip* propound the constitution of the Order—to flourish his anathema against the vicious qualities of liquor. I swear it is all gammon; I never heed a word they say—it is all in my eye!"

"They generally put down a half pint of liquor before they begin, in order to engender luminous ideas, so they may make a bully speech, and so soon as they lie themselves *dry* they take a little for the sake of digestion; yes, gentlemen, all temperance preachers have the dyspepsia.

"That is a fact," cried Symes; "they talk very solemnly to you scapegraces, you gulpers, you rum-jug stoppers, you sponges of alcohol, about meddling with ardent spirits at all; but they are the greatest set of villains outside of purgatory."

"Put one of them in a dark corner," said Frazier, where the odoriferous fumes of a prime flask of good old *peach* strikes the olfactories, and they will scent it out like a dog after quails, and if they find it out I pity the man *what* drinks after them; and as for Dr. D——"

"Oh, heavens! is that old rip going to lecture? Why, he would drink *as soon* as I would, and you all know that I am not backward when it comes to the *pint*."

"Never—never!" cried several voices.

"For my part," said a demure-looking man, with his eyes raised in hypocritical modesty, "I can't see how an ardent young spirit can give up all the bright things of life and settle down with the thoughts and feelings of musty old age—at twenty-two, ay, sometimes sooner. But say, Duval, what has convicted you?"

"Remorse—remorse!" said Frazier; "does he not represent a victim of vicious habits? Does he not look like the 'haunted man,' with his brow of stern pride, and a thousand devils winking about the corners of his mouth and eyes, and his sonorous voice, like the chime of a Christmas bell, merry and full as a Bohemian organ grinder's——"

"And wit like a bowie-knife," added Symes, "and rich relations old enough to die."

"But Clarence has a conscience," exclaimed Frazier.

"The devil he has!" cried Finner; "let him use it, and he will soon find it as pliant and giving as an old rubber shoe. Ah! that's right, Herman, hurry up the cakes!" The servant enters with glasses, champagne basket, &c., &c.

Clarence Duval, dreading the ridicule of his friends, and yielding himself a willing *victim* to the temptations besetting him, at last threw aside his cloak, and declared they were *too many* for him—that it was useless to contend; and sinking gracefully back in his chair, said—

"Have it as you will, boys; but this is the last time."

"Positively the last time!" cried one.

"Mr. Duval's last evening!" cried a second.

"The last evening of Duval's benefit!" said Symes.

"Clarence Duval appears upon the boards positively for the last time!" exclaimed Sandford.

The last time!

How often has that word leaped from the lips of the evil doer. The last time! Oh, yes, the last time! says the poor deluded victim of the bowl, as he rises in the morning with throbbing temples, dizzy brain and parched lips, his feverish pulse, trembling limbs, his disordered mind grasp-

ing at the shadows of embryo thoughts, that flit so rapidly and mysteriously through his head! Yes, this is the last time! But when night has wrapped her mantle around a sleeping world, the steaming liquor is before him, and with the same pliancy he yields himself up to the same insatiable thirst, and grasps with avidity the "poisoned chalice."

"Oh, I have said that, Clarence, a thousand times," said Sandford, "myself; but I am getting on bravely now!"

Sandford was a very young looking man, (if man he might be called). His complexion was fair and girlish, soft blue eyes, with finely-chiseled features, which bespoke the sentimentalist, the poet or the lover, rather than the debauchee.

"Temperance has to knock under to such arguments as these," said Frazier, pointing to the table on which the punch was being compounded.

All was now confusion. The many voices mingled with the sharp popping of the champagne bottles, the rattling of spoons and oyster-shells. They drew their chairs to the circular table, and recklessly seized the flowing cup. The wild laugh, the pithy anecdote, the harmless jest, the piquant *jeu d'esprit* passed round with the first libations; but every cup increased the hilarity, and brought up the coarser emotions of the heart and the most glaring absurdities of the brain.

"By heavens! I abjure thee, temperance!" exclaimed Symes, holding the goblet to the light; "how, in the name of Bacchus himself, could you think, Duval, of closing your lips upon such nectar as this—drink fit for Jove himself!"

"I acknowledge it is delicious," said Duval, upon whom it was beginning to have its effect; "but if it had not been for your company I should have gone home or to the Tabernacle, and perhaps——"

"And perhaps," interrupted Frazier, "heard us thrashed like the devil!"

"Temperance will come in good play when a man gets married and settles down with a family—that is, if one prefers it," said Sandford.

"I, for one, swear independence. Come, Clarence, down with that glass and fill a bumper," said Symes, "and give us one of your old songs. Come, cheer up! you look like you had been sold to pay taxes."

"Yes, Clarence, remember it is your last night," said Herman.

"Positively the last!" repeated Symes; "here's to you —fire away and give us your 'Hip! Hip! hurra!'"

Clarence braced himself up by the arms of his chair; his dark curly hair stood out from his brow; his deep, mysterious eyes, full of thought and sensualism, flashed with fire "like sparks from smitten steel." In his right hand he held a glass of wine, and the other, firmly closed, rested on the table:

Come send round a bumper up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I drink not to him!
Here's to the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue
Or lustre it may, so the heart is but true!
Charge! hip! hip! hurra!

They all drink, and Clarence sings on:

Come, charge high again, boys! now let the full wine
Leave space in the brimmer where daylight may shine!
Here's the friends of our youth, though of some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear what is left!
Charge! hip! hip! hurra!

Come, once more a bumper, then drink as you please!
For who could fill half-way to toasts such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting—may the weather be clear!
May our hearts be as bright, and may Clarence be there!
Charge! hip! hip! hurra!

They all drink as the song is finished, and the pale-faced youth, proposes a bumper to Tom Moore, author of the song just sung.

"Oh! hang it all!" cried Frazier, as they emptied their glasses; "this is too classical for me. I will give you something more natural or Christy-cal:"

"Oh! when I am dead and gone to rest,
Lay the bottle by my side;
Let revelers gay to my funeral come,
For with them I have lived and died!

In some deep gutter I'll lay me down,
And dream forever more,
That I am drunk as a loon, in an old bar-room,
With plenty of liquor in store!"

The loud cheers which followed were interrupted by a mysterious rap at the door.

"Is that you, Doctor?" exclaimed Frazier, as he unlocked the door, and let in a man of fine appearance. "Why, you come with a face as grave as Banquo's ghost. Come, here 's a seat."

"Not for me; you know I never drink," said the stranger, looking around the table.

"We are a godly set, Doc, and it is no use to preach—hic!—to hus!—now, so evacuate the premises, if you please, and do-n't be for lec-turing hus, now!"

"I did not come to lecture—it does no good."

"No—come take a glass with us, Doc—it will be bene-

ficial to the coats of your stomach. Here is the champagne, Doc — and here are the oysters, the vinegar and the hot punch."

"You had just as well sing psalms to a dead horse, as to place temptations in his way. I tell you, Symes, he never drinks—never!"

"Never drinks!" replied Symes; "then put him out — out with him, he has no business here!"

"No! he shall have his say. Hurrah for our chaplain! blaze away, Doctor — never mind them! Frazier, can't we make him up a pulpit—pro tem.?"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the new comer, waving his hand; "I have come on business. Is there a young man here by the name of Sandford?" and he looked anxiously from face to face.

"I am the man!" replied the toaster of Tom Moore— "what have you to say to me, Sir Parson?"

"Your presence is required at home, sir, and I have pledged my word to have you there as soon as possible — so come on."

"I will not go, that's positive," cried the youth; "it is all a ruse to get me out. I understand all the movements of the game, by thunder! — can 't a man do as he pleases in this free land? I am an American, *Doctor*."

"Not always, sir; you *must* go. When I get out, I will tell you why you have been sent for. Come, Sandford, be reasonable."

"I guess you will, sir," replied Sandford, the blood rushing to his temples. "I should like to know who dares say must to me!"

"Come, Mr. Sandford, it is useless to refuse," replied

the stranger; "if I must tell you the truth, to get you home, your sister, sir, is dying, and wants to see you."

"Yes, I know she is," replied the reckless youth, coolly sipping his unfinished glass. "The last time it was mother, and when I got home, she was eating ice cream. I thought she was taking it coolly. No sir! you can't come it over me with that story! It has been tried once too often. Here, fill my glass, by thunder—I'll stick to you, boys, as long as I can stand!"

His heartless barbarity struck even his lawless companions with disgust, and Frazier, after much difficulty, succeeded in getting him up from the table, and, with the assistance of the most sober ones, prepared him for his exit. Uttering the most loathsome curses, he was dragged out by the powerful grasp of his conductor; the door was again closed, and the revelers renewed their potations.

The gap which the absence of Sandford made in their circle, was soon forgotten, and they laughed, drank, and cracked jokes as if nothing had transpired to interrupt their party.

The night was pretty far advanced when the all-subduing power of the various mixtures began to work upon Duval. At first, it enlivened him. His wit and pleasantry were irresistible, but soon they gave way to the soporiferous qualities of the stimulants, and he began to nod to and fro, and finally fell into a hideous and unnatural slumber. The others drank until perfectly intoxicated; they then became uproarious, some singing disgusting strains; some cursing and raving in temporary insanity; some laughing with the diabolical malignity of a Satan, at

the prostrated form of Clarence, boasting, in coarse language, at the conquest they had gained.

Frazier and Symes, naturally petulant and restive, separated themselves from the rest of the party, and began to quarrel. The dispute commenced about the pilgrim fathers, and ended in a political discussion, the merits of which were lost in the noise and confusion of the disputants. Words ran high, until they attracted the attention of the others, who hastened up to them ; each took sides with his favorite, until they were pretty well divided and matched, then words gave place to blows—the noise and tumult was tremendous.

The cry of one party was to theirs—to cut the Fourth of July under the eyes of his adversary ; and they shouted back— to imprint the Declaration of Independence on the noses of their enemies. Chairs came into requisition, and flew, like winged creatures, through the air. Their *social* and *refined* meeting was ending in a drunken broil — a bloody fight.

Gradually the battle subsided, as the belligerents were knocked down, or sank, out of breath, and exhausted by exertion, which their enfeebled bodies could not sustain, and there was nothing to be heard but the dull, tubby breathing of the conquered revelers.

"Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes
Seem dim and blue, the double tapers dance
Like the sun wading through the misty sky;
Then sliding soft, they drop confused above
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers
As if the table e'en itself was drunk."

There lay Clarence Duval upon the floor, for he had slided down from the sofa, unconscious of the storm that was raging around him. The sun was high up in the heavens when he awoke from his torpid slumber. Scarcely had he opened his eyes before an excruciating pain shot across his brow; his lips were parched with heat; his pulse wild and feverish; his rich hair lay in damp, massy tangles upon his clammy temples. A crust of coagulated spume, exuded from the stomach, lay stiff and thick upon his model moustache, and mattery gum oozed in yellow beads from the corners of his inflamed and lusterless eyes. His shirt-bosom was seamed and besmeared with liquor and cigar juice; his vest collapsed and awry; his cravat, with its butterfly bow, crumpled and turned hind-part before; his pants tucked up by the tops of his boots until they had lost all conservative power, yielding nothing to the strenuous exertion of the wearer to replace them in their former position.

He looked around the apartment, like one in the horrid throes of nightmare; by degrees, his senses brought back to memory the events of the past night; reflections terrific, virulent came crowding upon him. The lamps were shattered; the vessels of their revelry were smashed in a thousand pieces scattered under and about the table; bottles and hats piled in pyramids upon the "festive board;" the punch, in which had floated the brilliant thoughts, the racy anecdotes, the timely jest, the ingenuous pun, presented now a dead sea—upon the surface of which floated bits of crackers, rinds of cheese, almonds, half-smoked cigars, half-burned lighters, and champagne corks. The chairs lay broken in confusion about the apartment.

Some poor, sickened wretches had disgorged their overcharged and rebellious stomachs on the hearth-rug and had spouted the obnoxious decoction over the sides of the mantlepiece. Some were lying on the floor—some on the sofas, and others were reclining against the side of the room with bloody faces and blackened eyes.

Clarence walked forth from that infernal chamber with a faltering step and dizzy brain. He felt as if his brow was pressed by the poisoned band of Orcus and that "it would not come away."

It was a glorious November morning; the sunlight lay in sheets of gold upon the waters of the bay, and the breeze from the ocean was bracing and vivifying; but what cares the drunkard for the beautiful scenes of nature or art? He stumbles on with a curse; his muddled brain can scarce retrace his footsteps to his rooms. He throws himself upon his bed to sleep off the horrors which now possess him. The inebriate sells a pearl of the soul for every drop he drinks—a gem of hope for every cup he sips, until the immortal soul is bartered by piecemeal to this dark tempter. Begin as he may, the finale is the same—there is no peace, no trust, while his fingers tamper with the scorpion's drug, that palsies the heart and maddens the brain.

Chapter 20.

CLAUD. And she is excedingly wise.
D. PEDRO. In everything but in loving Benedict.—SHAKSPEARE.

READER, we will now enter Mr. Temple's tea parlor. It is just six o'clock in the evening, and a clear coal fire enlivens the hearth. The gas chases the crouching shadows from every corner of the apartment. The dark curtains are over the closed windows to exclude the chill air, and give a picture of comfort and cheerfulness within. Mrs. Lacy, formerly Miss Paulina of Wolf-Gap memory, presides at the tea-table, in that quiet, staid way peculiar to old Virginia housekeepers. Elinor is seated, in child-like grace, on an ottoman at her father's feet, leaning on the arm of his chair and reading the Siftings of the Daily Times. Mr. Temple looks older, much older; his locks are quite white, but his general appearance bespeaks better health and more elaborate strength and constitutional powers. He looks like "a man of sorrows and one acquainted with grief;" yet still we can read resignation and patience on the placid lineaments of his face. Mr. Lacy, a noble, manly-looking gentleman, is occupied at a side-table with a periodical. Kate Fairmont is tuning the strings of her guitar, on the sofa, looking very lovely, but very busy.

Behind Mrs. Lacy's chair stands Lunnun, the old house-servant from the Gap. He was emancipated with the rest

of Mr. Temple's negroes, but would not leave "the children," as he called them. He is faithful and trustworthy—the executor of his mistress' will. See how stately he stands—his arms folded across his breast, the large balls of his eyes raised, but his vision directed downward, watching the antic motions of a little pet dog, basking himself before the fire, which it did not feel willing to leave yet it could not find a position that precisely suited its temperament—sometimes drawing up its feet—sometimes stretching its paws to the grate, then rising up slowly and shaking its sides to turn round and lie down again.

Lunnun was fond of soliloquizing, very methodical in his proceedings, and so very precise and neat in his person that one would suppose it impossible to improve his appearance, yet on Sundays he indulged in sundry excelsiors, and if you chanced to meet him with his kid gloves and silver-headed cane, you would think he was going "to meet Johnny Booker at the Bowling-Green."

"Only listen, papa," said Elinor, turning quickly to Mr. Temple, then blushing slightly she turned over the paper.

"I am all attention, daughter."

"Oh! it is nothing, only the arrival of Clarence Duval at Judson's Hotel."

"When?"

"On Saturday."

"The very day we arrived!" cried Kate, laying down the guitar.

"Yes, and he is the very young gentleman we noticed on the New World."

"And not called on us yet!—we must hunt him up."

"I think, brother, it would be more prudent to await Mr. Duval's pleasure. If he wishes to cultivate our acquaintance, he can easily find us."

"Perhaps he is sick; and as his uncle is an old friend, and has written to me to look over him a little, I think it my duty to do so."

"If it is the same gentleman we saw on the boat," said Kate, naïvely, "I should think he could take good care of himself."

"His uncle gives him a fine character," replied Mr. Temple, "and no doubt he will greatly add to our family circle."

Kate colored, and silently took up the guitar again.

"If he resembles his father, we shall find him very interesting," said Mrs. Lacy; "I can remember, when Clement Duval was the life of every social meeting—perhaps a little too careless in his duties—too fond of gay life—but very amiable in disposition."

"Very amiable people, sister, are always popular—very amiable people please everybody, because they adapt themselves to every one's caprices, wishes, views, and opinions. Clement Duval was always wild and reckless, and it is a wonder to me, he has retained his station, and increased his fortune."

"That," said Mr. Lacy, laying down his book, "is because he reformed—he was, at one time, on the brink of ruin—he drank very hard, but paused on the threshold of degradation—commenced a new course, and proved his manhood by resisting temptation, and turning a cold shoulder to his profligate companions."

"He deserves a great deal of praise," said Mrs. Lacy; "I am very sure, few follow his example now-a-days."

"Now-a-days! why bless your soul, sister," said Mr. Temple, smiling, "the world was always as degenerate as it is now."

"And old ladies just as malicious—but tell me, brother, you do not expect the gentleman to take up his abode with us?"

"No, no—he does not need as close vigilance as that. I am only requested to give him good advice, and keep an eye on his proceedings as far as I can."

Just then the bell rang, and Clarence Duval entered the parlor.

Reader, not the individual we left brooding over his misspent hours, his prostituted talents, with bitter remorse and contrition—but the elegant, the refined, the intellectual, fashionable, high-toned, aristocratic, and fascinating Clarence Duval. He had dozed off his stupor on Sunday—made his vows of reformation—cut away with disgust, the filthy testations of his Saturday night's debauch—and after putting himself in his best attire, hastened to visit the Temples in Tenth street.

The reception given him by his father's old friends, was truly gratifying. He found himself in an interesting circle—his conversational powers revived and improved with the stimulus given by the eagerness and undivided attention bestowed on him.

Clarence was formed by nature to please; his faultless form, adorned with all the strength of manhood, yet soft and flexible in attitude and motion; his fine face; his

insinuating address; his easy, self-confident manners; his well-stored mind; his poetic thoughts; his classical stores, all combined to render him irresistible—at least so said the ladies of Tenth street—so thought Kate Fairmont, as she glanced at him from behind the guitar, as she carelessly rested it against her cheek.

Mr. Temple poured a shower of reproaches upon his young friend, for being so long in the city without calling, especially as they had been expecting him.

Mrs. Lacy thought it selfish to expect so much of Mr. Duval, there was so much to charm the eye, and engage the attention in the city—they ought not to have wished the sacrifice.

Mr. Temple said that Mrs. Lacy always espoused the cause of the delinquent. To which Mr. Duval gallantly replied, "that he was willing to plead guilty, in order to be honored by such a fair advocate—but to be candid," continued he, "I should have been here on Saturday evening, but on my way I met some old friends, who insisted on my spending the evening with them, and ever since I have been suffering with a severe headache."

"It was, no doubt, produced by riding in the cars," said Mrs. Lacy, "it always affects me just so."

"Perhaps it is the influenza—it is very prevalent, and always deranges the head."

"Do you use the Homœopathic or Allopathic medicines?" asked Mrs. Lacy.

"I seldom use any kind—my present indisposition will soon wear off."

"I recommend Mrs. Jarvis's cough candy," said Elinor—"it is my panacea."

"Or a cold bath," said Mr. Temple; "nothing like it, sir."

"Or an evening at Christy's," said Kate slyly.

"All these prescriptions may be good in their way, but if we live temperately in all things, we would need but few visits from the doctor," replied Mr. Temple.

"You should have been with us on Saturday evening, at the Tabernacle; we had a fine lecture on temperance."

Mr. Duval was very sorry he had not been with them.

"A fine appeal," said Mr. Lacy.

"Perhaps," said Elinor, mischievously, "Mr. Duval is not quite as ardent in the cause as you are."

"How could he be?" said Mr. Temple, sighing.

"I am an advocate for temperance," replied Duval, "but not for the Temperance Society."

"How do you separate them?" asked Mr. Temple.

"I do not believe in force. If a man is inclined to be sober and virtuous, he will be so; if he loves the bottle, no law or restraint can entirely reform him, and all pretension to it is hypocrisy—a man must act from freedom, or the act is not his own," said Clarence.

"Then all church services should be dispensed with—the religion of Jesus Christ needs no advocates—no facilities to bear it through the universe. Drunkenness is only one of the sins, against which the warfare of virtue must be constantly waged."

"The world, Mr. Temple," replied Duval, "will never become thoroughly converted to temperance. Surely the advocates of the Order cannot indulge the chimerical idea, that the period will ever arrive, when ardent spirits, or an appetite for stimulants will cease to exist among men."

"Neither does the Christian hope that until the period of God's vast decree, that either sin, or the propensity for its indulgence, will cease to exist, while man moves in freedom of will, a finite being; yet his divine Maker has left open an avenue to his heart, through which the holy principles of truth and love may force their way to his inner nature."

"Mr. Temple," said Duval, "God himself has, in the constitution of man, laid the foundation for this evil. In our natural condition, the organization of man seems to require, for the preservation of health, a certain degree of stimulus."

"Agreed. Proceed, sir."

"Among the epicures and gourmands of civilized life, this opinion is universally advanced and sustained. Its notoriety would seem to argue, that the use of it is among the necessities of life. The Turk must have his pipe—the German also. The Spaniard would smoke his cigar in the face of the world. The American prefers to chew the noxious weed, and *he does it* in the glory of his republican rights, to the horror of the housekeeper, and in defiance of Turkey carpets and flowered hearths. Nor is this love of stimulant limited to the physical properties of man. His whole intellectual being demands excitement and impetus. Ancient history overflows with evidences of this peculiarity of our nature. The Olympic games; the public shows and pageantry of their conquests; the horrid yet intensely exciting scenes of the gladiatorial arena; the terrific bull-fights, so full of interest to the old Castilian carnivals; the scenes of the drama; the stupendous wars of invasion and conquest that have merged races, and changed the whole

structure of human society, with a thousand of more modern excitements, such as national ballads, agitating elections—the love of arms."

"Man, then, in this mental and physical position, needs stimulus. Let me ask you, my young friend, has not God furnished him every delight—every sentiment of ambition—every inducement to intellect—every perfection to man's physical organization—every wonder in nature—every sympathy of soul—every inducement that belongs to the grandeur of immortality, inviting him to pursue the journey of life rationally, happily, and consistent with the prerogatives of the children of God? Why should man feel the want of stimulus to pursue the journey of life? If he turns to the right, science beckons him on to unexplored regions, where the intellect unwinds its boundless folds; Religion erects her temples; Love sports his resistless attractions; Hymen keeps his lamp burning on the sacred altar; countless affections, graces, sympathies, and susceptibilities cluster about his heart, like tutelar angels, to guard him in his duty; and, above all, that broad anchor that holds him 'sure and steadfast,' amid the fearful tempest to which he is ever exposed, while tossing upon the wide ocean of being. I mean prayer and communion with his Maker."

"Yes, but man must not be forced to temperance; it is not a crime amenable to law."

"I am not so sure but it should be, my dear young friend," exclaimed Mr. Lacy. "It often leads to the blackest acts of man's turpitude."

"So will ambition."

"Yes, in the abstract; but it can never be a contagion. It is limited in its sphere of operations; but the curse of

drunkenness pervades every quarter of the globe, from the isle of the ocean to the regions of the Andes; from the crowded corporations of Europe, to the hills and hamlets of New Holland; from the haciendas of Mexico, to the villages and cities of our own beloved land. I think, sir, yours is a weak position."

"I do affirm, sir, that a man cannot be forced to reform, if it is an act of his own free will."

"The drunkard, sir," cried Temple, bitterly, "has no free will."

"He certainly has a propensity, and if he can, of himself, master that propensity, he does not succumb, but, on the other hand, if he is forced by others to reform, the evil is not radically removed, but——"

"The Temperance Society uses no force," said Temple; "it comes forth to aid, to strengthen. The divine progress of the Christian religion owes its triumphs (aside from its divinity) to its adaptation to the nature of man; just so the Temperance Society. It goes forth a volunteer, with the weapons of faith, love, argument, humility, and persuasion. Kindly, affectionately does it invite the ear of humanity; faithfully, in the language of irresistible force, does it depict to him the horrible evils of alcohol—resistlessly does it pour forth the facts that must convince the hearer, that it is a fountain of unhappiness in this life, and will eventually end in the sacrifice of eternal enjoyment. Then, as a tender father would discourse to a beloved child, comes its deep language of wild, energetic appeal. The heart first listens predisposed; then follows earnest and thorough conviction, with its consequences—a permanent reformation. This you call signing away your liberty!"

"Yes, sir; in signing the pledge, a man gives his conscience into the hands of a small community."

"I suppose, then, when your grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence, he signed away his liberty—his right to act for himself; he belonged to a smaller party than the Sons—a very limited party?"

"Oh! pardon me, Mr. Lacy," said Clarence, "that was a different affair."

"May I ask why?"

"The struggle was for freedom, sir."

"From what, young friend?"

"From tyranny—from slavery and death."

"Ah! Mr. Duval, where can you find more galling chains than those the fiend, Intemperance, rivets upon its victims? Where can you find such abject slavery, as that arch-demon imposes? It subdues both soul and body. The temperance preachers are brands plucked from the awful flame, spreading before mankind their own experience with the tyrant; the record of their fierce struggles with him, and the glorious story of their final conquest."

"If a man can be forced from drinking, is it not better for him to yield to that power, than to let him plunge himself into ruin?" asked Temple.

"And not only himself," said Elinor, "but all who love him; bringing disgrace upon the innocent and pure."

"Suppose every man was a drunkard, would not this be a queer world?" said Mr. Lacy. "Yes, one mass of corruption, disease, loathsome, disgusting, helpless beings, bending with palsied limbs; some stupefied, with scarcely intellect enough to grope their way among the uncurbed tigers going forth to root up the lingering seeds of virtue,

by the unbridled fury of their desolating and savage propensities; where would be the million of spires that now point to the *Redeemer*—our universities? The ocean, blooming with the variegated colors of the world's nations, would be a wilderness of waters, troubled only by the winds of heaven and the rapine of human demons, knowing no law but the law of might. Earth would become all that we have been told of the nethermost regions."

"I must say, gentlemen," cried Duval, "that your tableaux are very impressive, and, no doubt, you are right."

"Would I could convince you, young friend," said Lacy, "of your erroneous view of the subject. Young men, just beginning life, with every desirable breeze in their sails, should not fail for the want of ballast."

"You call the Temperance Society ballast?" asked Clarence.

"I do; and as such, I recommend it to your consideration."

"College, I suspect," said Mrs. Lacy, "is a poor place to learn sobriety."

"Decidedly so, madam," replied Duval; "yet we do sometimes find a student who stands alone, as it regards morality and sobriety. I had a classmate, who was the most punctual, the most industrious, energetic, temperate—and possessing at all times, and under all circumstances, perfect self-control; yet, madam, he left college beloved and respected by all."

"Such instances are rare."

"Sir, when he entered college, we attributed, with one

accord, his punctilious, scrupulous mode of proceeding, to sordid and selfish purposes, or want of courage."

"We are very apt to judge harshly," said Mrs. Lacy, "of others, but spare ourselves."

"Believe me, Mrs. Lacy, we found him highminded, over-generous, unselfish, and truthful; he became our oracle—our test of human nature—our standard of moral worth—our judge and counselor. When we found him impregnable to our shafts of ridicule—our cutting insinuations, and malicious raillery, or, what was worse, our practical jokes, which proved to be no jokes at all, we concluded that he lacked spirit, or that his views were the consequences of a meager nature. This idea, like the rest, was confuted by his daring courage—his entire forgetfulness of all animosities when danger threatened any of us."

"He had a noble disposition," remarked Mr. Temple.

"Sensitive to the quick, where honor was concerned, yet he could not be forced into a duel, or even into a quarrel."

"Opposed to dueling from principle," said Mr. Lacy.

"Just so," replied Duval; "he was decided against all games of chance, late hours, indolence, extra suppers, and never was known to taste ardent spirits."

"I suppose you found him dull and uninteresting company?" said Mr. Lacy.

"Not at all; his jest was always acceptable; his laughter contagious; his satire inimitable; his room was our court of justice, and he was the judge."

"Your description captivates me," said Elinor, archly; "so many good qualities; pray, Mr. Duval, was your hero handsome?"

"You would not call him handsome, Miss Temple, for he was not, by any means, a lady's favorite; he never sought the society of the drawing-room. Indeed, I never knew him to have a single female acquaintance, except a widow, who had a very profligate son; he often visited the house, and used every means in his power to reform the son, but was unsuccessful."

"Did he never join in your sports?" asked Mr. Temple.

"Heartily, while they remained, (what he considered) in reasonable bounds. I must confess, he was too rigid, too impenetrable. We always called him our chaplain."

"Was he poetical?" asked Kate, timidly raising her eyes to the fine face of Clarence.

"Not a vein of poetry in his whole composition; his mind was a solid block of polished gold, without carving, fretwork, or filling."

"Ladies must be inquisitive," said Mrs. Lacy, in her soft, apologetic way, "may I avail myself of the privilege, and ask the name of your paragon?"

"Madam, his name was Harper; he——"

"Theodore! our own Theodore! I know it can be no other," cried Mrs. Lacy, "it all sounds just like him."

"How sanguine you are, Paulina?" said Mr. Temple, laughing. "Poor fellow, it is not very likely he ever found his way into a college."

"Why not, brother, tell us why?"

"Poverty, dear sister."

"What lean had poverty on such a spirit as his, rich in its powers, rich in its gifts, and powerful in its resources? I have been expecting all along to hear of him."

"Mrs. Lacy, you do my friend justice; it is Theodore Harper, I speak of."

"It could be no one else," said Elinor, pale with excitement; "he was such as you describe him in boyhood. *He* never could change."

"Where is he at present?" asked Mr. Temple; "for I have sought him in vain."

"In the city, practicing medicine. I hope he will prosper."

"He will succeed—he must succeed," cried Mr. Temple; "that, Mr. Duval, is the spirit which keeps men from being drunkards. The only sober people are not those who have no taste for liquor."

"I feel so proud to hear such news of my old hero," said Mrs. Lacy; "I knew he would be a man some day."

"I will send for him the first time I feel the least sick," said Kate, merrily.

"Opposition!" exclaimed Elinor. "I will get sick on purpose to try his skill."

"Doctor Harper!" said Mrs. Lacy; "well, wonders will never cease!"

"Doctor Harper!" said Elinor, as her head touched the pillow. That night she dreamed of Wolf-Gap—the playground in the apple orchard—the cliff where the woodbine bloomed so early and lingered so long after the blossoms on the hillsides had withered and died. She sat in a pleasant nook, and Theodore was making her a crown of flowers and holly, while she sang

"Carry me back to Ole Virginny."

When Elinor told Hannah her dream, the latter asked if the flowers were white; "because" said she, "if they were, it is a sign of a funeral."

Chapter 21.

JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night,
That e'er I watched, and the heaviest.—SHAKSPEARE.

ELINOR had seated herself in a rocking-chair before the bright, clear fire, apparently in a very deep study, while Mrs. Lacy was busying herself in making things charming in the bed-room of her niece—beating up the pillows, then patting down the bed—talking first to Elinor and then to herself.

"Come, sit down, Aunt Paulina, and tell me why you and Mr. Lacy were so long engaged? why you did not marry before? and why you have married at last?"

"Three good questions at once, dear; but as they all move on the same pivot, one answer will be sufficient—we were not ready."

"Well," replied Elinor, laughing; "I think you must have had a great deal to do."

"How glad I am to see you smile, child. Do you know you have been looking so very serious since your return?"

"Strange as it may seem, Aunt Paulina, I have never felt inclined to be even happy or cheerful since I last saw my poor wretched mother—how can I ever be so?"

"At your age, child, cheerfulness is necessary."

"How often have I wished myself back in the mountains."

"You little simpleton!" said Mrs. Lacy, smoothing her hair back from her face; "leave this huge city for the 'backwoods!' When I was your age, I could not have been better suited—our city quarters are so ample and snug. Dear me! instead of moping about 'like the maiden all forlorn,' I should have been as gay as a lark. You must shake off this melancholy, indeed you must."

"I do try, indeed I do."

"Never mind, dear, you have been pent up so long, like a bird in a cage, that it is no wonder your spirits begin to fail. Never mind, we will make a visit, to-morrow, to Brooklyn and see the Van Spankers—cheer ourselves up and be interesting."

"What would I not give to be gay like you!"

"Like me, child? How simple you are! It could not be expected of one of your age," said Mrs. Lacy, rocking herself rapidly to and fro.

"You could always make others happier."

"The secret is this, dear—to be always happy yourself; a miserable, yawning, sighing and whining, milk-and-water-natured person never added comfort to any circle."

"But everybody has not the same temperament."

"Certainly not."

"Some are more unfortunate than others."

"The most unfortunate person in the world is he, or she (and especially she), who thinks that their griefs and sorrows are more poignant and interesting than other people's—they use them, and pet them, and feed them—if by chance, any one tries to soothe them into forgetfulness or cheat them of a smile, they deem it sacrilege. No,

dear, we must repress our own feelings within our own hearts and live for the happiness of others."

"You always did—I know you did."

"It will not do to mourn over blasted hopes, lost dreams, or think, because you have been deceived in the character of one individual, that all mankind is a bundle of infirmity. Set the lamp a little farther back and I will try and tell you a short love story."

"Oh! do—I have not heard one of your tales for a very long time, dear aunt."

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Lacy; "a young gentleman came to visit your father at the old homestead, our dear old mountain cottage, at the base of the Blue-Ridge, where you passed so many happy hours."

"The only happy ones I ever knew."

"Well, you must not interrupt me, dear, or my old crazy head will be wool-gathering. As I was saying—Alfred Lacy came to spend the Christmas holidays with your father. They were called cronies—you know the men harp a great deal on old academical associations—he was very young, handsome, and decidedly fascinating, and withal of a rich and aristocratic family. The old Virginians, you know, are proverbial for the tenacity with which they cling to the family tree. For my part, I did not feel prejudiced in his favor on account of his pedigree; had he been poor and a humble tiller of the ground, I should have felt and nourished the same sentiment. I was young, and having lived always in retirement, was but a poor judge of human nature—always easily deceived."

"You have not improved much, in that respect, by experience."

"May be not, child; but then I looked only at the surface. Alfred Lacy, setting all partiality aside, was one of the finest looking men I ever saw."

"He is better looking now than half the young —"

"Pshaw! keep still, child, or I shall never finish my story. He staid a month with us—such a short, brief month—it passed away on its locomotive wheels, and left the dull car of time, moving down with the stoppages of its breakers. He left us, with many assurances of a speedy return. Everything looked dull and gray after he left — the birds quit singing, and chill winds came down from the mountains; the doors and windows were closed, and dark winter took up its silent quarters in the little green arbor; long, dreary evenings came and went so much alike, that memory had no clue to distinguish them.

At last, spring came lagging on, as it always did, smiling one day and frowning the next, like a coquette; but when her warm breath had melted the ice-gems from the mountain's brow, and sent a glow of rapture through the valleys and glades, decking the unfurrowed fields with the early primrose, and that 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' the mountain daisy, 'o' clod or stane.'

"Just after the Petersburg races were over, he returned, gay and lively; he entertained us with animated descriptions of the sports. I confess, I never felt partial to such diversions; on the contrary, I always nourished too much sympathy for the poor dumb creatures, worried and jaded to amuse minds that might find more rational means of enjoyment. However, it did not seem so erroneous in him, for all he said and did was *au fait*, at least, in my eyes. Love is like a heavy smoothing-iron, when warm, it presses

out many wrinkles in the character of the beloved. To make my confession brief, I fell deeply and desperately in love, and was made completely happy by a proposal of marriage. How bright and beautiful the world looked then, to my ardent and sanguine heart! I walked out into the apple orchard, to the old cider press, and gave vent to my girlish feelings; I wept and laughed by turns. When I thought of leaving my mountain-home, with its wild grottoes, its bold peaks, and its valleys of flowers, and the crystal waters that dripped so limpid to their rocky basin—scenes so dear to me—but pshaw! how foolish I am getting! Never be, child, as silly as your aunt."

"Never! I promise you," said Elinor, with one of her quiet smiles. "Go on, please."

"Great preparations were making for our nuptials. A short time previous to the appointed time, my father was obliged to go down to Petersburg to transact some important business (he always sold his crops there), and I went with him in order to attend to my *trousseau*. I was quite in a *feeze*. Everything was pleasant and kind of dreamy. I will not tell you that I was beautiful, because I am telling you a true story, no fiction — no Amanda Fitzallen adventures!"

"I do not see why you are not bound to do yourself justice," said Elinor, "for everybody that knew you, says you were very lovely."

"What everybody says, must, of course, be true," replied Mrs. Lacy, smiling so benignly, as she spoke, that her hearer, if she had been ever so skeptical, would have needed no other proof to convince her, that the proverb was true in the present case.

"So, as I was saying," continued the narrator, "if I was not beautiful, I was, at least, an heiress, which, you know, is quite as attractive. It leaked out, by some means, that I was about to be married to young Lacy, and I soon became the 'observed of all observers.' I dressed, too, very plainly —yes, as plain as a pipe-stem—you know I always did. I had my green calash on, and a vail over my face, sitting at a recess window, at the hotel, waiting the appearance of my father, who had promised to be in to conduct me to Mrs. Phepoe's to purchase my wedding hat. While I sat indulging honied cogitations, my ear was captivated by the name of Lacy. I instantly listened to the following conversation:

"'Have you seen young Lacy's bride?'

"'No! is she here?'

"'Yes, so it is said,' replied a young lady.

"'Miss Temple?' asked the gentleman.

"'Yes, she is very beautiful!'

"'And very rich, and that is better—at least Alfred will find it so. I hope he may.'

"'How fortunate, dear, to have such a rich wife!'

"'Peculiarly so! Our friend will make up his losses at the races. I wish he may marry her, for he owes me a round thousand, that he lost on the old Pocahontas.'

"'Love, I thought you never betted at horse-races,' whined the lady, in a honeymoon cadence—'you swore you never did!'

"'My dear, I never do, in a general way; but the case was so plain, the temptation so strong, that I could not resist. It was obvious, very much so, to me, that the nag which was to run against my choice, was too heavy in the —'

" 'Pshaw!' cried the young wife, gayly laying her hand on his lips, 'I do not wish to be initiated into the mysteries of horse-racing!'

" 'Forgive me, love, I will try and not offend again.'

" 'Miss Temple,' said the lady, 'little dreams of the pitfall before her. If I was in her place, I would not let my fortune go to pay debts of honor, races, and scrapes. That young friend of yours, George, is very dissipated, drinks very hard—is he not a real drunkard?'

" 'You should not, my angel, call a gentleman, especially a friend of your husband's, by such names.'

" 'A gentleman should never forget himself, then.'

" 'It is all nonsense—a man cannot indulge a glass without being dubbed a toper! it is villainous!'

" 'Alfred Lacy is, my dear, an intolerable drunkard, and you know it,' said the lady.

" 'He is a fine, jovial, high-minded fellow, and if he does occasionally take a glass *too much* he is none the worse for it.'

" 'George, are you really taking Mr. Lacy's part, or are you only teazing me?'

" 'Only teazing you, love, because you are so opposed to our enjoying ourselves in our own way.'

" 'You may call it your, I am glad it is not my way.'

" 'So am I; but see, the carriage is at the door, and it is getting late.'

" I sat for some moments perfectly absorbed in thought; puzzled by the unexpected intelligence I had gained—pained and mortified beyond expression."

" 'How deceitful this world is,' said an old gentleman, who had been engaged with a pamphlet at the center-table,

'there is not a greater gambler or horse-racer living than George Smith.'

"'Ah! indeed, said I, for I perceived the speaker was addressing me.'"

"He had been young Lacy's greatest tempter—he had followed him with indefatigable energy, and now, that he finds him struggling in the web that he has laid for him, he sports over it; the friendship of such men counts very little in time of need.'

"'His wife is a beautiful woman,' said I, 'and it is to be hoped she will reform him.'

"'Who ever heard of a woman making her husband sober! I defy an angel to come down from the third Heavens, and do it. If a man, with the help of his reason, can't control himself, how can you expect a poor, weak, confiding woman to manage him; no, there ought to be something done to protect such men against themselves.'

"'The Temperance Society is doing a great deal in some parts of the country,' remarked a dry-looking gentleman, with green spectacles, 'it has been the means of reforming many in the village I came from.'

"'Yes, no doubt, and will grow and expand until its banners wave from every civilized point; but, sir, after moral suasion has done its best, there will still be a mighty, I may say, herculean work to perform. The temperance lecturer finds converts in those men whose worth and better feelings are too radical to yield at once to the love of liquor, but are comparatively stupefied by its influence—not entirely burnt out. Sometimes, in my country, a fire breaks out in the prairie grounds; now, where the bottom is *rich* and the grass *roots* deep in the soil, though the fire burns strong

and long, the spring rains and the summer sun bring it all up again as fresh and fine as ever; but not so when the grass is wiry, and the soil loose, dry and porous, the fire strikes down and blackens it to the very quick; just so the drunkard—a man with good principles and good natural feelings does not part with them in a jiffy.'

"'The habitual drunkard lays himself open to every temptation; there is no knowing what a man will do when drunk; they dont know themselves—how can they?'

"'Well, friend Jones, if a man gets in such a situation as that he ought to have a *check*—a law to keep him straight—moral suasion has nothing to do with brutes; it does influence, as I said before, men who have souls.'

"I heard my father's step along the hall, and hurried to meet him; I left the old gentleman very much interested in the subject they were discussing; which got the best of the argument I never knew.

"What I did or said for hours I have no recollection of.

"The parlors were brilliant with lights, and crowded with the gay and fashionable; my kind father, thinking to make me happy, whispered that Alfred Lacy would soon make his appearance. I resolved to bury in my mind the hateful discovery I had made; my word was given—I would not retract, but I determined to dedicate myself to the restoration of his moral nature; I would pay his debts, sustain him—aid—watch over him—redeem him—be his tutelar angel—cheer him through trial, perhaps, degradation. I had made up my mind to be the wife of an inebriate—I could not call him drunkard; no, there was something so disgusting, so revolting in the word *drunkard*,

what had it to do in common with the elegant, the refined, the spiritual lover? Oh! it was offensive to the delicacy of woman's soul. Alfred came; he was animated and devoted—all that I could wish him to be. I soon forgot, in his presence, in the power of his fascination, the facts I had discovered. We left Petersburg, and returned to the mountains.

"Everything was arranged for our nuptials—even the day and the hour designated; distant relatives were invited, and all the wedding paraphernalia examined and criticised.

"A few days previous to the consummation 'so devoutly to be wished,' my father was called suddenly to a neighboring village to transact some business; I requested to accompany him as I was always in the habit of doing; at first he objected to it, but a few caresses won his consent, and we left on horseback. We were returning gayly home, when my horse became suddenly very unruly, and before I could gather up my careless reins, he threw me several feet over his head, and in my fall, my right hand was so sprained that I could not use it in any way."

"Poor, dear Aunt Lena," said Elinor, kissing her cheek, to have such a fall, just when you were going to be married *too!*"

"Everything happens for the best; but I could not conceive how that could be for the best while my hand pained me so; but I saw plainly enough after a while.

"My father left me at the little inn on the road side—you know the Cross-Keys; it was then kept by Mrs. Butterfield, a very good, kind, respectable woman; we had known her a long time; my father promised to come for me before

breakfast; as it was very cloudy, he said he was afraid to drive the carriage after dark. My kind hostess declared she would soon *settle* the pain in my wrist, and keep me safe and sound until his return; good Mrs. Butterfield bound my sprain up in a hollyhock poultice, and after forcing me to drink a pint of 'yarb tea,' declared me in a fine state of convalescence.

"The hollyhock preparation did act as a charm, and after supper it began to rain as hard as it could pour. I laughed and chatted with the good old lady, who thought to sport me out of the blues by talking about my approaching wedding, and telling me many wonderful occurrences, which went to prove 'that there was many a slip between the cup and the lip.'

"'But I think,' says the old lady, 'of all the sorrowful books I ever read, 'Charlotty Temple' beats all. Poor dear critter! but didn't she suffer! If I had been in her place I should certainly have *put a per'od to my existern.*'

"Our conversation was here interrupted by a loud commotion at the stable-yard. My hostess looked alarmed —such yelping and whooping I suppose never was heard in a civilized place.

"'What is it?' I asked, when I saw Mrs. Butterfield hastily returning from the window.

"'Why, nothing upon *yearth*,' replied she, 'but them *desperit* fellows come back again. I told them over and over again that they should not stay here; but I see they are *determined* to have their way. Go up, dear, to the front chamber, and don't show your face down here. I will be up with you as soon as I get rid of these rowdies. I wish there was a law to keep them straight!'

"I was not long obeying orders. I glided rapidly up and bolted my door. As I passed through the entry, I caught a glimpse of several figures disrobing themselves of wet hats and cloaks.

"In the days I am speaking of, those little inns always kept liquors of various kinds, which were generally drank by travelers, and were charged in the bill as a necessary appendage. Mrs. Butterfield had always borne a good character, but according to the custom of the times, and country she lived in, necessity compelled her to pursue the same course. To tell you the truth, my dear, they looked upon drinking liquor as a matter of course. To set out the decanter to every male visitor was not only a custom in the humbler walks of life, but in the most aristocratic circles, with this difference—the wines and liquors were more exquisite, and they were poured from a rich cut-glass decanter into precious goblets; but the practice was the same, and it produced the same effects. Since the Temperance Society has done away so many of those pernicious fashions, every portion of the country has felt its beneficial influence, and I have no doubt——"

"Never mind the Temperance Society, dear aunt; but tell me what became of *you*."

"Well, as I was sitting by the light of the huge pine fagot, that blazed on the hearth, turning over the leaves of the little bard which Mrs. Butterfield had loaned me, I heard a tremendous bustle below—loud and vociferous sounds of merriment—the laughing of the negroes and the barking of dogs—cursing, swearing, scuffling and falling; indeed, I cannot begin to tell you what a compound of multifarious noises came in alternate peals. After some

time, a servant brought me a candle and some apples, with her mistress' compliments.

"'What has happened below, Patty?'

"'Nothin', Miss Lena, only dem obstropolis fellows what old Missis sent away just *afore* you come.'

"'Who are they?—what do they want?'

"'Law, Miss! dey is only spreeing it; and Missus says she does not t'ank them for coming here drunk, nohow; and masrer gone, and marse Johnny is *afeard* of them, anyhow. Missus says they is a *desperit* set, and she has to keep not minding um—dat's all.'"

"I began to feel very uneasy, and went to the window to see how the weather looked. It was very dark, and the storm was increasing in its violence—one of our mountain tornadoes. The lightning was very vivid and frequent, showing at every flash the dark mountains in the distance. The roaring of the thunder was sometimes heard amid the the uproarious sounds below. I thought of my calm, peaceful home, and, although it was but a few miles, it seemed an immeasurable distance. The storm increased, and at every peal of thunder I heard some wild, incoherent expostulation, some blasphemous oaths addressed to Him who

'Plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

Ah! my dear child, that night I was initiated into the vocabulary of the drunkard. At last, for it seemed an age, Mrs. Butterfield came up, and hastily closed the door after her; then drawing a long breath, she seated herself by the candle-stand which stood between us.

"'How sorry I am all this has happened! If it did not rain so hard I would send for your father.'

"Just then we heard some one run up stairs.

"'Mother! mother!' cried John, pushing open the door, 'they will come up—we can't keep them down. They swear they saw the young lady at the window, looking out at the storm. Tom Slaughter says she shall drink with him!'

"'Give them some of that double ractified brandy, that your daddy brought up last Fourth of July—it will soon settle their hash, and they will roll over in piles—the drunken beasts! coming to decent houses to cut up their devilment!'

"'They are coming up, mother—what shall I do?'

"'Strike them down, one at a time! Dear bless me! it is too bad!'

"Johnny did as he was ordered—he struck down the first one that gained the top step. We heard him fall.

"'Never mind,' cried Mrs. Butterfield, 'Squire Temple shall hear of all this to-morrow!'

"'D—— 'Squire Temple!' said a voice that pierced my very soul, and the next moment the door was pushed wide open, and in rushed two human beings, that looked like fiends from the lower regions.

"I raised up involuntarily as they came in, and stood calmly awaiting the result of the unwelcome interruption."

"Oh!" said Elinor, "I certainly should have fainted."

"I never was one of the fainting sort, darling; but who should I recognize in one of those bloated, hideous-looking beings but Alfred Lacy—the fastidious, the fashionable and recherché!

"'Confound the luck—ladies, your most obe-dient,' cried he, stumbling forward. 'Landlady, where did you start up such devilish fine game?'

"'That's Miss Temple,' said Mrs. Butterfield; 'you know well enough who it is, and if you lay the weight of your finger on her, you will be sorry—sorry enough for your impudence, I can tell you.'

"'Ah! bless my stars; I wish I may be eternally bl—hic!— if ever I had an idea—hic!—that I should have—hic! —the ecstatic pleasure—hic!—of see-hing Miss Tem-*pel.* I wish I may be—hic!—if she is not de-velish superior to what we expected. I wish the lightning may turn me to a cinder, if she is not the best looking girl in Amherst county, by G—hic! See, Slaughter, here's the girl of my heart—the one I shall marry next week—hic!—if I am not too d—hic!—drunk.'

"The companion he addressed had left the room, at the bidding of the landlady, and Alfred was swinging himself from side to side in the doorway, like a loose sign-post in a storm.

"He made an attempt, at last, to approach me; 'Alfred Lacy,' said I, 'I am ashamed of you; leave me instantly.'

"'No! no! not so cruel, my lovely dam-sel—hic!—I'll go, if you are so d——hic!—particular. What if a fellow is a little snap-ped?—only a little corned; not so d-drunk, but just enough to make him kingly or glorious, my little wife—that is to be! Now I am proud to—hic!—acknowledge it. What a lucky dog! Huzza! Mrs. Butterfield—I am the boy in the *Gap* what shot the robin!'

"'Yes, and if you don't put down them *stars,* just as fast as your drunken legs will let you, I'll know why.'

"'I will not intrude—hic!—I see you are d——hic!—aristocratic to-night, so I wish you a d—— good night—I

do, by thunder! Don't be so unforgiving, love; this is my last spree.'

"As he left the room, I mentally exclaimed, 'That is the man I have chosen for my protector through a world of sorrow and tribulation; that is the man that I have promised to take the place of a noble, honest father; he is selected as the arbiter of my fate—the foundation of my earthly happiness—the guardian of the goodly fortune which it has pleased my Maker to bestow upon me. No! no! never! I dare not risk it.'

"Mrs. Butterfield and myself sat up during the night, and heard, from time to time, the loud breathing of the human beasts which were scattered about the floors, too enfeebled to crawl to their beds. Groans, curses, and wild ravings, filled the measure of the night, and as soon as it was light, my father came for me. That night left a lasting impression on my mind; they were horrible realities—no work of the fancy. It all transpired before my vision. I felt no pity—no moving of compassion for my lover, but the most loathsome disgust. I felt debased at the thought of ever having had my name linked in any way with his. Oh! how all these feelings were soothed by the benign reflection that it was not too late to save myself.

"He wrote very penitential letters, but they were returned with all his favors, and only these words, 'I dare not marry a drunkard.'

"My father paid his debts, and set him off again in the world, free. He long since refunded the loan, with its interest."

"And he has never drank since?" asked Elinor.

"No, his frolic at old Butterfield's was his last. I have seen him very seldom during that time, but you see how it has all worked around. To make a finish of it, love, when I saw Mr. Lacy again, when my father was on his death-bed, I could not but feel a great deal for him, to think how he had struggled on through all his difficulties, to subdue his infirmity; I was fully convinced it was my duty to become his wife."

"I think so too," replied Elinor, "and I am very sure you will never repent. He must be thoroughly changed. He says he has not drank a drop for fifteen years."

"At least."

"Then he has been faithful and true."

"Yes, but if he should, by any means, fall into his old habits, what shall I do, Elinor? I am sure I could not endure a drunkard."

"I could admire young Duval, if it was not that I suspect him of a decided predilection for his cups."

"How can you suppose it, Elinor?—tell me."

"His wit is fascinating; he is master of the English language, and converses better than any gentleman I know; but I tremble for fear that my suspicions are true."

"Tell me why."

"It is quite impossible for me to explain myself. There is something about him that whispers it—something *outré;* so like my poor, unhappy mother; an indescribable dominion of a secret spring pervading the whole nature."

"He is very handsome; perhaps you have discovered this since you suspicioned him of loving your cousin Kate."

"Pshaw! you could not accuse me of such injustice, Aunt Paulina, beside, he chews cloves, I know he does."

"What of that?"

"All drunkards do—that have enough self-esteem left to wish to conceal their hateful practices. I do abhor cloves; my poor mother always kept them in her mouth. I am determined never to fall in love ——"

"You are determined never to fall and break your neck, if you can help it—always a mental reservation."

"I was going to say, until I could stake my life on the stability of my intended."

"Oh! poor pet, some day you will wake and find your plans all fictions, and that it is hard to be educated in the certainties of life. After all our attainments, we have to graduate in the school of experience."

"Some take lessons very early in life. I know I never shall be happy again. The miserable position in which I am placed, mortifies and subdues me. No, I *never* shall be happy."

"Never is a long time, Elinor."

"Never in this world," added the young girl, with a faint smile.

"There is another world, my child, a purer and a better; that thought has comforted many a heart far more forlorn than yours. It comes, rainbow-like, in our dark skies, stealing the mind from its bitterness of thought, and carrying it beyond time and space, to ineffable glory. It is growing late; good night, dear—pleasant dreams."

Good night, reader!

Chapter 22.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.—SHAKSPEARE.

IN a little room, in the back part of a very indifferent boarding house, in Anthony street, lay the dying sister of young Sandford. When led by the strong arm of his conductor to the room, he was scarcely sober enough to understand the condition of things; but when the light was placed so its rays fell on her face, he staggered toward the bed.

"Brother! dear brother!" said the invalid, when her heavy eyes were raised to his face, "where have you been so long—so long! Oh! brother!"

"I came, Letty, just as soon as I could. You are better, now; don't you think, they tried to make me believe you were dying—but they couldn't come it!—no sir!"

"Hush, George," said his weeping mother, "have you no feeling? Oh! Heavenly Father, let this cup pass—"

"Mother, it is no use—you can't carry it on. You need not get into the theatricals! Lyman Mason told me it was all a hoax!"

"Brother!" gasped the convulsed girl, "listen brother—it is all true. I have but a short time to live—try and be yourself. I want to talk to you—I wish to tell you of heaven!"

"By heavens! I have had talk enough; and if you don't

think you'll die just to-night, I would like to go back and finish that game of whist. Come, be a kind, good, *sweet* girl, and say you will not die until to-morrow — now do, will you?"

Mrs. Sandford rushed to the bed, and endeavored to drag him away, but he flung her off, and, shaking her rudely, said, "Ah! old lady, you act pretty well — but it wont go off as it does at Burton's. I know what you are up to!"

"George, for mercy sake, leave your dying sister!"

"My dying sister is doing pretty well, I thank you, madam!"

"George! George!" cried the frantic mother; "come with me—leave Letty alone. Leave her to die by herself—you know she is dying!"

"No! no! sweet sister, I'll see you off; when you are ready to go, you must whistle!" As he spoke in a wild, broken voice, he leaned his haggard face over the pillow of the dying sufferer.

"Ah! brother," she whispered in a low, quivering voice, "you will think of this, when I am gone; then your heart will ache; poor boy! little dream you of the end!" and with her weak hand, she parted the curls from his brow, and looked lovingly into his eyes.

Mrs. Sandford, who had left the room, returned with assistance.

An unearthly scream, from the poor girl, drew them to her side.

Who can describe the horror of the scene that presented itself?

The long, white arms of the young girl were wreathed

around the neck of the drunken brother, and her whole frame writhing in the terrific throes of a strong convulsion. He, maddened by the liquor which he had been quaffing, for the last week, was still impressed with the mental fantasy, that his pure, dying sister was only trying to deceive him, and he had been tickling her in order to make her confess the ruse.

They tore him from her, and while they were forcing him to his room, the doctor was summoned, and means were resorted to in order to effect relief, but all was vain; convulsion succeeded convulsion, until exhausted nature would bear no more. The form relaxed — the slender arms lay listlessly across her settling heart — her hair draped in damp masses over her brow, and her contorted features settled gradually into their original placidity. A beautiful smile, caught from some whispering angel, flitted like a beam of light over her dying face, and raising her eyes, which flickered with their last intelligence, to the agonized parent, whispered, "Mother, mother!" but so low, so faint — was it she who spoke? or was it fancy? For the gentle, the redeemed, had winged its flight through that mysterious labyrinth which separates us from the spirit-land.

The wild screams of the dying girl in a measure restored the alienated senses of the miserable brother. He stole back to the room from time to time, listening to the paroxysms of mental and bodily sufferings, expressed in heart-rending cries and exclamations; then hurrying back, as if fearing detection, the wretched man would bury his face in his hands, and tremble with the excited rage of remorse, and imaginary evils; demons whispering close to his ear—

serpents with fiery tongues, hissing curses at him — fiends, of hellish aspect, prying in his face, then mocking him with fantastic grimaces, and ludicrous caresses. The lynx-eyed, Janus-faced tormentor, with its nondescript limbs, its nails of fire, and its putrid breath, pressing upon his prostrate form, and drawing the hot blood from his throbbing temples—then dragging him down interminable precipices, where crowds of human skeletons were performing hideous and uncouth gymnastics—drops of cold perspiration stood like beads upon his brow, while burning coals of living fire consumed the very fluid of existence. Then came a lucid interval, and his reviving consciousness restored the memories of the late evening. Consciousness of his brutal and extravagant conduct, was fully comprehended; he was entirely overcome, and sank into a profound apathy, which lasted until the remains of the departed loved one was clad in the habiliments of death.

Young gentleman, if you have ever abused the precious gifts of your Maker, reflect! Perhaps, as you read this, you may consider it, at first view, a picture of the fancy—one too highly colored, or too extravagantly drawn. If you will but reflect upon it impartially, you will be constrained to confess that the artiste is indeed cold, very cold, in her delineations. Consider, for a moment, the perfection of man's faculties, the delights and exercises of the mind and heart, when uncorrupted, as offered by the hand which formed him—this earth, with its fairy blessedness; its gardens of delight; its arbors of domestic love; its temples of science; the aspirations of its intellect; the Eden of its affections, and the throne of worship to its Architect! If this be true, is not the violator of its laws an inconsistent

creature? Is not the drunkard a problem? Is not his course through life a strange one?—when he might walk along the green fields, beneath the blessed sun-light of his wise, provident, and indulgent Maker?

It is midnight! Young Sandford steals like a fiend from his room—yes, a fiend; but strange to say, he walked upright, and in the image of God. He passes on with imprecations, his wretched, and exhausted mother, who watches alone, the beloved corpse.

His vision is turned to one spot—a white muslin curtain shrouded it from his view. Sympathy shudders at the spectacle, and he scoffs at its electric influence.

Yes, he pollutes the sanctuary of the dead with his presence; like the genius of guilt, he lingers about the bier, but is afraid to raise the vail that conceals the silent form. Trembling in every limb, he quails beneath the purity of her maiden bed; he dares not draw aside the curtain, but heaven assists him—a strong breeze from the broken window-pane, wafts aside the slender tissue, and death reveals itselt in beautiful, yet horrible reality, to the cowardly culprit. There lay the spotless shrine, but the sanctified spirit had wended its way upward—upward, to the home of the angels! He sees the smooth brow; the motionless lips; the long dark eyelashes, laid in everlasting repose upon the blanched cheek. He sees the little white jessamine blossoms, that had so long been flowering on the crumbling window-sill, lying among the twisted folds of her hair—a frail, tender, yet immolated emblem of the dead! Bitterly he gazes, until his mind travels back over the past. She was the counterpart of his being; they opened their eyes to the same beam of day; they

slumbered in the same cradle; were nurtured at the same fountain; sported on the same greensward; hand in hand they journeyed through the path of childhood, the first steps of youth; offered their prayers at the same altar. Thus it went on, until a shadow fell between them—it widened—it darkened, until a gulf parted them—the deep, deep abyss of sin and pollution. While the seeds of moral virtue were fructuating unto full fruition, in the genial soil of *her* mind; his lost, day by day, their powers of healthy growth, and dwindled into a supineness, unaffected by any agent but the influences of the enchanted cup. Yes, he looks, and his perverted nature maddens at the sight—hope flies his presence—there is no hereafter so black and turbid as his own soul—despair seizes him—one dark purpose takes possession of his mind—onward he goes upon his horrid mission. There is nothing on earth, in sea, or air that claims a thought; the suggestion of guilt and madness, has full dominion of his unguarded reason. He seeks the home of slighted trust—of infamy and ruin. The weeping mother is bathing the burning brow of her infant. It is dying — that first, solitary pledge of unblessed love. Cold — cold blows the night wind, drifting the frost through the shattered casement, and the broken roof. It is past midnight—there are *no* friends there—*no* physician. There is *no* Bible there—*no* comforts—the law has seized all—and fast goes the spirit of that babe to its God. And she the young—the erring one—thick fall her burning tears. Famished, and shivering, alone with the dying and her God—in that awful hour, memory points to her rustic home—mother! father!—bitter memories. So goes that innocent to Him who gave it being, and redeemed it with

his blood upon the cross. Can it be, that even in that hour—so solemn, so sacred—the fiend enters? Yes, again into the presence of death, he staggers—his curse echoes over the quivering features of his dying infant. The unconscious murderer looks at his work. She, the broken-hearted, will soon follow, for the worm is at the core of the flower. He finds around him, look which way he may, the embodiment of hell. Returning reason, tells him of the mother, from whose heart he had plucked that flower—its only flower—he thinks of the violet eyes of that babe, when they first opened to the light. The past, the present, crowd upon him—such black memories move his spirit. He lays his purse and his watch upon the tottering table. He smiles grimly upon the wanderings of the dying child—curls his lips with scorn, at the writhing features of the weeping mother—then quaffs again to the dregs, the fatal cup, and hurries out. He seeks the water's edge—it is past midnight—a universe of religion and loveliness is above his head—the bright world of azure overhangs all, as with a blessing. He staggers on with a curse—he heeds them not—the stars seem to entreat him. The gentle moon breathes purity—the hush of the scene bids him reflect upon its Author, and his own destiny. The wide bay sleeps gently as childhood. One wild shriek—a splash—and all is still again. The light of the morning reveals the end on earth, of this confirmed, yet youthful drunkard!

His body was rescued from the waves, and laid in the robes of death, by the side of his sister, to slumber until the resurrection. They were buried together—the pure and impure—the guilty and the innocent.

Thus passed away that God-like intellect from the theater of action. Yet, strange to say, that being is a representative of a great portion of this civilized and intellectual country, whose millions of churches point heavenward — where the revelation of God exists — where the arts flourish, and where science walks the very pavements of the sky.

This is the picture of the young drunkard. It is true — no phantasm of the brain — hundreds such as he, are seen lying in the gutters and streets, or carousing on its highways.

Oh! young gentleman!

"Look thou not upon the wine when it is red. When it giveth his color in the cup. When it moveth itself aright."

"At the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an *adder*."

Chapter 23.

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh! the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.—MARY HOWITT.

"WHERE did you get those beautiful flowers?" asked Elinor, as she sat watching Hannah, who was pulling to pieces a huge bouquet and arranging them to suit her own fancy in the rich vases on the center-table.

"That would be telling," replied that notable personage, with a smile.

"A secret!—I ask pardon."

"That is a most splendid rose, Miss Elinor," said Hannah; "only see how full and snowy it looks—for all the world like a bride in winter, pale and sweet."

"Be a good girl, Hannah, and tell me where you got them."

"At Fulton market, dear; they were a present from a gentleman."

"Ah, indeed!"

"A gentleman of taste!" said Hannah, holding up a flower.

"Undoubtedly!" cried Elinor. "How fresh and fragrant!"

"See these beautiful Touch-me-nots—or no, I mean Forget-me-nots," continued Hannah, laughing.

"Quite a different signification," said Elinor.

"I will put them on your toilet-table—ain't they charming—delightful?"

"Nothing could be prettier! Thank you, Hannah."

"Says he, when he gave them to me, says he, 'Hannah, do you know the name of those flowers?' 'Surely, I do,' says I; 'why, you must fancy something green to ask me such a question—be-sure, and they are Johnny-jumpups!' Well, I wish you could have heard him laugh. 'Miss Elinor used to call them Forget-me-nots,' said he." Hannah looked slyly and mischievously at the young girl.

"How did he know what I called them?" asked Elinor, eagerly.

"He saw you on the boat—on the New World."

"Theodore Harper!" said Elinor, drawing nearer to the table and bending over the flowers to inhale their fragrance; "I know it must be Theodore."

"Aren't they sweet?" asked Hannah.

"Yes; but tell me, Hannah—was it Theodore?"

"No more, nor less—'as large as life and quite as natural,'" replied Hannah; "he has returned to the city—he is going to attend the medical lectures, and has, I do affirm, quite a healing air of his own—it is enough to cure one of the jaundice to look at him. He is, I know, just as good as he ever was, and a little more so—just as kind and thoughtful. Don't you think! dear, that he has been to see father and mother, and he says it does his heart good to see them living like Christians—having family prayers and taking the newspapers. He went with father to a temperance meeting, and was so well pleased, that the old man made a short speech and gave in his experience."

"Is he handsomer than he was?" asked Elinor.

"I can't see as he is—he dresses very nice and plain—none of your fling-a-me-jings, but a real, proud, aristocratic look, and wears his face as slick as a smoothing-iron.

"Then, he talks like a book—I mean, a book that can be understood. Says I, 'Mr. Harper, I suppose you will come and see us old friends?' 'Perhaps it may have been out of sight out of mind,' says he; 'I never forget my friends, but perhaps they have all forgotten me; however, I must get my profession first and then come more pleasurable pursuits.'

"'So you are learning to kill and cure?' said I—'to be a physician? Well, I'll try and coax up some disease,' says I, 'so I can judge of your ability.' Then he laughed again and looked so much like he used to, that I could not help saying: 'La! Mr. Harper! you are the very same old seven-and-sixpence!'

"'All but the hod, Hannah!'

"'Don't mention it,' said I. So, dear, I have told you all about it."

"Did he tell you where he had been, and what he had been doing?"

"He has been to New Orleans and Texas, and the West Indies, and then round by the Cape of Good Hope, then—Oh, my gracious! I have forgotten—half down the Hudson on the New World!" and Hannah laughed in her jovial quiet way. "What he has been doing is another thing. I did not feel authorized to inquire; 'modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman.' I expect, however, he has been studying mathematics, Greek, Hebrew, and all the sciences—metaphysics, and humanology, and so forth."

"How did you make all these discoveries?" asked Elinor, with a glowing cheek.

"A man is half known when you see him—when he speaks you know him outright. It is easy enough to see he has been trying to make a man of himself; but I struck him up in a heap when I said: 'I suppose, you have heard Miss Temple was married?' Says I, 'she has done well.' 'I hope so,' says he; 'she was always a fine, dear, little girl.'

"'Oh! I don't imagine that it is supposed I meant Miss Elinor,' says I.

"'Miss Paulina?' says he; 'Oh, yes! I never dreamed of her marrying.'"

"Did he send me these flowers?" asked Elinor, in a tremulous voice.

"No, dear, he did not. He bought them from a poor little girl, to get rid of *her*—he gave them to me in order to get rid of *them*."

"And he looks well?" asked Elinor.

"Very well, dear."

"You know, Hannah, he never was a beauty," said Elinor, with a faint smile.

"'Pretty is as pretty does,'" rejoined the girl, brushing a cobweb from the mantlepiece, as she carefully placed her flowers to be admired and discussed.

Chapter 24.

LADY P. ——— so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In moulding rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark, glass, copy, and book
That fashioned others.——SHAKSPEARE.

CLARENCE DUVAL continued his visits at Mr. Temple's, and became so interested in their society, and that of the Fairmonts, that his old companions complained of neglect; every endeavor to entice him back to his old habits proved abortive. When it was announced that he had become a member of the Temperance Society, and had enchanted a large and enlightened audience with his eloquence upon the subject, his old cronies gave him up in despair.

In vain they had beset his evening path—his noon-day walks; in vain they had marked his out-goings and his incomings; hovering, like spirits of darkness, over the frail and tempted, as greedy for their prey as the starved vulture that pounces upon the entangled lamb struggling for its freedom, they had beset him in every form, but the counter-charm to their efforts was more powerful in its influence, at least for the time being.

The stay which held him in the bounds of temperance and sobriety was the anchor of hope, launched among the uncertain moorings of love. He had become so deeply enamored of Kate Fairmont, that all former loves and propensities were forgotten, or laid by for the present.

Clarence Duval possessed so many advantages above the ordinary attainments of young gentlemen, even of his standing in society, that it was almost impossible to imagine that temptation to evil, in any form, could seduce him from his high and brilliant course; his talents were forcing themselves upon public attention—his harangues, or stump speeches were almost electrifying; his temperance lectures potent, pathetic, and converting; his conversational powers incomparable!

His friends looked a-head, and pointed out the goal of his glorious career. A young man with such gifts and such prospects would necessarily be a successful lover; he had every qualification to captivate the heart; Kate loved him with all the enthusiasm of her nature, and in the strength and purity of her heart. She loved him, as the pious worshiper of Christ ever loves, firmly, and forever!

Her friends were pleased and proud of the connection, and if Mrs. Fairmont had her fears creeping over her heart, like threads of ice, and turned from the calm face of her trusting child, to conceal the shudder, yet she prayed and awaited the finale.

Why should she have tears? he was so noble in his nature—so honorable in all his proceedings—so aspiring—so far above suspicion or mistrust. So he was apparently; but one dram-seller can convert three thousand such sons of promise in a year. Intemperance has leveled as many of the talented as the simple—handsome as the ill-favored; if it preyed only upon the low, vulgar, licentious monstrosities of the human species, it would not carry its devastation into every grade of life; but, alas for earth! it falls upon all

who come within its banned circle, like the plague-spot, carrying misfortune, sorrow and death into every Eden that it enters. It is a poison, whose virus not only corrupts the entrails of the imbiber, but, through him, affects with its malignity the innocent and pure, that cling, and must feel his pestilence; it blackens and humiliates the proud; it brings vapidity to the active —weakness to the strong—deformity to beauty—and madness to the intellectual. It affects every portion of society; it creeps into the cottage and the hamlet, bringing terror and dismay to sporting childhood. City police records exhibit disgusting enormities of crime, that neither man or woman could commit but under its demonizing effects; it overhangs the prison walls like a shroud; it is upon the highways and the by-ways—upon the rivers and the high seas. What caused the tumult on that graceful craft that pointed to the west, stretching her full canvas homeward; it was the voice of discord—the cry of "mutiny;" they were rejoiced with the thought of land—of home; the captain drinks a bumper to his lady-wife, and the seamen, to mistresses and sweethearts in port; hilarity ensues—the potion is doubled—the liquor passes freely; poor Jack sells himself to the common leveler. His wife will look for him at the ocean outlet, until hope wearies, and the little one she holds in her arms, when asked for his father, will point to the rolling waves; his father has fallen from his sea-rocked shrouds to a watery grave.

Drunkards, this is the idol of your devotion; it steals from your frame health and manliness, agility and nerve; it demoralizes your inner man, and unfits you for every duty of life; cuts you off from all sympathy or love with

man or woman—places you alone on a desolate rock, to perish, uncared for and unlamented.

Ought not every individual, who is too feeble in his nature to grapple with this evil—to resist this foe to human happiness—ought he not to be guarded and secured against its invasions? Ought not his country to defend him in this defenseless state? If a man is trying to escape from slavery, is not some hand ready to ward off the advancing foe? If a man is insane and outrageous, is he allowed to prowl loose in society? No, he *is* confined—his prerogatives curtailed; he is restrained by force. Should not the maddened inebriate have some consideration? If he cannot restrain himself, ought not the law to do it in some way? What avails, at present, suavity of words or kind acts, with those who have lost all self-esteem—all honesty of purpose? The confirmed tippler is proof against the warmest wooings of a world of benevolence. Let the law befriend him. The law alone can do it—and the law will do it—so mote it be.

"Clarence Duval will not be a sober man six months after his marriage," said Symes to Herman Frazier, as they were sitting over their champagne.

"No, not three," was the response.

"Perhaps during the honeymoon."

"We must recruit, Symes!"

"Yes, our numbers are falling off," said Symes, mournfully. "Poor Sandford! his was a sad catastrophe; very melancholy—very."

"Miss Fairmont is rich; I am glad of it; Clarence will come back to us full-handed."

"She is very beautiful, too; I love to tease Duval."

"Not half as glorious a looking woman as that grave Miss Temple," said Symes.

"Grave!" repeated Frazier; "it is sheer pride and aristocracy. Never mind, I will make her suffer a few yet, in this world, for cold looks and lofty behavior. She can't slight me with impunity."

"What did she do?" asked Symes.

"I have met her several times since Clarence introduced us, but she is very stiff; and what makes me so revengeful is this: she is always so composed, I can't alarm her by my impudence, or flurry her with my assurance. She never sees me or hears me but with cool indifference; it makes a fellow feel so insignificant."

"You did not wish her to fall in love with you?" asked Symes.

"No, but I wanted common courtesy. I offered to see her home, the other afternoon; she said, 'I decline your offer, sir, as I have some little trifles of business to attend to—not very important—but sufficiently so to prevent minor claims on my attention.' Since then I met her in a bookstore. As soon as I came in, she was taken *with* a *leaving*. I hurried up Broadway, and overtook her just before the Astor House. Said I, making my most exquisite bow, 'Good morning, Miss Temple.'"

"'Good afternoon, sir,' she replied, looking very seriously in my face. 'Do you find your hat very oppressive, sir?'"

"I found, by George, I had come off, in my hurry, without my hat, bringing with me 'The Flag of Our Union.' I went back after my hat, and when I returned, I found her getting in the omnibus."

"Never be in a hurry, Frazier, especially when you are a little tight."

"I had not taken a drop too much."

"Just enough to make your head too big for your hat," said his friend, laughing.

"No such thing—I was not drunk, but that *grave* beauty, as you call her, shall look graver before I am done with her. Clarence Duval is not better than we are, if he does belong to the Temperance Society. Elinor Temple shall never forget me."

How faithfully he fulfilled his vow, will be found in another chapter.

Chapter 25.

——Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.—HENRY VIII, ACT V.

IT is a glorious night; the moon smiles upon the quiet waters, and the stars are out thick upon the vaulted sky. The wind is clear and cutting, for winter has taken up his quarters in the autumnal haunts. The world is out seeking pleasure, gayety and comfort. The churches are refilling, and hymns of praise rise in a mighty column to the throne of earth's immaculate Creator. The saloons are crowded with the hungry and the sensual; the parks are thronged with the gay, the happy, the famished, and the guilty—some exchanging honied words—some whispering the long pent-up curses of revenge—others are seeking relief for their overcharged lungs, drawing in the breath of heaven, that has almost lost its purity since it left the reservoir of the skies, and passed through the long, narrow lanes of human exhalation; but still it is better than the putrid malaria of the cellars in Mulberry and Center, or the open localities of the "Five Points," or the Old Brewery.

A figure was sitting on the steps of the Hall. Her tall, shivering form was enveloped in a cloak, which, from appearances, must have seen hard service or strange abuse. Whether it had been created for man or woman originally,

was, at the time we speak of, a riddle, for it was so tattered and deformed, so warped and disproportioned by its reparations, that it had lost the form of a cloak. She wore an old-fashioned straw hat, with faded ribbons, and crushed artificial flowers. Her hair was gray, but showed that it had once been carroty, and hung in bunches of crisped curls over her dark, sinister eyes. She sat, muttering to herself, and swinging her head backward and forward, like one in a trance.

You might have seen at a glance that disease and sorrow "had made her summer pass away." She could not have been more than forty-five, yet she was sixty, at least, in appearance, she was so worn and faded. All the evil passions had left their shadows upon her countenance, and her smile was that of a *ghoul*.

There were two men sitting a short distance from her, but no one would have supposed they were at all interested in each other.

One of those men still retained traces of manly beauty about his forehead and form, but his purple nose, watery eyes, and ulcerated cheek, together with his imbecility of countenance, told his history—the *long, long* dark struggles of his nature, and his final ruin.

Habitual intemperance was marked in indelible characters upon his face and person.

What wait *they* for? To beg alms, or to pick pockets? No, they are watching the return of Mr. Lacy, and the two young ladies, Kate and Elinor. The old woman is a tool, employed to decoy Elinor to one of the low boarding-houses near the "Five Points;" the two men had promised to assist her for a "first-rate smash."

The cry of "fire! fire!" A crowd rushes through the park. The cry resounds from every side. Every street disgorges itself into Broadway; they press through every gate of the Park. The engines rattle over the pavements; the masses roll together; the Bowery boys cut down everything before them, screaming with the racket of their engines in their own way, which is decidedly peculiar. The Park theater is on fire, and everybody is there to see it! The whole Park was a scene of confusion and riot. Children were knocked down; fat men pushed out of breath; women fainted or screamed; dogs trampled to death; coat-tails cut off, and pockets picked.

A fine looking young man, with a generous moustache, stepped closely to the old dame, on the steps of the Hall of Record, and said, "They are coming—keep out a sharp eye—here, right by. It is the tallest one, with the white feather and the black mantle."

The streets were still full; the park crowded; still they come, still they gathered; still the rushing fires spread over the building. The flames threw their long, brilliant wreaths over the tops of the trees, until the Museum, St. Paul's, and the Astor House, refracted the light in refulgent rays. The firemen worked; the water reached every part of the building, but the angry element devoured its lofty roof, then sunk in a general crash. A flood of sparks *starred* the atmosphere, and fell in showers upon the trees, and the herbage of the pleasure-ground. Nothing was left, but the statue of Shakspeare, which stood aloft among the ruins, unscathed by the devouring flames. Like the immortality of its great prototype, it stands *alone*—imperishable!

When the first rays of the fire startled the loungers in the Park, a dense crowd rushed to the gates opening into Broadway. The gentleman with two young ladies, so closely observed by the old woman and the young man with the moustache, were making their way, as fast as they could, through the Park, and as they were forcing their way through the gate into the street and gathering multitudes were pushing their way in, as if the city was ousted, stumbling and kicking, it was almost impossible to gain an inch either way, the tallest of the young ladies was forcibly dragged back. This occurred just as they were passing through the gate; the old woman had emerged suddenly from her dark corner and wound her desecrated arms around the terrified girl with the white plume and held her fast, and dragged her back into the park.

The gentleman turned to regain the arm of his companion, but could not find her. It was in vain that they lingered at the gate, hoping every moment would end their solicitude to recover her.

The fire raged; the crowd moved like an ocean of living creatures, but its blending waves were explored in vain for the lost girl. The woman pressed her closely to her with one arm still forcing her head down, while the other pressed a snuffy handkerchief into her mouth to prevent her from screaming. A man came up to assist the woman—that horrid-looking creature with the blistered face and the ulcerated cheek. They dragged her through Chatham-street on to Mulberry. She struggled to release herself, but alarmed and astounded by so unlooked for a calamity, she was unable to oppose the wretches into whose hands she had fallen. When the man approached to assist her,

or rather to force her on, she became more passive, dreading, more than words can express, coming in contact with one so loathsome and repulsive.

Crowds passed them in this way. She cried and screamed, but everybody was crying and screaming. She tried to grasp some friendly hand, but everybody was afraid of being seized; everybody shunned everybody, and everybody was getting out of everybody's way, and everybody was thinking of nobody but themselves—everybody was in everybody's way, and if anybody expected anybody to notice them somebody was very much mistaken.

"We must keep a look-out or the first thing we know, we 'll be in a regular muss," said the man, as they pulled their prisoner along the dirty street.

"No danger now," answered his companion; "hold on to the girl. She is yours, I have nothing to say."

"What would you say Cap'an?" asked the old woman.

"Nothing; only it is poor sport to go on a *dub* without a little of the critter."

"If that's all, I am sure it is myself that will divide with you—here 's a shilling and there 's a window with a red curtain—do you take?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I 'll see you to the *cribbey* and then I am off on a bender—you take?"

They were interrupted by the girl, who screamed murder, as she saw some persons hurrying by with compassionate-looking faces.

"What is the matter?" asked a corpulent-looking man with a silver-headed cane and large watch-key.

"Oh! sir, save me! save me!" screamed the girl at the top of her voice.

"What does she mean?" he inquired, looking closely under her hat.

"Bad enough, sir!" replied the woman; "the poor, dear child is demented entirely, and it is always so wid her at the cry of fire—she always falls into conniptions—it is an ugly trick, sir, but she has done so ever since she was a baby."

"It is all false, sir," cried the frantic girl, trying to burst from their hold; "Oh! sir, for the love of God, save me!"

"Yes, you see—entirely upset!" and the woman tapped her fore-finger on her forehead and winked at the fidgety old gentleman; "we are taking her home, sir, but she does not know us—not a bit of it!"

"So young and so pretty! what a pity!" and the gentleman sighed.

"Oh! no! I am not crazy, indeed I am not! Only listen one moment—they are carrying me from my friends. Oh! save me!"

"Just so," said the woman; "I am sure, I have nursed her in her cradle—the ungrateful hussy!"

"Poor thing!" said the gentleman, passing on; "she is very beautiful! What a misfortune to lose one's wits! What strange sights we meet in this city at every turn!"

The next turn presented the Park theater in a blaze of light—the poor girl was forgotten. So much for street sympathy.

"Didn't I come it over that old fogy?" said the woman, laughing hideously; "he is *sapped*, certain."

They dragged the poor girl into one of those dirty,

stinking alleys leading into the Five Points. They knocked at the door of a small, dark, brownish-looking house, which stood with its gable fronting on Mulberry-street. It was a miserable-looking place in rear and front; but the interior had a more cheerful appearance. A few articles seemed to have fallen in the wrong place—forming, as they did, such strange contrast with the dirty, shattered walls. The windows had blinds; the floors were carpeted with half-worn, faded, striped carpeting. The furniture was third-handed, from Chatham-street. The house was much larger than it seemed to be, at first survey; it was narrow in its dimensions, but ran some forty feet back.

"Nice boarding-house this, my chick," said the old woman, as they passed the little, den-like looking rooms; "well ventilated, with Croton fixin's. You will fare like a princess."

They dragged the half-dead girl into a room, and bidding her to take off her hat, she turned the key on the outside and left her to her reflections.

Her musings were bitter, but of short duration. Several women of detestable appearance, followed the old woman, and peered in at the weeping girl.

"Take off your bonnet dear—and it is good hands entirely you are in, and no mistake—will you choose to stay with the young ladies here, or will you go up to the woman what's to have charge of you?"

"Let me out of this house now!" replied the horror-stricken girl; for she comprehended enough of her situation, almost to madden her, "I shall die, indeed I shall, away from my father—my dear father—Oh! if you have one drop of nature left, let me pass out!"

"I had as well turn a lamb out among wolves, as to let you out in the neighborhood of the Five Points."

"Oh! God have mercy on me—not the Five Points?" and the poor young lady wrung her hands in utter despair.

"Oh! madam, if you will only take me in to Chatham or Broadway, I will load you with presents and gratitude."

"Don't talk to me about gratitude—there is not enough of it in the world to load a cat's back."

"Yes," replied the girl, "with the good."

"You call yourself *good*, hey?"

"I am innocent, at least—help me to escape."

"I can't—its no use to tamper wid me, darling—I am no traithor—and then if I had a mind, I dare not disappoint the woman up stairs—for she is the ——— when she is raised—so come along up will you!"

"No, no—do not take me up there—have mercy, so God may have pity on you in time of sorrow and danger."

"Come along, come along, you simpering fool—this is a boarding house, and some of the boarders are very aristocratic—especially the lady up stairs. She was one of the upper tens once—perhaps you have heard of her?"

"What name?" asked the trembling prisoner.

"*Mrs. Ben Darby.*"

A smothering suppression of breath, was the only reply, and the blood left her face pale as death.

"Will you go?"

"Yes, I will go."

"Come along then—be a good girl."

They entered a contracted apartment, disgracefully kept, and with little or no pretensions to the comforts of life. Mrs. Darby had, however, retained, through the varied

changes of her life, her predilection for lounging. The splendid sofa, had almost faded from memory, and she now crouched upon an old, broken lounge, covered with stained and faded calico—dirty and greasy, with a cushion so filthy, that no one could venture *to even surmise* its original texture. She had lost all her beauty; her black, glossy hair was intermixed with filaments of silver, and in mats upon her neck, but in front, still caressed into long curls. Her teeth, too firm to yield to premature decay, were very yellow and elongated; her mouth was scornful and snarling, like that of a fretted lioness. Her form had lost its queen-like proportions; but bloated and flaccid, sought its ease in loose and unseemly garments. An old, faded muslin-de-laine, which had seen gay days in its time, with a huge cape, enveloped her form.

"I have brought the young *'oman*," cried the conductress of the girl, pushing her into the room.

"Take a seat, dear," said Mrs. Darby, making room for her on the oily-looking couch. "Quite pretty—aristocratic, I take it."

"I am sure ma'am, I have made no blunder at all—but it is dangerous meddling with the *nobs*—keep her out of sight, in case of a muss—them tarnal coppers always meddlin' wid other folks' business—an' then, that concarned Tombs is so near."

"I wish you would not use your flash to me—I am not one of you—be off," continued she, when she noticed the deep agitation of the girl, "you frighten a body."

"Well! the Tombs is handy—do you take?"

"What shall I call you love?" said Mrs. Darby whiningly, for she was, as "Jack" says, "three sheets in the

wind." She turned to the girl for a reply, and found she had fallen on her knees, and with clasped hands, was gazing with incomprehensible agony into the face of her who addressed her. Wretched mother! know you not the child of your bosom? Has that troubled appeal of nature, no responding answer from thy cold and shattered heart?—none! none!

Elinor Temple felt there was none, and silently wrestled with her emotions, then turning to Mrs. Darby she said, "Call me Ellen."

"Elinor was my own sweet child's name—but she is in heaven—I am here——"

"Is she dead?" asked Miss Temple in a low tone, with a fluttering heart sounding the depths of her feelings.

"No!" screamed the wretched woman, "but she had just as well be—she is innocent and happy, and I am—it matters not what *I am*—I might have been—but no more of that—well, well!" continued she, as if talking to herself, "it can't be undone—sinking!—sinking!—I had just as well touch the bottom of the abyss. Has hell any bottom, child?"

"Madam, pray do not talk so, you freeze my blood—Oh! it is dreadful." Elinor hid her face with her hands.

"Well, I will not—at least I will try not," and she smiled hideously. "How beautiful you are—only think, that I was once just as young, and perhaps, infinitely handsomer, and just as frail. What evil got in you, child, to think of meeting that young man here?"

"I never had such a thought!—that old woman dragged me from my uncle's arms, and with the assistance of a vile-looking man, brought me here."

"But you love the young man—he told me so."

"He lies—I never loved any young man—never!"

"Well, don't fly in a passion, dear—and tell me all your troubles. Then you did not come of your own accord?"

"Never! never!"

"Then fly this atmosphere of sin and degradation, and go back to your father and mother."

"I have never known a mother's care."

"Ah! tell me you have no mother? I suppose she died when you were a baby?"

"No, she is not dead," cried the agitated girl, in a gush of uncontrollable feeling, "she lives in the precincts of vice—she is degraded—lost to all the dear hearts that could have loved and cherished her—without hope or mercy, lost forever!"

"And where is the wretched woman now?" asked Mrs. Darby, her face purple with conscious guilt.

"In the lowest grade of life; she gave away the baby at her breast for the bottle; she gave up friends, wealth, and character for it, but that is not the worst—she has forsaken her God—lost sight of heaven!"

"Child," said Mrs. Darby, drawing herself up in great dignity, "you are getting up a tragedy—proceed—you do it admirable, but the case is so like my own that I will not listen to it; it stirs up all the evil thoughts and feelings that I would like to forget. Come, child, I will take you home."

"I'd rather stay with you until morning, if you will promise to protect me. Only try to imagine that I am your Elinor—your own child!"

"Oh! no! she would scorn her reduced parent — that

proud child of the Temples'; but, child, you shall be safe with me—yes—safe as with your mother."

"Oh! yes!" cried Elinor, springing toward her with outstretched arms, and clasping her around the neck.

"Dear me! you are very loving; have you any small change? Elinor, give us a few."

"Oh! listen to me," — said she, kneeling before her—your own, long deserted—"

"Well, before I listen to your theatricals, give me a few shillings. I am thirsty—I'll be hanged if —"

"Mother! listen to your child!"

"Just a little of the *tin* first, and then I will be very attentive—just a little, dear."

"Oh! it is dreadful!" said poor Elinor, wringing her hands; then suddenly seating herself again, she asked her mother if she lived alone.

"Alone!" she repeated, "who could live in this world of bitterness and scorn alone? No! I have company lower and viler than myself! If you are innocent, child, try and keep so. I never try to seduce the innocent—I will not do it; but Darby is very heartless, and makes very poor provision for me, and a body has often to lower themselves according to circumstances. I was not always pinched as I am now. I used to ride in my own carriage, and board at the Astor House. I always had friends then — people always have, when money is plenty. I kept my servants, too, but you would not think it now."

"You used to be very beautiful, too, I know you were; you must have been," said Elinor, turning one of her grizzled curls on her finger.

"Oh! yes — that was my ruin; but where is it now? it all went when I had the small-pox. Oh! that was a horrible time!"

"How long since?" asked Elinor.

"My memory is very deceitful; I believe it was five or six years ago. I was returning from Texas."

"Alone?"

"No, child, I never go or stay alone. Ben Darby is my shadow—always has been—will be in eternity!"

"Where is he now?" asked Elinor, fearfully.

"What little there is left of him," she said, smiling sinistrously, "is in the city; but there is precious little left of Ben Darby. Ah! if I had never known that man, I should have been boarding on Broadway yet, or been buried in Greenwood; but it is done for now!—the die is cast!—I look for nothing now but death to relieve me—none to care for me or weep for —"

"Do not say that—your child—your own Ellen will comfort you, if you will only love and permit her. Look at me, dear mother—do you not *feel* that I am your child?" and she fell, weeping, on the breast of her unfeeling mother.

"What a child!" said Mrs. Darby, parting the curls on her brow, and looking into her weeping eyes. "Hush! hush! don't cry — no one shall trouble you; I will — but see—here is a friend."

Starting on her feet, she beheld Herman Frazier — then hiding her face in her hands, she dropped closely by the side of Mrs. Darby.

"How kind to give me this meeting!" said Frazier in

his blandest accents, and with his most insinuating smile; "I scarcely dared hope as much."

Elinor's upper lip curled in scorn, but she said nothing. Her pure mind sickened at the thoughts which her strange situation suggested, beginning to comprehend indefinitely her position, and the evils which surrounded her.

Mrs. Darby arose to leave the room, but Elinor clung to her.

"If you have made an appointment to meet this young gentleman, I will retire."

"It is false—I never did any such thing—it is all a base stratagem, unworthy a man, and you shall not leave me alone with him!"

"Well, have it your own way," replied Mrs. Darby, sinking heavily on the couch.

"Lovely, but proud girl," said Frazier, drawing his seat in front of Elinor, "we meet, but not on neutral ground—I have *you now in my power!*"

"I do not fear you, sir," replied Elinor in a low tone. "I am with my mother, and though she is fallen and degraded, you dare not injure, in her presence, her innocent child."

"Frazier, do call for some water," said Mrs. Darby, fanning herself. "I have been dying with thirst."

"You have a chartered protectress," whispered Frazier, pointing at the almost stupefied woman; "I can soon fix her flint, and then—and *then!*"

"And then God will keep me," replied Elinor, with cheerful faith.

The water and liquor were brought in and placed in the window-seat.

"Wine, is it?" asked Mrs. Darby, a deep, phosphoric light twinkling in her eyes. "Perhaps, Frazier, the young lady will join us; a few drops will be beneficial."

Poor, deluded being! Never had she once, during her interview with Miss Temple, been able to feel, or recognize in any way, the relationship between them. Having been fuddled for weeks and weeks, without one lucid interval, she had become almost insane; her heart was too deeply cauterized by the burning drops which daily fell upon it, to have one healthy pulsation.

"It will be my pleasure, you know, Mrs. Darby, to wait on the young lady."

"I never drink wine," replied Elinor; "I have never tasted it."

"Why not, child?" said Mrs. Darby.

"Because my mother is intemperate!" replied Elinor; "I detest it, because it is her enemy."

"It has been *my* best friend," said the degraded woman, drinking greedily the offered glass—"charming!—ah, Frazier, you know how these things ought to be done; the best of wine. I don't care if I do," continued she, holding forth her glass, as Frazier approached with the bottle; "what a beautiful tint-scher," and she held it up to the light. "I see it 's prime—gen'wine, shuch as I love. Only try a glass, dear, do *shee* how nice it looks."

"I never drink it said, Elinor, with a shudder."

"The *upper tens all drink it*," Frazier said, handing her a glass, with his face wreathed in sarcastic smiles.

"I will not," said Elinor, proudly.

"We will see," said he, sneeringly.

Trembling with fear and consternation, the poor girl wit-

nessed the frequent draughts of her mother, and the serpent-like smile of the false one, when he found that the liquor was doing its work, by arousing the sleeping devil in her nature. Her face was purple; only where the small-pox had left its prints, those spots were white, which added to the revolting and disgusting features of the almost helpless mass of flesh; she had begun to grow garrulous and fidgety.

Frazier turned, smiling with demon-like suavity, toward Elinor, and whispered, "My little bird, do you find your cage comfortable?"

She answered him not, but sought the window, and looked out; the moon was shining, but there was nothing to be seen but the murky roof of the houses and smoke-dried chimney-tops, and the gloomy-looking dome of the neighboring Tombs; mentally she prayed for strength of purpose—for timely protection; then turning, with her mind soothed and reassured, she silently awaited the finale.

Alone, and among the most wicked and abandoned part of the community, how was she to escape, or even cherish a hope to do so. She looked around on every side, but there was no hope—no way of escape; and that wretched mother quaffing, with insatiable thirst, the maddening draught; how was it all to end? Elinor asked herself this question, and her shivering heart made no response. She saw Frazier approach the table; mix water and wine together; then shaking a little white paper over it, crumbled the paper in his pocket, and handed it to Elinor.

"Come, dear, take it, it is only a thimbleful; Frazier thinks it will enliven you; drink it, love!"

"I will not," said Elinor.

"Will not!" repeated Frazier.

"No, not with my own will."

"Obstinate children are often forced to take medicine," said Frazier, bowing gracefully, and with mock politeness, before her, with the glass in his hand.

"I will not touch your drugged cup; I defy—I despise you;" and starting on her feet, she prepared to defend herself with the best of her ability.

"Will not, hey!" he approached, and held it closely to her face; "drink, or by ——"

"Drink it yourself, and to —— with you," said a soft, oily voice, and the glass struck forcibly the open mouth of Frazier, and was shattered against his front teeth.

"Drag her out," cried Mrs. Darby, "or the police will see her—in here." She opened a door leading to a place that looked more like the "black-hole of Calcutta" than anything else.

The wild shrieks of the terrified girl, as they tried to drag her out, and force her into that dreadful cell, brought a crowd of spectators into the apartment, and, as on all such occasions, they were not content to remain such, but soon found excuses for falling pell-mell into the intricate merits of the muss.

The man with the horrible eye and the cancerated cheek approached the now furious, raging, storming termagant, and commanded her to desist.

"It is none of your business what we do with her!"

"I helped to bring her here," said he; "but I thought you wanted her for another purpose; but it's a d—— of a shame to treat her so; you shall not do it!"

"Bless my soul, Ben Darby, you are getting back a little of your spunk; but you can't master me; no, sir-ree: so come along you whimpering imp, you; I only want to hide you from the police—don't you understand?"

"No, no," screamed Elinor, clinging to the chair, and everything in her way; "oh, do not, I pray, add crime to crime; listen to me—mother! mother!

"Frazier, hold the door—in with her—she shall ——"

"Hold," screamed the poor girl, with all her remaining strength, "you know not what you do."

"I don't, hey! well we 'll see."

"Then, see, d—— you!" cried Darby, "would you destroy your own child?" and he pitched a bottle at his wife, which struck her on the temple, and felled her to the floor; she fell back against the wall, and groaned furiously—like a wounded tigress."

"Then, rushing upon Frazier, he commenced a battle, the merits of which were lost in the confusion that surrounded it; some were swearing, and offering to show fight to any one who dared come out; some tumbled over the others; some tried to raise the apparently lifeless woman; some were punching her in the side with their feet, to see if she was really dead, or if she was only pretending. Others were trying to part Frazier and his antagonist. During this revolting scene, poor Elinor sat stupefied, endeavoring to recall her fleeting ideas—completely astounded by the horrid novelty of her situation.

At last she crept to the side of her mother, stanching with her handkerchief the wound upon her face; her features were gyved by the twisting nerves into immovable agony and pain, uttering furious curses and imprecations

on the head of the author of her disaster. Frazier, desperately wounded in the side—the officers restored quiet—the muss was quelled, and Mrs. Ben Darby seemed suddenly to comprehend the whole.

"My child," she said, "my Elinor! and you knew it, Darby, and did not tell me; may you never find mercy." She fell back in a paroxysm of pain and fury; and Elinor, overcome, fainted by her side.

Darby was dragged, for the twentieth time, to the Tombs, and his wife, for the first time, to the hospital.

Chapter 26.

Death enters and there 's no defense,
His time, there 's none to tell,
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To Heaven or down to hell.—HART.

IT is past midnight. The churches, the parks, the theaters, Castle garden, Christy's, and the restaurants, have all disgorged themselves. The moon smiles down on the slumbering city; still, and peaceful, only where misery watches; where sin riots; where penury pinches, and disease torments.

In a small room in the hospital lay the panting form of Mrs. Darby. This, then, is the end of her checkered career—the end of all her life's aim. Erring, wretched woman! A physician is called to attend her. He scans with stern inquiry the disfigured face of the wounded patient.

His attention is arrested by the police officer, who says: "Doctor, attend to this one first—she needs immediate care—she is young, and looks innocent."

"Who is she? where did she come from?"

"I suspect, the lost young lady we have been searching for since the fire. She answers the description."

"And this wretched being?" asked the physician, pointing to Mrs. Darby.

"A *stale old customer*, and belongs to the devil—the sooner he gets her the better."

"Her name?"

"Is Darby—that 's Mrs. Ben Darby!"

"Mrs. Ben Darby? Oh! yes—true, true—I see through it all," and springing to the side of Elinor, who lay on a lounge, he tore the bonnet from her head, raised her from the pillow, and looked in her face. That pale, young face! "Yes, it is she! Elinor! Elinor! speak to me, Elinor! The voice had all the power, in its use, as had the 'open sesame' of the Forty Thieves. She looked wildly around her.

"Where am I? where is my poor mother?"

"You are in the hospital, in good hands—yes, Elinor, I am your old friend—your old protector—do you not know me? your old playmate!"

"Yes—save me, Theodore—I am falling, fall——" and poor Elinor fainted again.

The physician bathed her face; parted the disordered hair from her forehead; looked long and kindly upon her well-remembered features. The young girl regains by degrees her consciousness, and raising herself from her recumbent position, looks timidly around, "It must be him!"

The doctor, who had retired to a recess window, returns, seats himself by her and whispers:

"Fear not, Elinor, I am with you to the end—be composed—be yourself—why should you fear?"

While they were dressing Mrs. Darby's wounds, Theodore endeavored to occupy Elinor's attention. Sometimes she was startled by a barbarous yell from the drunken, suffering woman, and was ready to fly to her side; but her friend would entreat her to remain quiet, until the opera-

tion was performed. He saw that she was too much excited and overcome by the terrible scene, through which she had passed, to bear or endure much more. Endeavoring to suppress her emotions, she bowed her head in silent humiliation, to the gentle inquiries and tones of Theodore. Woman like (for woman will be woman), she shook out the wrinkles from her merino dress; straightened the front of her battered up velvet hat, and the crumples from the feathers; drew over her form, the folds of her mantilla, and tried to restore herself to her usual patrician appearance.

After Mrs. Darby had received necessary attention, she was placed in bed, and soon fell into an unnatural slumber. Elinor and Theodore watched by her during the rest of the night. Starting upright in her bed, she at times dared her husband again to strike—clenching her fists with fury, and, uttering the deadliest curses, she would again fall back powerless upon her pillow. Her situation was deplorable, and her sufferings excruciating, and so entirely was she occupied by her immediate urgencies, that she did not seem sensible of her daughter's presence, or rather looked upon it as a thing of course. All maternal affection had perished in the general wreck of humanity. She had forgotten the child of her travail; but God had not forgot the wretched sinner. His mercy still flickered about her; a beam, a ray, was still shining over her last hour.

The sweet face, that bent like the angel of mercy above her contaminated form, and the love-breathing voice, that came like the whisperings of innocence to her throbbing ear—mother! mother! it touched a chord—the last, tenu-

ated fiber of natural affection—"mother! mother!"—the virulent ichor of the heart was stirred up.

"Ah! if I only had my time to live over again!" cried Mrs. Darby, in a husky voice.

"What would you do mother?" asked the tremulous voice at her pillow.

"Shun liquor, as I would hell!" screamed the mother.

"Oh! not such words," whispered Elinor, "it is sinful, dear mother—compose yourself—remember your case is awful, your suffering great—but God is merciful."

"Little did I ever dream I would come to this—dying in a hospital—no money—no friends!"

"I am here mother—Oh! do not say that—your child, your Elinor—I will never leave you."

"It is well enough to cram me with such dainty speeches—it will read well in the 'Daily Times,'—all for effect. The mother deserted her child for the bottle—her husband for the tempter—yes, that Darby has been the snake in my path—but he was a *man*—all men are villains—false. Ah! if they will only swing him for——"

"No—no, not all mother—think of my generous, high-minded father—mother, have you forgotten the Henry Temple of your youth?"

"Don't taunt me with him—don't I know what Henry Temple was, and is—did he not spurn his young wife for one failing only—cast her off upon a merciless world, because *she loved wine!*"

"He did all he could mother—he bore with you until it brought him to the edge of the grave—he tried to wean you from it."

"Wean!" repeated the wretched woman, with scorn—

"as if he thought to cheat me from it, like a child—as if I loved it no better than the babe its mother's milk. Little knows he of the drunkard's devotion! Gentle reproof—kind, suasive entreaties!—he ought to have incarcerated me in a dungeon—kept me in perpetual imprisonment—he ought to have forced me into sobriety! *Force*—yes, that is the word—nothing else will do for one doomed to the bottle. Talk of moral suasion—you had just as well talk of extinguishing a burning pile with the dews of night. Fiends of fury!" continued she, pushing the bandage from her gaping brow, "what use is signing the pledge. If I had written my name down with the blood exuded drop by drop from my heart, I should still have drank on. Can the sick cure himself?—never was there a disease more lingering, and fatal as the cholera! When one has the ship-fever, or breaks his limbs, or loses his senses—they take him to the hospital—charitable institutions. Oh, yes! but the drunkard dies in the loathsome cellar—with a stone for his pillow, and a curse for a prayer. The police and the law drag out the criminal offenders of the law, and the law punishes them—but the drunkard commits no crimes—he never kills any one, and although the Tombs is filled every night with drunken rioters, they are sent out to try it over.

"Oh! mother, why did you ever take to it?"

"I used to steal it from my mother's closet. She always kept it there in a beautiful bottle, with a silver stopper; but she only used it for medicine. After I was married, I tried, as you say, to wean myself from it, but I craved it more and more. I loved your father; he was very handsome; but I loved rum *better*. I loved *you*, dear, when you first

opened your eyes; when I felt your precious lips upon my breast, quivering my very heart-strings; but I loved *wine better*. I loved the fashion and gayety of life, pomp and show—but I loved the bottle with the silver stopper *better* than the glory of the world or——"

"The hope of heaven," said Elinor, timidly.

"Heaven," repeated the sufferer, slowly. "How strange your words sound! I used to hear them long ago. Sin against God! as if there was a God."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Elinor, earnestly, clasping her hands, "there is a God, madam, a just God, and he will not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. Oh! my mother, turn your thoughts to Him."

"Dear me, child, how excited you are!"

"Listen to me, madam," cried the earnest girl, falling on her knees, and looking in her blacked and darkened visage, "there is a God; but he is merciful as well as just; he is dealing in kindness with you now; you have still time to repent—time for forgiveness; for if you die——"

"I will not die! I cannot die!" screamed the frantic woman. "God!—heaven!—hell! No! ha! ha! it is only a scarecrow, held up, to *wean* people from their evil ways! God never made us, with such horrid propensities and dispositions, and to punish us for giving way to them. Oh, no! the Savior never died on the cross; his blood cannot wash out the foul stains of the soul. Heaven and the angels! it all sounds very sweet to dying ears, I suppose; but it cannot be! No! we sink into the earth—we lie and rot, and mingle with the sod."

"No, mother, no! the soul is immortal, and Christ has

died to redeem it, and he is ready now to intercede for you, if you will yield your heart to him—only think of him."

"Ah! if it is all true what you say, and what Jane Fairmont said long ago, it does me no good! I have sinned past hope! I have never given God one thought! I have left friends, husband and child——"

Her eye-balls glared from their livid lids; her frizzled hair stood out from her ashy brow, with its frightful, bleeding fissure; her mouth was wreathed with distorted smiles. "Oh! no, I cannot die! there is that within me which cannot be annihilated; 'tis the burning curse—the raging fire, that has been consuming me! I carry my punishment with me. Oh! Temple, strike me not with that heated club! it belongs to hell!—to the fiend with a thousand fangs! Ah! yes, I see now, it is the bottle of the intemperate; my own precious bottle, with its jeweled stopper. Don't pour it on my head! it burns like vitriol! Oh! for water to cool the consuming flames that are destroying soul and body! I thought that death was cold and turgid—that its breath was chilly, and its hands icy! I thought that the grave was damp, cold, and quiet, and that the worms would crawl in silence over the stiffened form; but no! it is a furnace of never-dying coals—of molten lead, seething and hissing like a volcano of eternal heat! Yes, yes, there is a God—a terrible God!"

"Yes, mother, but his name is love," cried the weeping daughter. "Jesus is your friend."

"No, not the drunkard's!" replied Mrs. Darby, tearing the bandages from her wounds, and the clothes from her bosom, "there is no water to quench the burning heart!—a

stream of liquid fire bathes the never-dying soul! Oh! for one drop of water!—water!—water!"

Poor Elinor hid her face in the counterpane, but the hideous cries, the blasphemous curses, and ranting of her insane mother, was more than her nature could bear. Almost senseless, she was taken from the room, and her friends were summoned to take charge of her.

Mrs. Darby's deathbed scene was too dreadful to dwell on. Elinor never left her until the closing hour, when her strength failed, and she was debarred from witnessing her death. But those who stood by her, declared it terrific.

Ben Darby died in prison before his trial for the murder of his wife had been concluded. His left cheek was entirely eaten out by the corrosive disease which liquor had produced. When brought out in his rough coffin, he was literally covered with worms—living worms! his corpse unfit for the dissecting-knife; and was tumbled into the earth, despised and forgotten.

Mrs. Darby was interred in Greenwood by her sorrowful daughter, with a plain stone to mark her resting-place. She, after all, secured the last advantage that her position had to offer on earth—an aristocratic grave.

Chapter 27.

Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday
And may be so to-morrow.—JOANNA BAILEY.

ONE little tear, like a clear drop from an April sky, lay upon the cheek of Kate Fairmont, when she kissed her mother and bade farewell to her brothers, sisters, friends, and happy home. Why should she weep? She had married the man she loved; he was all her imagination had formed of a perfect man, and she was yet too simple to dream that human nature was not always what it appeared to be.

He was handsome, talented, gentle, and acquiescing in his ways; so fascinating in his accents of love; so deep and passionate in his admiration of Nature—reverential to the Deity and free from the skepticisms of the day. As a lawyer and orator, he was making rapid advancements; his success was undoubted by his friends. Every one prognosticated that he would some day send up a rocket from the senate-chamber of Congress, that would emit a spark to every State in the Union, or perhaps he would grace the President's chair—why not?

Kate was very proud of her husband, he was so richly endowed by nature. His aspirations were lofty and noble. Brilliant in the manifestation of those springs of wealth which lie in the deep and exhaustless vein of every man's

heart, prince or peasant, whose valuable stores surpass the visions of the gold-dreamer. God has fashioned man after his divinity—the soul is linked with His eternal being. In this beautiful world of perishing joys, man has food for his deathless appetite. Before him are the mysteries of his being and his immortality to occupy his thoughts and engross his meditation. In the clear canopy above are the unapproachable planets—a glorious universe of light and darkness, the incomprehensibility of which draws from the elevated mind insatiable desires to trace the laws by which the natural world is sustained, the paths of those glorious orbs, and the relations they bear to each other. The simplest leaf, the tenderest blossom invites and stimulates the mind with exalted thoughts and endless inquiries. The inquiring intellect of man has no limits or boundaries, and none can fortell its final goal.

This is the standard of man, and when he walks forth clothed in the glory of his might, he is the noblest work of his Creator. It is not strange, then, that he should be the ideal of woman's love and adoration.

Kate felt very proud of her husband, especially when she contrasted him with a great many who crossed her way. He was so highly gifted, so perfect in form and address. None of your crank-sided, disjointed, hard, warped mortals so difficult to bend to reasonable purposes—not one with more money than brains and less brains than vanity. He was not one of those Mount Atlas, concerns, who throws himself on his prerogative and says: "My foot is on my native heather and my name is Mac Gregor!" nor did he belong to that peculiar set with which society is sometimes molested—those sacks of wind, inflating

and collapsing just as the spur of the moment dictates, catching at every new humbug, every popular theme; nor a double-fisted, propelling Hercules, who keeps the world dodging on either side, so if he does fight the battle of life manfully, he gains nothing by the combat but a knowledge of mankind and an equivocal reputation. He could not be placed among the slow-and-sure beings—remarkably slow and sure to do nothing with, when it is wearysome and unprofitable to travel the long, rough road of connubial life—a drone, whose saccharine disposition subjects you to none of the varieties of matrimony, but forever moves on in his course, like the routine of a treadmill, or sits up like a weathercock, veering with every breeze of the compass. He is still better than the cream-faced hypocrite, *sub rosa*, in all his measures, private or public, with scarcely courage enough to defend his umbrella — let alone his wife.

A woman is never proud of a silent husband, who holds his head up like a sign-post, and looks, for all the world, as if he was playing club-fist and was determined not to be caught napping. He never enters into explanations—his wife knows no more about him or his business than she does of the Royal-Arch Chapter of Masonry. She can never guess his thoughts or anticipate his wishes. When at home, he prefers "Harper," though a month old, to the converse of his wife or the prattle of the curly headed boy, who sits as still on his little chair as a wax-figure in a show-window. If he promenades, his wife goes by his side, like a self-propelling walking-cane. If he happens to speak, his remarks are sententious, uninteresting, and unedifying. So they pass on through life.

What a long, long road it must be; it seems interminable. Single blessedness is a joke to it.

Clarence Duval and Kate Fairmont bid fair for a happy pilgrimage. Everybody said they were made for each other.

"Hers the mild luster of the rising moon,
And his the radiance of the open day."

They left, the morning after their marriage, to visit his friends, and settle down at Saratoga for the season. Clarence was devoted to his bride, he seemed to almost worship her; for a week, nothing could tempt him an hour from her side. He evinced no disposition to engage in anything that separated them. She dreamed on; she heard his praises from every mouth, and listened, like a devotee, to the eulogiums bestowed upon him by strangers. She had never known his history, therefore, she had nothing to do but to *dream*.

Thus passed the hours away on golden wings, and hope keeping sentinel at the entrance of her heart.

The honeymoon had scarcely passed, when some of Clarence's old associates arrived at the Springs; not for the renewal of health, but for the reimbursement of their purses. They knew that he was there with his young bride—that her future happiness depended on his strict adherence to the temperance pledge. What cared they for *that?* They noticed his attentions to his wife; they noticed his temperance at table—his lofty and proud bearing among the élite of the grades by which he was surrounded; they knew, too, his weak point, that there was a little crevice in his nature through which every moral principle could be reached, if not entirely destroyed.

Whenever opportunity occurred, they assailed him at every point—congratulated him on his splendid prospects; praised the beauty and grace of his young wife—by degrees drew him more frequently from her side—assailed him with reproaches for deserting old friends. Frazier, more audacious than the rest, accused him of being ruled by his wife; and although Clarence was disgusted with his coarse inuendoes, yet still he felt them. Ridicule to him was insufferable, only when too drunk to heed its pointed arrow.

"Why don't your wife waltz?" asked Frazier, with well-feigned surprise. "If I had as charming a woman, I would make her waltz; trot her out and clear the stakes. By heavens! I would, Duval."

"My wife is opposed to dancing altogether," said Clarence, hurriedly.

"I would soon cure her of that, I warrant you. If she was to see you waltzing with the finest looking woman you could find, you would soon see her floating through the mazes of a waltz, with the airy agility of Peter Wilkins's *winged* wife."

"You do not know her, Frazier, therefore have no right to venture an opinion on what she might or might not do."

"I did not mean to offend you, Clarence; why, you are growing so testy."

"The effects of matrimony," said a tall, pale-visaged youth, with a glorious red moustache. "Young husbands are always so."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Frazier, "you ought to know Clarence Duval better than to suppose matrimony would change

him. Give us your hand, old comrade," and Frazier left him for that day. Like a wary spider, he had not yet completed his web, so that it would close around his victim. He spun on, and his prey came nearer and nearer every day.

"Clarence," said Frazier, coming up suddenly behind him, and laying his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, "I have just made a bet with Allen, and we agreed to leave it to you to decide."

"What is it?" asked Clarence.

"He says your wife is a Methodist. I swore it was slander."

"You have lost your bet," replied Clarence, flinching at the idea of his wife being the subject of their controversy.

"Ah! I ask pardon," said Frazier, drawing back, with well-assumed temerity. "I hope I have not offended you."

"By no means," answered Duval.

"It seemed so comical," ventured Frazier, "for a man of your free habits to marry a——"

"You have said enough on the subject, Frazier," said Duval, with a flushed cheek. "Another remark will subject you to my displeasure." He walked off, but before he got beyond hearing, his ears were assailed by a burst of merriment, of which, no doubt, he was the subject.

No sooner had Clarence left them than Frazier and his companion made a bet, that if Clarence could be forced to dance, his wife would not remain an idle spectator of the scene. Frazier said he knew the women too well to doubt it, but young Allen declared that Mrs. Duval was religious

from principle. They agreed that Allen should intrigue Clarence to dance with the beautiful Miss G——, and Frazier pledged himself to achieve the rest.

One evening she was sitting in the Verandah. It was crowded, but her husband was not there. He had often left her alone in the last two days, but Kate had not felt the change. She was not selfish, and felt happy to think her husband was enjoying himself; but this evening she felt a little sad, or rather reflective. She sat watching the clouds as they passed the stars, dimming up their brightness, until the moon suddenly bathed the trees and lawns in a flood of light. Her thoughts wandered beyond the blue sky; she felt that the world, even when it showered its golden favors, had not power to satisfy the immortal mind. The soul needs the converse of angels; it cannot be trammeled down to the rusty usages of earth, but seeks to satiate its longings in the dark, mysterious future—that future bears a charm, because it is mysterious. Kate was unconscious of the flight of time, until she heard the music and the dancing. She looked up, and Clarence was standing before her; the crowd was dispersing.

"Clarence," said she, touching his arm, "look at those beautiful clouds, tipped with the color of the rose."

"Splendid," said Clarence.

"Look at that white cloud that hangs, as it were, from the moon. It looks like the gate of heaven; the columns are carved and inlaid with silver, and set with diamonds. There stands the angel of admittance, in its long white robes. Those who enter the glorious portals go out no more forever. I can almost see through it:"

Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

No chilling wind and poisonous breath
Can reach that happy shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are feared and felt no more.

Filled with delight——

"For God's sake, Kate, desist," said Clarence, in a low voice, slightly shaking her arm. "Only see, how they are gathering to listen to your voice."

"Indeed, I was not conscious of it," replied she, hurriedly drawing back into the shadow of the door. "I was singing very low."

"Very, dear, but you have no idea how strange it sounded."

"What, Clarence?"

"That hymn you were singing."

"Do you really think so, or are you only quizzing me?"

"Everything you sing, dearest, sounds musical to my ear, but remember, there is a good variety of ears at Saratoga."

"Some long ones, no doubt," said Kate, with her sly, mischievous look, which was always irresistible.

"That may be, my little wife, but you know we must conform to the rules of society. We must do as our circle does, or be subject to its animadversions. Now, who ever heard that ditty sung here in the very midst of fashion?"

"Oh! Clarence! how can you call that lovely hymn a

ditty—it is a libel on your good taste;" she tried to smile, but could not, a tear, a legitimate tear came rolling suddenly from her eye.

"You are too enthusiastic, dear—do you know that I am sometimes jealous."

"Of whom, Clarence? tell me."

"No one in particular—but you are such an etherial being, I am afraid, some day, you will glide from my arms like a sunbeam."

"You do but jest, Clarence—I am nothing but a woman—a very frail one too."

"No Kate, you are perfect—too much so for this world; I wish you could be, dear, a little less religious."

"Less religious!" replied the young wife, as if she had not heard aright. "Clarence, I was just thinking that I had not been as faithful in my duty to my Maker, as I ought to have been—I have been so engrossed with your affection—with your society——"

"You are entirely too devout, Kate—you ought to conform more to the maxims and customs of the world. You are very young, and very beautiful—you ought to be the gayest of the gay—join in waltzing, and the amusements that surround you. I should glory in seeing you the 'observed of all observers.' I am ambitious Kate, you know—and very proud of my wife. If she was only a little more earthly—"

Kate pressed her lips together, a wild emotion checked her utterance.

"There are some old acquaintances here of mine—I should like to astonish them, Kate—I know you would be irresistible if you were gayer."

"I care for no man's admiration but yours, Clarence," replied Kate. "I am sorry—at least I always feared that I was too simple for one so gifted as you. Oh! my husband, be well assured of one thing—I will never prove unworthy of your regard. I will perform my duty—God helping me—but I cannot forget the precepts of my mother, or turn from the cross of my Redeemer."

"What harm is it to dance a little?—it cannot injure you, and would be beneficial to your health, much more so than moping about here talking to the moon, and imagining a thousand impossibilities."

"There is no harm in being cheerful and gay," replied Kate, smiling sweetly, "and I will jump and skip with you, as much as you please. I have felt very happy since I have been here—enjoyed myself very much—but I do not believe that a pure-minded wife, feels any additional happiness, from having the arms of half the men in the house around her waist. A wife should be as chaste as the 'iceicle that hangs upon Diana's Temple.'"

"You are too rigid—too musty in your notions for one so youthful—but you are very lovely in everything else," his face flushed, and he seemed over earnest. "But I suppose," added he "I shall have to bear it——"

"Clarence," said Kate, looking him unshrinkingly in his eyes, "I told you before we were married, that I was a professor of religion—a member of the church—you knew every sentiment of my heart—it was open to your inspection—no concealment whatever—all was fair as day—I told you often, I was too plain, too simple in my manners and ways. Did I not?"

"Surely you did—and you are the very best wife in the

world, only a little too sober—but see, yonder comes Frazier, he wishes to be introduced to you."

Kate took the arm of her husband, and sought once more the brilliant scene.

She was introduced to Frazier; but being well acquainted with his character, having had it from Elinor Temple, she shuddered at the sight of the smooth-faced hypocrite.

Clarence was afraid of offending Frazier, and having nothing to risk on his wife's behalf, left them standing together.

He invited her to promenade—but Kate coldly refused, and seated herself in the first vacant chair that offered itself. He threw himself gracefully beside her on an ottoman.

"I have not seen you waltz, Mrs. Duval."

"You never will, sir, I presume—I hope I shall never render myself so ridiculous."

"Ah! indeed, I was not aware of your sentiments."

"Of course not, sir."

"You dance sometimes," said Frazier with consummate assurance.

"Never."

"That is very strange, madam."

"Not very."

"May I ask your reasons for being so decidedly singular—handsome women are in favor of displaying their graces."

"It is against my own convictions of right and wrong, and against the tenets of the church of which I am a member."

"Oh pardon me, madam, if I ask how one so young

and so lovely, could give up the pleasures of the world? And my friend Clarence, do you expect to keep him in the charmed circle?—he has been a sad fellow in his day—you will never teach him your doctrines."

"I was not aware that Clarence had ever been wicked," said Kate.

"Wicked—Oh! my dear madam, I did not dare insinuate that. Oh! bless me, no!—I had only reference to our jolly meetings, and innocent sprees—very innocent, I assure you. Clarence is the life of his company—of course, he will desert us now."

"Of course," repeated Kate dryly.

Herman Frazier smiled, smoothed his moustache, and fixed his tiger eyes on the innocent countenance of his friend's wife. Presently a thought seemed to enter his brain. Suddenly he turned on his heel, and went into the saloon where the dancing was in progress—hurrying back to Mrs. Duval, he said:

"Perhaps, madam, you would like to see your husband waltz—he has the most beautiful lady in the room for his partner."

"He deserves the finest," replied Kate coolly; "as to his dancing, sir, I have seen him very frequently engaged in it—he is admirable in the ball room, or in any situation in society."

"Let me insist, Mrs. Duval, on having your hand for once only; it would be conferring an eternal favor. Can I not dare beg the favor?"

"I never dance, sir; and thank fortune! it cannot be forced on me as 'a medicine,' sir. We will understand each other perfectly well, when I say I am the cousin of

Elinor Temple. I wish you good evening, sir," and rising hastily, she sought another room and other company.

"You cannot wish me to associate with Herman Frazier?" said Kate, as she and her husband left the rooms.

"No," replied Clarence, hurriedly; "but treat him with civility. He is not a fit associate for either of us, but he is hard to deal with."

"He ought to be expelled from society!" said Kate.

"Well, dear, we will try to shun him; but pray, do not offend him. The fact is, we are old college associates, and you know, a man never gains popularity by cutting his former friends."

"Popularity is purchased very dearly at such prices," said the young wife.

Clarence accompanied her to their chamber, and excusing himself for an hour, left her to her own reflections and the solitude of night. She undressed herself; read a chapter in her bible; prayed long and fervently; looked out at the stars; thought of home, of mother, and dear, dear Elinor. Another hour and another; the lights went out one by one; the locking of doors ceased; no steps were heard along the halls but the heavy tread of the watch—sometimes the cough of an invalid—not often; then a noise of revelry in a distant room. Another hour, and the pale bride sought her pillow and wept—wept!

The first rays of morning came softly to that silent chamber; the lamp was still burning, but Kate was sleeping gently as in childhood; there was a flush on her cheek and tears, that lay like ice-pearls on her long eyelashes, told the secret of her heart.

A shadow passes around the couch, with unsteady steps;

the husband of a month draws aside the muslin curtain—he looks upon the form, so child-like and so helpless—conscience stirs up the shattered fidelity of his soul; he curses his weakness; bitter remorse is working within him; he tries to undress himself, but is perfectly unnerved; he tries to extinguish the lamp, but cannot reach it—he falls back, an object of disgust and brutal inebriation.

Chapter 28.

She rested her head on her hand and wept bitterly.—WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Kate awoke the next morning, the sun was glaring full on the face of the prostrate form of her husband. It was in vain she tried to bring him to himself. Mortified by the events of the night, she could not summon courage enough to meet the unfeeling crowd below. She closed her door against all intruders and commenced packing up her wardrobe.

Clarence had spent the night with the human vultures who had so ingeniously beset him. He had broken his pledge and lost large sums at cards. Frazier exulted over his conquest and took particular pains, as he afterward said, to brace him up tight.

His wife was deeply afflicted, but forced back her emotions and prepared herself for a campaign of warfare. No murmur or reproach reached the ears of Duval.

This was the first step after marriage.

That afternoon they returned to New York city. Duval paused and determined to reform. He was very popular and bid fair to become a distinguished citizen. He made many political speeches during the presidential canvass, for which he gained the warmest applause. He kept very sober and steady for months; his wife prayed and trusted. Ah, me! if prayers would arrest the victim of intemperance

and dash the chalice of poison from his lips, there would not be many drunkards. Every devotee of alcohol has some fond heart yearning for his reformation; although prayers may be unavailing for them still they are never lost—they bring to the fountain from which they spring blessings subsidiary to every effort of faith and love.

Clarence, poor Clarence, saw his situation; he was conscious of the awful precipice before him—the yawning gulf below; he heard the music of love wooing him back to his earthly paradise; but like one in a dream, he had not power to break the charm that bound him. Fortune smiled in vain. In vain his friends surrounded him with every incentive to sobriety. They sustained and propped him.

He lamented the crooked *paths* he *had* made, but shunned not the buoys that marked the shoals and quicksands that surrounded him. He acknowledged, with the frankness of a child, his delinquencies; made the strongest and most vehement promises to desist from his pernicious habits; but when temptation assailed him all was forgotten but the enchanted cup.

After frequently breaking his promises, he felt debased and humiliated; to escape this poignant feeling and to save the feelings of his wife, whenever he felt the approach of that insatiable thirst for stimulus taking full possession of his faculties, he would form excuses for absence—urgent business in Washington or Baltimore. Sometimes he did not go further than Brooklyn; he then commenced a regular course of voracious absorption. Without leaving his room for a week at a time, he consumed bottle after bottle, until his nervous system was unable to sustain the tax upon its vitality. Entirely prostrated, he would fall into a

stupor, which either ended in morbid debility or horrid delirium. He would then refrain, recover his usual ability, and return home to his wife. Such a course as this, however, could not be pursued long without making inroads upon his mind, body, and estate. Clarence began to feel it in every respect and tried hard to reform; yes, I will do him justice, he tried hard, but his disease had assumed a chronic form and required the most potent restoratives.

A new motive for exertion, a new tie to draw him back to the garden of the affections. It came from God, and it came in the form of an angel—an earthly angel, sent to call him back to virtue.

Clarence was moved to tears when it was given to his arms; and, laying it on the bosom of its mother, he knelt before it and prayed for strength, for nerve, to resist temptation. No doubt, if he had continued his devotion as a daily habit, the tempter would have left him—his contrition would have availed at last; but this praying once in a great while, and under peculiar circumstances, is not as efficacious as that of the woman who pleaded with the judge, and who was heard for her importunity, and blessed for her faith:

"A faith, that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without—
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt!

A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Illumes a dying bed."

Clarence kept his good resolution for some months. Kate had recovered from her confinement, and little Robin

was just beginning to "hold up his head, and look like a little man," a requisition which is made untimely and inconsiderately of gentlemen babies! They will hold up their heads soon enough if let alone, and, in course of time, will look like men (some *never* will). However, as I was saying, Robin began to laugh and crow, and throw up his little fat arms as all healthy children do. He was, of course, the idol of father and mother. Kate loved him more, because he had been the means of reforming his father.

Women are so confiding, and have been so easily beguiled and deceived, ever since the days of our mother Eve, it seems to me, they never will learn mistrust. They catch at every little straw, every little fillet of sunshine, that circles on life's waters. It matters not how often the straws sink, or the light vanishes, it is all the same—they grapple at them again, with renewed avidity; for life is made up of hopes and fears, broken sunlight, and evening shadows.

Kate promised herself that her husband would never drink again. She was so happy, in her own home, with her dear Clarence—so steady and reasonable—and her precious new baby!

On New Year's morning, Mr. Duval dressed himself to make his accustomary visits on that day. He never looked handsomer; his wife felt so proud of him as she saw him turn from the mirror, where he had taken a last review, to see if all was *comme il faut*. He kissed his wife—tossed up the "little rascal" in his arms, and went out in a charming humor with himself and all the world. He had made but a few calls, and tasted but few glasses of wine, before the demon of insatiable thirst seized upon him; wife, children, friends, respectability, decency — all were forgotten; his

aristocratic adventure ended in a drunken spree, of brutal and degraded features.

Hour after hour passed away. The servants retired to rest. Kate sat watching the omnibuses as they passed up and down, expecting every moment to see her husband spring from one of them. At last the noises ceased gradually; the carriages ceased running, and comparative silence reigned, where so late all was confusion and discord. The rain began to fall, and the wind awoke up as from a deep sleep. Robin opened his eyes, smiled and frolicked, because the bright rays of the gas flickered and flared over his cradle.

Oh! how I do wish he would come, thought Kate — the baby is so lively!—his papa never saw him in such a humor! dear, precious lamb! Then she would walk the room, and, looking at the comforts which surrounded her, solace herself with the thought that she was not entirely deserted and miserable, as she might be. She was not exposed to the mercy of the elements — she had shelter and friends; then the sweet babe (acting as if it were "bewitched,") in the cradle! Oh! what a blessing precious Robin was to his lonely mamma!

She was still sitting over the expiring coals, half undressed, trying, in vain, to subdue the gymnastic exercises of the cradle performer, dreading, she scarce could tell what; the door bell was handled very unceremoniously. Without waiting to see if the summons was regarded by the servant, she glided down, with a shawl about her shoulders, and opened the door. She turned pale, and would have fainted, in all probability, had she not caught in her rapid glance without, the terrible eyes of

Herman Frazier upon her, like the gloating glance of a prairie wolf!

Clarence was too drunk to walk. Two men were supporting him by his arms — his whole body, heavy and languid, hung loose and lifeless. The wife comprehended the whole matter in a moment. Those men were police officers. Frazier and her husband had been drinking. They had tried to find the way home, but could not. Clarence had fallen over the curb into the gutter. Frazier had raised a muss, and the police had to be summoned.

Clarence Duval — the proud, the noble, the talented, the beloved father of her darling boy! Kate stood firmly in the doorway.

"Gentlemen," she said, smothering her emotion, "please take my husband to his room — the one that is lighted." She held the door as they brought him in, then closing it on the form of Herman Frazier, who pressed against it.

"Desist, sir! I will let no drunkard enter this house but its master!" She fastened the door, and followed the officers up. After they had deposited their burden upon a sofa, they left, with injunctions from Mrs. Duval, to take away with them the man on the steps. Poor human nature—how fallen!—how low!

"Clarence! Clarence!" said his wife, in a burst of agony. No answer. The rest of the night was spent with a madman! Even the cradle, with the little newcomer, had to be removed for safety. This is no fiction—but the picture of a home—a drunkard's home!

Chapter 29.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

WEEKS and months of dissipation wrought a distressing change in Clarence's affairs; his prospects were under a cloud—business ceased—friends became weary of his recklessness — men of business habits and steady morality looked coolly on him. Mrs. Fairmont had moved to the country, to rear her small children, and was not apprised of her daughter's situation. His own relatives had borne with him until patience was no longer a virtue; (at least they viewed it in that light) his wife's ample fortune was going like snow-flakes beneath a March sun; how could it be otherwise, when there was no management or economy to husband its interest; Kate looked on, and seeing but little ground remaining to rebuild her hopes on, was sad and almost heart-broken. Reflecting long and gravely on the subject, she at last made up her mind.

It was a dark, rainy night; Robin had just recovered from a violent sickness—Theodore had been his physician, and Elinor his nurse; Clarence had come out from one of his "big drunks," as the Indians call it, and sat moodily over the fire, with his hair disheveled—his feet half-way in his slippers, the very picture of debauchery—the wreck of all that was glorious, brilliant in form, affection and

intellect; Kate, gentle and fresh, as in the first days of marriage, watched his every wish, every comfort; but she possessed a sensitiveness which made her recoil from sympathy; this was her weak point; she was proud, and her pride had been wounded by the conduct of her husband: she resolved to make one more effort to redeem her former prospects—her standing in society; yes, she would make one more struggle before the waves closed over her!

Drawing her chair closely beside him, she laid her hand on his, and looked him full in his face.

"Clarence, did you know that our money affairs are in much disorder, and need attention; that we must sell stock to pay debts?"

"How did that come to light?" asked Duval, grumly; "it is not a woman's place to search into her husband's affairs."

"I did not, Clarence; but uncle Temple was here yesterday, and told me that things were getting quite desperate."

"Certainly, I know my own business."

"What are your future plans; if you will confide in me I shall be able to assist you in arranging your accounts."

"Attend to house concerns, Mrs. Duval; look after your cook and chambermaid."

"I have been my own cook for weeks, Clarence," replied Kate, in a husky voice; "my chambermaid left before Robin had the croup."

"I was not aware of that," replied the husband, with a bitter sneer; "it is a queer fancy, but it is your business, not mine."

"We must curtail expenses," dear, said his wife, trying

to keep up her resolution despite of his nonchalance; "and I think husband ——"

"What do *you think*, I am impatient to hear," he said, in mock gravity.

Kate tried to speak, but felt exactly as if she had an india-rubber ball working up and down her throat; she turned her face toward the fire, rubbed her hands together nervously, and suddenly bent over the cradle.

"Nay," cried Clarence, the blood rushing to his temples, "I insist on knowing your thoughts."

"Listen, then," said Kate, with sudden energy; "I have long wanted to speak; I felt it my duty to do so. Clarence Duval, hear me. I know that I am doomed to be the wife of an habitual drunkard; I see no other hope—I know what is before me; as you well knew before you married me, I am the child of a drunkard; my childhood—no—I never had any childhood; my early days were spent in fear, mortification, and want. I watched my mother's tortuous routine of trial and grievances; I know what is before me, but at the same time I feel strong with devotion to you, and faith and love in Him who will never forsake me; I will never murmur, or reproach you, or desert you; but one thing I must insist on—it is all I now hope or expect—take me from my friends and playmates—take me to some strange land—take me where I am not known; it kills me to see my friends tortured by my misfortunes; take me to some little village on the Ohio river, or to Texas, where sympathy is unknown; there I will endeavor to educate my child, and hide myself from the world's compassion. I cannot live here—I will not tax my friends, or seek charity from those who look coldly on you; if I must in the end

rely on the generosity of my fellow-creatures, I will crave it from the cold-hearted stranger. Draw up your accounts—settle with my guardians, and let us move off to some distant place."

Clarence listened in surprise and silence to her words; his heart had not yet lost its every chord of feeling; tears fell from his eyes, and in a burst of enthusiasm he caught her in his arms.

"It shall be as you please; you are my guardian spirit; I know and feel that I have destroyed your happiness; I will make no new promises, but I hope, Kate, that —— that the future will recompense you for all your privations."

Earth has no reward for her who clings to the drunkard's fate with fidelity and trust; the compensation can be found but in the joys of Heaven; Angels whisper it — God gives it.

Chapter 30.

And unto man he said, "Behold the fear of the Lord; that is wisdom: and to depart from evil is understanding.—JOB.

THE death of Mrs. Ben Darby was attended by so many cruel and offensive incidents, that Elinor never fully recovered from the shock. The horrible scenes of her last moments often forced themselves upon her recollection, in the gayest circles. It was a shadow upon the way of life, that no sunshine could displace. Death is terrible at all times, but its horrors are chased away, when the angel of mercy comes to the sufferer with the olive-branch of peace, and the Savior's precious relic, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Elinor had no cheering evidence of a re-union with the departed, but shuddered whenever a thought of her mother crossed her mind.

I will say a word here about young Harper, in order to show how the dearest objects of life may be obtained by the destitute and friendless young man—how all the evils of temptation, want and delinquencies may be shunned by him, who sets out with a firm resolution never to yield in one iota where firmness and trust are the weapons of conquest.

He commenced as poor as ever a boy did, and progressed with as little assistance; but in his conduct displayed such noble refinement of mind—such a nice distinction of honor,

and such unyielding integrity, that every one relied upon him in the fullest faith—even his classmates, who laughed at his staid morality and unimpeachable purity of thought.

Theodore knew that he was poor, and that he had his fortune to make and his character to establish in the world. He knew, also, that the Temples were interested in his fate—that he had a claim upon their interest, at least he had always felt that he had. He resolved, from the first, to be the builder of his own fortune. The idea of being dependent on any one, was intolerable to him. He began at the foot of the ladder; but a faithful adherence to truth, and the discharge of the duties devolving upon him, no matter how arduous, rendered him trustworthy and persevering.

This indomitable courage, so admirable in man, was a bulwark against temptation. He was not gifted like Clarence; not handsome and captivating at first sight, nor had he such an education; but he improved every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and lived, with the future before him, holding out its bright promise of hopeful success. Many a youth has started in life with good principles, and a fair conception of right and wrong; but the want of moral courage has left them open to new incentives.

When Theodore left Mr. Temple and Elinor in the omnibus, it was with a determination never to present himself before him again in a dependent situation. He despised the low, retrograde situation in which he was living, carrying bricks from morning until night, without relaxation or mental advancement.

"I will never lift another brick!" cried Theodore, shaking his fists together, "never! I will not be an object of pity and compassion to my few friends—such friends too;

I will let them see I am a man—that I can fight the battle of life like a hero, and take my stand in society, side by side, with them. I will be Elinor's equal, or never again offend her sight. When she receives me again, it shall be as a brother. I will not cause the tears to start in her eyes because I am friendless and shabby." He looked at the ring on his little finger, which Elinor had forced upon it in her childish sympathy. "No, Elinor, I would rather be forgotten than remembered in pity."

He was as good as his word, as far as the brick was concerned. He returned no more to his employer, but putting his shirts in his pocket, which Hannah had bought for him, he wandered down to Fulton ferry; he stopped at a stall, and bought him a roll for his breakfast. While he sat on an old boiler eating his bread, he was accosted by a porter, who was carrying baggage on board the Mermaid, bound for Cuba.

"Square your yards, my lad, and let your uncle pass."

"You are no uncle of mine," replied Theodore, moving up quickly, and smiling in his face.

"Can you prove it?" asked the porter, with a quizzical wink.

"I do not know that I can."

"Well, never say a thing that you can't establish afore a jury. I say I am your mother's brother, so come along like a good boy, and help us carry this baggage to the Mermaid."

Theodore merrily laughed, and taking the heavy carpet-bag, followed his new acquaintance on board the Mermaid.

"Put it down here, my fine fellow, and let's go and wet our fore-sheet."

"What is that?" asked Theodore, playfully putting his

hand on his shoulder, and smiling trustfully in his face. "Is it to drink?"

"Yes, my lad."

"Oh! well, I will not drink," said Theodore, with a firm look. "I would not do it for my best friend."

"Well, here is a cut of tobacco."

"I never chew," said Theodore.

"Why you don't know what is good," replied the porter.

"Well, what do you say to a trip on the Mermaid?"

"I should not mind going if I could make it tell," replied the youth.

"How?"

"Get wages, or do something to give me a lift."

"Come ahead, then, my lark," said the man.

Theodore looked around at the strange building with genuine delight; he had never seen any larger vessel than the sloops and schooners of the Appomatox and James river. Before he was aware of it, his new friend passed him forward into the cabin, where he ordered him to pull off his hat.

"Have you succeeded in getting me a boy?" asked a pale, intellectual man lying on a sofa.

"Yes, sir, I have brought a chap here that will do his duty. What say you, my boy, to a trip for your health?"

"All but that!" said Theodore, with his mountain blush.

"Health!" repeated the pale, harassed victim of dyspepsia; "why he would make a statue for a fountain of Hygieine!"

"Well, to see the world, my boy, what say you?" asked his patron.

"If I could make it profitable," replied Theodore; "I would not care to go, but I am poor."

"You need not tell the gentleman that," said the porter, with a caustic smile.

"What will you give him, sir?" asked the porter; "you see he is poor."

"I will not go as a servant," said Theodore.

"What then?" asked the porter.

"Sir," said the youth, approaching the invalid; "I will nurse you, read for you, write, or wait on you, as need may be, but I want to do this as your friend; if my passage will be worth that to you, agreed, if not, why——"

"There is no harm done, my lad," said an Irishman, who was adjusting the pillow under the sufferer's head; "can you read?"

"Yes, and write almost as good as Mr.——"

"Who is he?"

"Why, my old schoolmaster."

"No doubt, a very worthy personage. So you are willing to go as a friend and assistant, but not as a servant?"

"Not as a servant if I can help it."

"A friend is a prize, they say," said the sick gentleman; "I should like to have one—I never have had one—no, not one. Well, let us try it. I will pay your passage to Cuba. If we can't get along after that, why, we will part in peace."

"I will go," said the boy.

"Be off for your traps, then," said the porter.

"I have none."

"No clothes, my boy?" asked his new employer.

"None, sir, but a couple of shirts—I have them in my pocket."

"Why, he is a perfect terrapin!" said the porter.

"You will be after taking leave of your friends, darlint?" said Peter Malone; "the mother that bore you?"

"I have no friends—my mother is in heaven!"

"Oh! I ask pardon; but may-be and you have a nate swateheart of your own, who will look for that face of yours the day out!"

"He is too young for that, Peter," said the patient.

"Mayhap, then, a sweet little creature that loves him like a brother."

Theodore thought of Elinor, and a chill fell on his heart, his lip quivered a moment, but he looked unflinchingly at his interrogators. He commenced his new avocations with a resolution to meet the approbation of his new friend and secure the good opinion of all with whom circumstances might throw him.

The voyage was protracted, yet it was very pleasant to Theodore; its novelty was its chief delight.

Doctor Mitford was quite young, but his constitution was so impaired by early excesses that he looked old and almost decrepid. He had set out in life with a fine education, a handsome fortune, and an unsullied character.

He became fond of his cups, and although he never became an habitual drunkard, still it was the greatest enemy he had. He drank hard until he found his constitution failing, his practice declining, and his friends dropping off. The young creature, whom his heart had selected for its idol, became disgusted with his intemperance and returned the gifts of her affiance and parted forever. She

married a prudent and sober youth of less pretensions and left her former lover to weep over the inconstancy of woman. He never married but nurtured a morbid disgust to the sex and humanity in general. He had gradually broken off his intemperate habits and was going to Cuba to try the climate. He was pleased with the devotion of Theodore, who nursed him like a brother and attended to his every want. The invalid improved rapidly in his health, and as he gained strength, he began to show an increasing interest for his young companion. He devoted a part of every day to the improvement of his developing faculties. He found Theodore a better scholar than he expected, and after a year's residence in Cuba, he commenced business in New Orleans and Theodore became a student of medicine. Doctor Mitford's business rendered young Harper indispensable to his employer. He began from this period to receive a salary as clerk in the firm of Mitford & Morgan. In four years he had saved money enough to finish his education, and, with rigid economy, to support him until he could commence practice. He manfully succeeded in working through all these difficulties; after which he came to New York to perfect himself in his profession by practicing in the hospital.

While at college he became acquainted with Mrs. Sandford, who was the sister of Doctor Mitford. This will explain why he was so interested for that desperate youth. When he returned to New York, his first thought was the Temple family, and when he saw Elinor on the New World he could scarcely refrain from making himself known, but pride whispered, wait a little until you ascend a foot or two higher on the ladder of fortune; and he was patiently abid-

ing his time, when circumstances threw them together. Since that period he had become a constant visitor, and by his manly, independent course of conduct secured the esteem of Mr. Temple and the admiration of the ladies.

Hannah Reeves, who was a very close observer of matters in general and love affairs in particular, said that—"Old coals were soon kindled."

Chapter 31.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise;
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.—BRYANT.

ON the Ohio river, more than a hundred miles from Cincinnati, stands a neat and picturesque village, that bears a significant cognomen, but I will, in my simple narrative, call it Hap-Hazard; in the first place, because there are so many growing towns on that lovely stream, so nearly resembling each other, that you might settle down in any one hap-hazard, and never hit the right one. In the second place, the reader will be very apt to recognize the place, if he has ever had the pleasure of trying its unpretending hospitalities.

The place I refer to, was composed of a variety of the human species. It made up in diversity what it lacked in immensity. Many of our western settlements are composed of persons from one particular part of the globe. Some are nearly all French or Germans; some are chiefly North Carolinians or New Jersey emigrants; some are settled by Catholics, Presbyterians, or Quakers. The majority of many of these little villages belong to the Big church, as Lorenzo Dow used to express it. But this little village is a different affair; it is a mixture of all things —

Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and Spirit Rappers—and dram drinkers. It has several churches, a court-house, some dry-good stores, one milliner shop, a school-house, and several coffee houses (at least they bear that name), and one ice cream saloon.

Hap-Hazard, however, was called a very moral place. It was really so, in comparison with many others on the river, yet it was a very good field for litigation, and the court was well attended by lawyers, and the jail was scarcely ever tenantless.

As you wend your way up from the river bank to the center of the town, you are astonished at the "goodly prospect" before you; the beautiful hills and dales, covered with the richest growth—groves of stupendous beech and maple, stretching themselves in primeval beauty; on the right and on the left lay the helter-skelter village; it was planned, no doubt, by some early pioneer, who did not understand trigonometry. The sweet little cottages, seemed as if they had not been built there, but had floated down and rested, in high water, on the hills and in the glens. Its white spires, and the old, long, red school-house, gave it a very romantic and classical appearance.

Peter Larkins, in his sojourns westward, had selected this little place as the theater of his future performances. He reformed in it; became a member of the Temperance Society, and by diligence and continued sobriety, became a worthy member of society. With the genuine sympathy of an intelligent brotherhood, he succeeded, by degrees, in making a very respectable living. He built him a neat house, planted an orchard, and had everything in order to

receive Susan. And never did a bird fly to its nest in the willow trunk, with lighter wing, and more tuneful heart than that loving wife did to her reformed husband. All old scores were wiped out from her remembrance, and she thought only of the lover of her youth, and the father of her children.

As Mr. Grimes and his family were preparing to emigrate, at least they had been talking and framing a long time, when Peter's letter came, they unanimously concluded that it would be better to go together; and as they had no particular object in view, but a new country and rich land, it was finally agreed that Hap-Hazard should be their future destiny. If I had any thought that my reader would be interested in a detail of the many incidents relative to emigrating, and the circumstances and disasters upon their long and hazardous journey, I would pause to dwell upon them; but it is not the point of my tale, and it is sufficient to say, that the Grimes' family, with Peter Larkins' wife and children, bade farewell to their old homes, their mountain scenes and wondering friends, drew up their stakes, and started westward to the new country in the valley of the Ohio. Many were amazed to think of people, with plenty around them, going such a wild-goose chase into the backwoods, leaving such a nice home in a cultivated and refined country, going too to a free state, where a white-man had to work like a "nigger," killing his own pork, and hoeing his own corn; they "knowed nobody would catch them at that game," still they looked long and sorrowfully at the little caravan, as it wound up the big hill on its western exploration.

The emigrants from the mountains were very much

pleased with their adopted country, and settled down to the new fangled ways and manners of the mixed society of the village, as if they had never moved in a different orbit; they were happy themselves, and tried to make others so. It is true, the people did not talk and act exactly as they did in old "Virginny," but it was not reasonable to suppose they would, and even if they did, there were many things in the western customs, much more desirable than some at the Key settlement; "anyhow, it seemed more in the world," and more like living. Mrs. Grimes yielded, in many respects, to the new opinions which were forced upon her, but she always held on to one old notion: "After all is said and done," she would say, "the old Virginians are the most hospitable people in the world, that is, as far as my knowledge extends."

The village of Hap-Hazard, by some fortuitous event, became also, the resting-place of Clarence Duval. They had removed to Cincinnati, much against the will of Kate's friends, but she was steadfast to her plans, believing firmly, that her husband would reform under different circumstances. They would leave behind his associates, who seemed determined to nip every recuperative bud, by their vile temptations; that in a new land, among strangers, he would find none so eager to press to his lips the Circean cup, whose fatal draught brutalizes its victim. With such hopes, she left home, and friends, luxury, and ease, to follow the dark way of an insane husband.

Yes, insane! How could a man, in the full possession of his mental faculties, act so contrary to his interest and the happiness of his family. They removed to Cincinnati. For months, Clarence was sober. He elicited the notice

of the public by his eloquent speeches before the jury—gained the patronage necessary to establish him at the bar. He was doing his best to make character in the community, when all on a sudden he gave way to his besetting temptation; his business was neglected, and the court terms were selected as the most desirable period for his mammoth sprees. He was often carried from the bar too drunk even to preserve order. His gifts of mind, by degrees, rusted, as all bright things do, if not used and carefully rubbed up. He lost his fine flow of language—his happy tropes and figures; that elegant combination of thought—the sublimation of human intellect. His love for the beautiful—the cultivation of art and science, which had at first forced those rare scintillations from his matchless genius, had no longer power to please him. Gloomy, morose and wretched, he silently walked from his office on Main street, to his little dwelling on the roadside. That small residence, with its broken fence, its uncultivated garden, and straggling rose-bushes, spoke for itself and its occupants; but no one would ever have dreamed it was the home of the pure and refined.

Chapter 32.

Ah! gentle dames, it gans me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet—
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.—BURNS.

AMONG the various societies of Hap-Hazard, for the benefit and amelioration of the human race, was the "Ladies' Union Missionary Sewing Society." It congregated once in every week, at different houses, suiting itself to the convenience of its numerous members. Its officers were active and efficient in their operations; that is, whenever they could settle unanimously on a subject. The great feat to perform generally was, to bring them into that desirable position, for every one had their opinion (who ever knew a woman without one?) and held on to their rights with great tenacity, and were remarkable for carrying their point *pour et contre*, as the case might be. I would not convey the idea that the ladies of Hap-Hazard were more difficult to concorporate in their various propositions, than ladies generally are; but I speak of it as a general thing; and the ladies of the Union Missionary Sewing Society of Hap-Hazard were not an exception to the rule. Women are unionists in the abstract—not in the aggregate.

The first lady that entered the society, (it met at Mrs. Grimes's), was a pale-faced, weakly looking creature, with a hectic cheek. She was dressed simply, and looked as if she had not yet concluded to live or to die. She had been dying ever since she was married, but some how or other,

she made out to get along on the highway of life pretty fast. She had breathed on, through her threatening doom, until she was thirty-five, and had made her husband the envied father of nine boys. Mrs. Grimes said, "that was all that kept her alive!"

Mrs. Rosburn came in before Mrs. Pinkton had taken off her things. She was a very handsome lady—very lady-like and affable in her appearance — her language was decidedly grammatical, and smacked of city experience. No one found fault with Mrs. Rosburn's manners; yet she did not seem very popular, considering she had so many advantages, and so many facilities to please. She seated herself in the big rocking-chair, and, drawing out the skirt of her black silk dress, smiled complacently, as much as to say, I am not quite approachable — pray don't come too close! There was something in her that could not be passed. Mrs. Grimes said "it was the Eastern streak, and you might as well try to walk over the Ohio, as to get past it!"

Mrs. Saul Jenkins was the president of the society. She was one of your good, kind, bustling old ladies, with a heart as large as a millstone, and as soft as a sponge. She could cry one minute at the sorrows of her friends, and the next, laugh at their ridiculous ways; her hand was open "as day to melting charity," and whenever anything was concocted for the benefit of the poor or the helpless, Mrs. Jenkins was sure to be there, and no mistake. To her was consigned, by mutual consent, the management of affairs.

"Ladies, I declare I am sorry I kept you waiting so long!" said Mrs. Saul Jenkins, bustling into the room where the

ladies had already commenced ransacking the baskets for unfinished garments, "but our clock run down, for a wonder, for it keeps monstrous good time, and that put me a little behindhand, and just as I was putting on my bonnet to start, in comes Sam Jones to see if he could get the loan of our big copper kettle to make apple butter. I went into the smoke-house to get it, and lo! and behold! Sally had left the hickory dye in it ever since I colored the warp for my rag carpet! It took me a full half hour to brighten it, and don't you think, after all, it was too little!"

"It is morally impossible, Mrs. Jenkins," said Mrs. Pinkton, "to expect a girl to keep things tidy. If you believe me, the last time I was at the Society, that great *gump* of a girl of ours burnt up an oven of bread as black as a coal, and the cow got into the back shed and eat up a barrel of potatoes and turned over a churn of soft-soap."

"La, me! that would have bought truck enough to make two or three shirts for the heathens," said Miss Fobes, an old lady who tried to appear very youthful; "I do declare, what a pity!"

"Yes, I guess it was a pity, and Mr. Pinkton said charity began at home, and that I had better let the Sewing Society *sweat* and stay at home and keep things posted. Men are so unreasonable, Mrs. Grimes, don't you know it?"

"Indeed, not I," replied the lady addressed; "they like to see things snug at home, in doors and out. I would not give a pinch of snuff for one of your poke-easy sort, that comes and goes, like a domestic critter, to get his grub, and

never knows whether his wife or the kitchen-girl makes his tea."

"I would prefer such a man," said Miss Fobes, "to one like Mr. Sharpe; he is a real cot-Betty, poking his nose into every hole and corner on the premises. Mrs. Sharpe *never* sees a quiet moment. She can't lend a neighbor a making of tea, but he is consulted, or give away an old petticoat but what he must survey it from top to bottom to see if it is *givable.*"

"Well, I delare!" cried Mrs. Lawson, a pretty little woman with very black eyes and white teeth; "if a man was to fool about my concerns in that kind of style, he would be very apt to catch it. I despise to see them mixing up messes or meddling in any way with house concerns. In Kentuck they are raised to know better."

"Indeed, I think it is as much their duty to see to things as the wife's," said Mrs. Rosburn; "the New England men make the best husbands in the world; they are so handy—especially with cows and butter."

"Well, well! I had rather see a bear-fight than to see a man churning. La! Mrs. Rosburn! I hope you don't use your husband for that purpose?" said Miss Fobes, laying her work down on her lap and laughing heartily.

"Dr. Rosburn never does anything beneath the dignity of a gentleman," replied his lady drawing herself up very proudly.

"Never let him churn then," added Miss Fobes.

"How mistaken you are, Miss Fobes!" said Mrs. Overton, playfully; "I think it the pleasantest thing in the world to have Henry pottering round the house and kitchen

with me, helping me to peel apples or string beans, or rock one side of the cradle while I rock the other."

"Of course," said Miss Fobes, sarcastically; "I would not object to the latter employment as it must be so *very* profitable!"

"I am like Mrs. Overton," said Mrs. Grimes, looking benignly over her spectacles; "I like the men folks, and I will own up to it, and I believe there is only one in ten but what would do right if his wife would only let him."

"Oh! Mrs. Grimes!" cried Mrs. Pinkton.

"It is a fact—I know it," said the old lady.

"I am never happy without my husband is at home," said Mrs. Judge Wilford; "although I have been married twenty-five years, and have lived half that time alone, for *he* is always nearly on the circuit."

"La! Mrs. Wilford! I would not be tied to any one that way," cried Miss Fobes.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Pinkton.

"Where is Mrs. Larkins?" asked the lady president; "she does not attend very regularly."

"Susy has her hands full at home, I guess," replied Mrs. Grimes; "she han't no notion leaving unless everything is just *so*. She never neglects home—she had rather pay the fine. All who are engaged in this good cause ought to double diligence at home—never curtail domestic comfort; for when a man comes home and finds his wife gone he is very apt to conceit half his comfort is gone, but if he is put off with a half-cooked supper and a dirty tablecloth, and the young ones cutting up, he falls out of humor with himself and everybody else. I never knew a hungry

man, under such circumstances, anything but ill-disposed some way; such times I feel for them."

"Oh! yes! they are lords of creation, and ought to be attended to above all things. Now I think, a woman has her rights, or *should* have them," said Miss Fobes.

"That is well put in, Miss Eliza," cried Mrs. Tucker; "for my part, I think they are very little but slaves—worse than some slaves I know. I can't see that they have any rights at all."

"All a mistake, Mrs. Tucker," replied a little pale-faced lady in a green tissue with a pink neck-ribbon and a cameo breastpin as large as a door-knob; "she has a right to stay at home and have a baby every fifteen months; to make pies and corn dodgers—that is, if she can get the wherewithal to make them; then she has a right to work, to patch her husband's pants; to sew on his everlasting buttons; to set up every night with a sick child, until he comes home from the Odd Fellows' Hall, or the temperance meeting; or if it is election times, you have a right to stay home and get up big dinners, while *he* takes care of the president's business and comes in at meal times, with a regiment of *Hoosier gougers* to muss up the house and spit on your clean carpets—but you can't vote. No! a woman can't vote."

"Nor figure in the Senate," said Miss Fobes.

"No," said Mrs. Grimes; "God has given her a different place. Adam was made first, and all creation was put under his administration—woman's place is by his side to assist and comfort, honor and obey."

"Some husbands," said Mrs. Pinkton, looking indig-

nantly, "could not be honored even if they were obeyed—such poor, pusillanimous——"

"When I say *man*," said Mrs. Grimes, "I mean man, and not individual brutes."

"I like the men very well in their proper places, and in season," said Mrs. Pinkton.

"That is to say, when you want money," said Miss Fobes; "or to take a trip to the 'Falls,' or to New York city, or sit up with the sick baby or in case of a thunder-storm. Mrs. Jenkins, must I put sleeves in this apron?"

"Just as you please, dear."

"How do you like our new preacher, Mrs. Rosburn?" asked Mrs. Paine.

"I have never heard him."

"Never heard him! how you talk."

"I attend Mr. Gray's church."

"Ah! indeed!"

"Mr. Gray is from the east, is he not?" asked Mrs. Paine.

"Yes indeed!" replied Mrs. Rosburn, "you can tell that as soon as he rises in the pulpit—he is very graceful."

"Well, that's the main thing," said Mrs. Saul Jenkins; "if he only has his heart full of grace, that is the best gift he can possess."

"I heard some one say he was an Odd Fellow," said Mrs. Tucker.

"If there is anything *odd* about him, I never noticed *it*," replied Mrs. Jenkins.

"The Order of Odd Fellows, I mean, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Preachers have no business in such conclaves," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Why, it is a very good institution," said Mrs. Paine, "and I can't see why preachers may not reap its benefits."

"Benefits! la! Mrs. Paine," said Mrs. Pinkton, "do you let Mr. Paine pull the wool over your eyes that way. I know very well, if there was anything so very good in it they would not cover it up so closely."

"They do a great deal of good, I know," replied Mrs. Paine, tartly, and her eyes snapped like a wild cat's. "Look at the widow McKenis—what would she have done if it had not been for the Odd Fellows—all the time he was sick, they kept him, and paid his doctor bills, and buried him—and only see now how genteel the girls look, and Walter is going to college—now don't tell me they are not doing good."

"Dear me, Mrs. Paine, you need not flare up that way; I mean that a man has no business with secrets—he ought not to know anything but what his wife does," said Mrs. Pinkton.

"Then some of them would know very little," whispered Mrs. Berryman, a lady with a bright sunny look, and a dimple in her cheek. "Please hand me that gusset, Mrs. Smith."

"What! put gussets in a sack?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, it is useless—they will not know the difference in Ohati."

They both laughed heartily at poor little Mrs. Pinkton, but the simple soul thought they were laughing at the South Sea Islanders.

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad free monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

But there was no such talisman vouchsafed to Mrs. Pinkton—so she was often found shooting her arrows in the dark—sometimes they rebounded.

Mrs. Smith took her work, and went over to the window, where Mrs. Pinkton was cutting out aprons for the coming generation. She seated herself, and sewing rapidly without raising her eyes, said, "Mrs. Pinkton, was Mrs. Berryman laughing at you?"

"No—why should she?"

"Yes she was!"

"Is my collar on straight?"

"Yes—it is very becoming."

"Oh, well! it could not have been me she was quizzing."

"She was *though*," answered Mrs. Smith, "she has a fashion of making jests—these western people all do it and we never get thanked for trying to refine them—they are so rude and so uncouth. I wonder if Indiana will ever be civilized," continued Mrs. Smith, raising her voice for the benefit of her listeners.

"After a while—I hope it will, at least," said Mrs. Rosburn, "there are a great many eastern folks coming out—indeed there is a great change since I came."

"When I came out," said Mrs. Smith, "I did not think I could stand it a week longer—we could not get anything we wanted—and the houses are put up like barns, and with so little judgment—no pantries, no dressing closets—the poorest dwelling in New England is better fixed."

"After all, however," said Mrs. Berryman, triumphantly, "Indiana is the fifth State in the Union."

"Gracious! I don't see how that can be," cried Mrs.

Pinkton, "it ain't the fifth, in my opinion, by a dozen—I never shall be able to enjoy myself here."

"Why don't you go back?" said Mrs. Berryman, "no use suffering here, when you could be so happy at your old home."

"Well, Mr. Pinkton gets a fine practice here—the place is well calculated for his business—we came out to *make money*.

"He skins the Hoosiers, and you abuse them—that is not fair," said Mrs. Berryman laughing.

"No," cried Mrs Jenkins, "you must not drink the milk and kick the can—it ain't good policy."

"When we first came out here," said Mrs. Smith, "I went over one day to Timothy Strong's carpenter shop, and asked him if he had any ready-made paste-boards; says he, 'Ready-made—I don't know what you mean.'"

"'Have you any paste-boards?' said I."

"'No madam—we never deal in the article—you can find lots of them at Miss Dickens's milliner shop.'"

"He thought you meant bonnet boards."

"Precisely so."

"He was quizzing you," said Mrs. Berryman, "you know we Hoosiers can do *that*."

"Not a bit of it, madam!—he did not know any better—but see, I have sewed this seam up, wrong side upward—what a pity—I thank you for the scissors, Mrs. Paine."

"Mrs. Smith, that was not as bad as the mistake between Patsy Fields and myself. She came over to our house one morning, I was busy knitting, 'Mrs. Pinkton,' said she, 'won't you be pleased to loan mother a spider, a little one will do, so its legs ain't off.' 'No Patsy,' says I, 'what

under the sun does your mother want with a spider ?' "
'It is a very queer notion, Mrs. Pinkton, I know, but sick folks will have strange idees—all at once, mother took a fancy to biscuit, and she says she must have spider biscuits.' "

"'Laws me! what a notion—it's enough to kill her,' says I. 'No,' said Patsy, 'the doctor said she might have them, provided we did not make them too rich.' "

"'And how do you make them, Patsy ?' said I."

"'Just like other biscuits,' said Patsy. 'After you work them well, you roll them out and cut them, and lay them on the board, and then they are ready for the spider.' 'Marcy! child,' said I, 'you will make me cascade; go along, I have no spiders, and if I had, I could not bear to handle them.' So home she went, and we have never been friends since. She said I was the proudest and the stingiest lady in Hap-Hazard. She knew I had three spiders—big, fine ones; she saw them turned up under the dresser."

"Talking of doctors," said Mrs. Lawson, "puts me in mind of Jane Groves. They say she is going to be married to Dr. Carrington."

"You don't tell me ?" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Yes, and they say Tom Carrington is *sitting* to Kitty Sparks, and I should not wonder if it was true. He wears one of Kitty's rings; Sally Allen said she saw it, and would be qualified that it was hers."

"That will raise Mrs. Sparks a foot," said Miss Fobes, "getting into such a big set."

"Sally marrying Eli Sands will balance accounts," said Mrs. Smith, spitefully. "He ran off to California, and left

her without a dime, and if it had not been for the Odd Fellows, at New Albany, she never could have reached home; but he died on the route, and the Order made up money to send Mrs. Sands home."

"And they tell me that Nathan Peck is going to take another wife."

"La, me! Mrs. Jenkins, and his wife ain't been dead three months," said Miss Fobes.

"Yes, 'Liza, I guess its four."

"No, Mrs. Jenkins," cried Mrs. Lawson, "when was election?"

"The first Monday in August."

"Well, his wife died the day after."

"I know it is four months," said Mrs. L was the very day my Alice Olivia was born, months old to-day."

"Oh! I give it up," said Miss Fobes, " is correct data. Dear me! we must sew fast not get through this pile of steam loom."

Chapter 33.

"There's some exception man an' woman,
But this is gentry life in common."

THERE was a little interruption in the conversation of the ladies of the Union Missionary Sewing Society, occasioned by the entrance of a member. She came in panting and rolling up her large blue eyes, as if she had been driven in by a clap of thunder, and threw herself, apparently exhausted, on the first seat which presented itself, and begged some of the ladies to give her a glass of water. She was a very fine looking woman, as Mrs. Jenkins said, if she would only let herself be, but she put on so many airs and outlandish ways, and claimed so many attentions, that there was nothing of herself left. She was quite tall, her forehead high and expansive, for a woman's to be, but Mrs. Stella White Rumsey thought she had as good a right to use certain fine sharp-edged instruments as the other sex, and there was no reason she could not have as intellectual a forehead as any one else. So she shaved it up in front, to suit *her* ideas of a model brow.

She was a poetess, and had written many communications over the signature of "Stella Sebella." She occupied the poet's corner in the Hap-Hazard Telegraph. She was a harmless member of the Society. It is true, she did very little toward its advancement. She was ever so completely wrapped up in her own wild cogitations, that the gossip

flew by her "like the idle wind, which she regarded not." Whenever her vote was needed, or her opinion desired, (which the ladies sometimes did her the compliment to crave) her thoughts had gone forth into the interminable fields of imagination. Sometimes she was seated in a "bower of roses by Bedemeer's stream," or in

> "——A gorgeous hall
> Lighted far up for festival;
> Braided tresses and cheeks of bloom,
> Diamond agaff, and milk-white plume;
> Censers of roses, vases light,
> Like what the moon sheds on a summer's night—
> Youths and maidens with linked hands
> Joined in the graceful sarabands,"

or roaming through Eden with Milton or with the lovely young Lavinia, gleaning Palæmon's fields or lingering in the *fertility* of her own poetical vision.

After recovering her composure, she begged the ladies to excuse her late arrival. She said she had become so intensely engrossed in her book, that she was perfectly unconscious of the rapidity of time. Before she was aware of it, she found herself wandering with Bryant in his autumnal woods.

> "Where the gay company of trees look down
> On the green fields below."

"Ain't she brazen?" whispered Mrs. Jenkins to Mrs. Smith. "I'd be ashamed to tell it—tramping through the commons with a man—a married man, too. It ain't fair—if I was Mrs. Bryant, I'd hoist her, certain."

"She means the poet," said Mrs. Smith.

"It matters not what he is; he is no great shakes, or he would not be leading another man's wife astray."

Mrs. Smith put her foot on Mrs. Jenkins's toe; Mrs. Lawson looked at Mrs. Paine, and smiled knowingly.

Mrs. Stella White Rumsey fanned herself, declaring she was nearly expiring with heat—that she was quite fagged out; for the last week she had been dragged from pillar to post, in her late visit to Cincinnati. She declared folks had no mercy—no feeling.

"That is the natural consequence of being a lioness," said Mrs. Berryman, with a wicked twinkle of her eye. "If you will dance, you must pay the piper."

"How do you think Harriet Beecher Stowe stands it? Did you ever read Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Never," said Mrs. Rumsey; "I am very sure nothing could be interesting where the hero is a great double-jointed negro."

"But it is interesting," said Mrs. Lawson; "I know it don't pretend to be a history of the great and the refined; it was written to do good; I could not put it down after I took it up until I got through. When Lotty Jane got hold of it, I thought in my soul she would have growed to the chair; says I, 'Lotty, come to supper?' 'Oh! mother,' she says, 'I can't eat while Eliza is walking over the river with her boy;' and how the poor thing cried when that monster had poor, dear, old Uncle Tom flogged."

"La! Miss Lawson, I thought you Kantuck folks believed in flogging?"

"Not that kind, and under such circumstances, such a faithful creature. Ought I to put a ruffle on this sleeve, Miss Jenkins?"

"If you have bits enough left, you had as well set it off

a little; it will give it a finished look. Did you say Priscella Vaugh was a medium ?"

"Yes, I did that very thing."

"She denies it, and says she never had communication with a spirit in her life."

"I said she was a medium for tattlers; as to the spirits, Mrs. Lawson, all I have to say is, there are more kinds than one."

"Do you believe in the rappers ?"

"I cannot say I do; but there is something mighty strange in it."

"Were you ever at Mrs. Baker's, to see the medium from Cincinnati ?"

"'Shaw," said Miss Fobes, "it is all humbug, and if it was a fact that were done, it is witchcraf, and as such I eschew it."

"It is very queer—you will allow that, Miss Fobes. You know Tilman Burns ?"

"Oh, yes, everybody knows Tilman."

"Well, Tilman Burns came over to our house; we were peeling peaches to dry, and were sitting in the back porch. Jane Shaw was there; she was sitting between Lotty Jane and William Henry, and she threw a peach and hit Til. plump in the mouth; with that they commenced romping; they turned over a tub of peaches; broke a five gallon crock filled with nice clings, all cut and stoned, ready for the kiln; poor Jane got her foot very badly cut, and Tilman streaked it for the Doctor; and when he found him he was at Mrs. Baker's, and he says, that when he went in, the little table that always sets by the cupboard was following the girl round the room!"

"Mrs. Lawson, that is some of Tilman's yarns."

"He says he saw it."

"Does the Doctor believe in it?"

"In course he does; he has had communication with several spirits."

"Some of his departed patients?" says Mrs. Berryman.

"Has he quit drinking?" asked Mrs. Tucker.

"Yes, I believe so."

"It has come to him lately, then," said Pinkton.

"Ever since his shop burned down; you know every body said that he set it on fire himself, with mixing up his trucks, when he was tight."

"Mrs. Tucker, I would not live with a drunkard; it is dangerous. Now, there is Mrs. Williams, she can't be persuaded to leave her husband; she loves him in *spite* of everything."

"It is a mystery to me, and always has been, how a woman can love a drunkard; living with him is another affair. If Mr. Pinkton drank I might live with him; but I tell you he would have a hot house."

"If my husband was an inebriate, said Mrs. Stella White Rumsey, I should pity him, and 'pity swells the tide of love;' I could not forsake him, and leave him to the contumely of the world! oh, no,

> 'Ties around this heart are spun,
> Which cannot, will not, be undone.'"

"Some men can't help it," said Mrs. Grimes, "that is, if they give themselves up to it at first, it becomes a chronic disease, and needs a physician and a remedy as much as the liver complaint or cholera; they ought to be taken care of and treated like patients."

"It pains me to see that poor young creature, who lives in Mrs. Parson's old house," said Mrs. Rosburn; "they say she is suffering."

"Suffering, and we working for the Hottentot!" cried Mrs. Grimes; "we are not half doing our duty."

"Her husband comes home drunk every two or three days; sometimes he is very boisterous," said Mrs. Smith.

"She is lovely," said Mrs. Rumsey, "very lovely; I saw her in Cincinnati."

"Where do they hail from?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"New York city."

"Some poor, broken scamp, come out here to recruit," said Mrs. Berryman; "in a year from now he will be on stilts, looking down on the whole community; that is the way the Eastern people do; they come here from Lowell, or the Bowery, in New York, with nothing but assurance; with that raw material they work themselves into office; then they get the 'big head.'"

"Yes, the Lowell girls come out as missionaries of science, to illuminate with radiance these chaotic regions, where the sun of knowledge has never yet risen," said Mrs. Rumsey.

"It is best not to answer that," whispered Mrs. Berryman.

"I don't take that, Mrs. Rumsey; I am a New Englander," said Mrs. Roseman; "but I despise allusions."

Mrs. Jenkins declared that the sun was down, and it was time to adjourn. The ladies themselves began to imagine that domestic affairs needed some little attention; so they folded up the garments they had finished, packed away the remnants for future consideration; then, gathering bonnets

and shawls, sacks and mantillas, they went through the parting scenes as usual; and as some of my readers have never been so fortunate as to partake of the hospitalities of the West, I will proceed with my delineation.

"Mrs. Grimes, I wish you good morning," said Mrs. Rossman, bowing herself gracefully; "I shall be happy to have you call."

"The sight of you, Mrs. Grimes, on Cross street, would be good for sore eyes," said Mrs. Lawson.

"Well, I'll try and come before long. Don't wait for me."

"Now see that you do!"

"Mrs. Lawson, I hope you have not forgotten the way to our house!"

"Not by a long ways, Jane. I had a half a mind to go down on Friday, but it rained powerfully before I could start."

"Why don't *you* never come up Mrs. Berryman?"

"I have been six times to your once!"

"All but that! I know very well I was at your house last! Don't you recollect the day Jemima got her foot scalded?"

"Oh! yes, very true; well, come again—don't be ceremonious."

"Mrs. Pinkton, I think you make yourself very *scace!*" said Mrs. Jenkins, as she tied on her bonnet.

"I have been staying with Sally Ann. You know Sally Ann has a pair of beautiful twins?"

"No! has she?"

"Yes, and boys at that!"

"Did you ever!"

"Mrs. Berryman, how do you like Mrs. Rumsey's way of trimming the forehead?" whispered Mrs. Smyth; "does it not look *classical?*"

"Take away the c-l, and you will have it exactly," replied Mrs. Berryman, laughing, and throwing on her mantilla; it takes a heap of people to make a world, Mrs. Smyth!"

"It does *that!*"

Chapter 34.

Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth, that soonest pass away;
The rose, that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.—Bryant.

It was Indian summer; everything was beautiful and quiet. The air was soft and rich with autumnal fragrance. Nature was trying to recover her June looks; but Time's treacherous finger had touched every leaf and flower; decay was doing its work in the germ and in the sap. The colors were bronzed and crimsoned by the heat; crisped by the early frosts. Beauty still haunted the forest-hills, and lingered on the banks of La Belle Rivière. Wreaths of mist gathered about the horizon, and covered the sun, as if with a retecious vail. Threads of gossamer were linked from leaf to leaf of the ash trees and the birch, floating like silver tissue in the light breeze from the lazy limbs of the weeping willow. There was music in the woods—the choral of the summer birds—lingering about their old haunts, awaiting the northern winds, to depart to new homes—the melody was so memorative, so sweet, yet so very sad. The flowers were almost cheated by appearances, and were half inclined to peep out and try the realities of the season.

It was the period of rest, inertness, and reminiscences; and as Kate Duval sat at her cottage door, under the mul-

berry tree, that threw its shade over her humble resting-place—resting place! No! she was like the dove of the ark—the waters abroad were too turbulent and deep. She found no spot for the sole of her foot; she fled to the moving ark. So Kate's thoughts were fixed on the ark of the covenant—the pavilion of God's love; the rest prepared for the sorrowful and despised of earth,

"Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come lightly beaming o'er the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above!"

Kate sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Robin, her bright, beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the flitting of the leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peeped through the thick foliage of the *multicaulis*. An infant about a month old, meager, weary of its existence, and petulant with pain and lassitude, lay on her bosom, and she, in vain, trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Robin, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes love, as soon as little Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me and nurse me as you did when I was sick at Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Kate, her lips quivering with emotion, and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cool drink in a tumbler, and your

little Robin will fly *up, up* there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night, and get us bread? you said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, if he comes he will be drunk—nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma?"

"No, no, my son—my angel."

"No one says cross words, mamma, darling?"

"No—bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is cool water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh! yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never! never!" and the tears fell in streams down Kate's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick there and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they was to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would—from the big fountain—Oh mamma, don't cry—do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh! sweet one, God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off I 'spose—but tell me, mamma, will *he* come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know mamma—papa."

"Hush, Robin dear, lie still, you worry yourself."

"Oh! my throat! Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma—just one mouthful."

"You shall have it—see there comes your papa—he will get you fresh water."

"Oh! Clarence, poor little Robin is worse—his fever is very high. He wants to drink water out of a tumbler, and

I have not one in the world to give him—he must not die without—"

"Well, you would come where there is no sympathy—I hope you are satisfied."

"But you will get a tumbler for own poor boy?"

"I have not a cent in the world—I just spent the last for bread—here it is," and he drew a loaf of bread from his pocket.

"There is twenty-five cents, Clarence, do haste, and get him a tumbler—Clarence, he may die——"

"Papa! papa!" said little Robin, holding out his arms, "I am so hot, and so sick—will you papa, will you—*just this once?*"

"My poor boy," said Clarence, leaning over the little withered flower—Oh! God it is too much! What a wretch I am!"

"Papa, don't cry," said Robin, putting his little fingers to his father's eyes, "don't cry, but be good—poor mamma loves you so—did you come home drunk last night? I dreamed you did, and that you struck mamma——"

"Oh! hush, Robin, love—don't talk so much."

"Papa, you will not come home drunk, when you go after my little tumbler, will you?"

Clarence tore himself from the little arms that were twined around his neck, and drawing his hat over his eyes, hastened down street as fast as he could go. Hour after hour passed away, and he did not return. The sun was down, and still he did not come.

"Why does papa stay so?" asked the suffering child, "I know he is drinking somewhere."

"Be quiet love, he will come, and——"

"Yes," cried Robin, starting from the pillow and looking wildly around, "he will come after he buys whisky with the money, and leave me no tumbler. Oh! he is a wicked father," and the poor little sufferer trembled with excitement.

"Lie down, my darling," said Kate in a low voice, for her heart was full and her frame very weak, "watch little sister, and I will have a glass for you—yes, Robin, you shall, love."

Gathering her shawl about her, she drew the door to and darted over the commons to a fine building, newly erected, but there was no one in; she then turned to a very comfortable house that stood directly behind; she opened the gate and hurried wildly in.

An old lady was busily engaged in arranging her table for the evening meal, with all the full compliment of a plentiful repast—I mean a Hoosier supper. Turning, she saw the delicate stranger, trembling so nervously that she could neither speak nor move.

She had, as if by instinctive power, ventured into the proper place—the home of kind feelings.

Mrs. Grimes dropped the cream mug from her fingers, and caught her in her arms and drew her to the lounge.

"Oh! madam," cried Kate, "are you a mother?" and Kate in great agitation, seemed almost crazy.

"Be sure I am, child, and will be one to you—speak out—what is the matter?"

"My child, my dear boy is ill—very ill, and all he craves is a glass to drink from—Oh! madam, pardon me, misfortune has made me simple," and poor Kate cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Grimes wiped the tears from her cheek, and taking her hands between hers said, "Now, dear, tell me, who are you?"

"My name is Duval—I live in the little brown cottage over the way—but I left my children alone, and must go back—Oh! madam, thank you."

When Kate entered her humble roof, she found both children asleep, and before Robin awoke, she had in a measure recovered from her agitation, but her tears were still flowing. Sympathy, that mighty pacifier of human wretchedness, fell upon her burning heart like the morning and the evening dew.

When the little boy awoke from his troubled slumber, his bright eyes danced as his mother handed him, not only a glass of water, but it had a piece of ice in it. It cooled his throat, and he seemed quite revived until his father returned, which was sometime after night came on. He was very drunk. He had forgotten what he went after, until his poor boy, with infantine earnestness, recalled it. But he only laughed hideously, and said, "Better luck next time, my boy!"

"I won't be your boy any more, papa," said the child faintly, "I am mamma's."

"Ah! how so, Robin?"

"See here what mamma got—didn't you, mamma?" and he held the precious glass in his trembling hands.

"The devil she did," cried Clarence, snatching it from him. "Then you did not give me all the money you had, but deceived me!"

"I did, indeed, I did, Clarence; only hear me."

He was in a rage which knew no bounds. Forgetting all

her love and devotion, he ground his teeth, and looking, with all the evil of his nature concentered in one glance, he threw the precious tumbler at her. "Teach my son," he said, "to hate me!"

The missile fell against the wall, and broke in pieces.

The sick child was so terrified that he became entirely delirious, and springing from his bed, ran to the corner of the room, where, overcome by his exertion, he lay panting and nearly senseless.

Kate had risen to her feet. She held her puny babe in one arm, and was about passing her husband, when he seized her roughly by the arm, and held her back.

"Where are you going, madam?"

"To my child, my Robin—don't you see he is dying?"

"All a ruse to get past me," cried Clarence.

"Oh! Clarence, see, he is in a convulsion," and she struggled to get away.

"Let me go, Clarence Duval, or you will rue it until the day of your death. Oh! my poor, dying boy, is there no help?"

A slight rap was heard at the door, and Clarence had scarcely time enough to release his wife, before Mrs. Grimes turned the latch and stood before him.

"We want no intruders here, good woman," said Clarence, turning his rage upon the new-comer. "So take yourself off!"

"I will, when I get ready," replied Mrs. Grimes, coolly, taking up the struggling child. "Your child is very sick, madam—poor little fellow."

"Oh! yes," said Kate, "tell me, is he dying—will he die? my own sweet Robin."

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Grimes, feeling his pulse; "he is cold; give me something to wrap him up in. Ah! that will do; his feet are cakes of ice."

"When we want your services, madam," said Clarence, menacingly, "we will send for you—do you hear?"

"Be quiet, sir, or I will have you put where all such birds ought to be."

"This is my house, and I am master of it."

"And a sorry looking concern it is," said Mrs. Grimes; "I'd be ashamed to tell my name if I was a New York lawyer, and could live in no better fix. As to being master, it is a pity you can't *master* yourself; I am sorry for you, *indeed and double.*"

"Look here, I want you to leave!"

"I don't care a snap of my finger for such as you, sir—I despise a person that has nothing of the man about him but his breeches. If you don't like me, why you need not look at me, that's all that's in it; I mean to stay here and assist your poor wife, with her sick child. Have you no help, ma'am?"

"None but Heaven," said Kate, in a low tone. "Excuse me, madam, I must weep; I can't help it."

Clarence went off, grumbling, and Mrs. Grimes set about searching every hole and corner, "to rake up," she said, something for supper; but she found no flour-barrel—no coffee-mill—no gridiron—no tea-caddy.

"How some people *can* live, is a mystery to me," said she, as she investigated the kitchen in despair, "here is nothing to cook, and nothing to cook it in; a drunkard's pantry, surely."

She bathed the little boy in warm water; gave him some

saffron tea, and actually brought the disease out; his face became crimson.

"As I hope to be saved, Mrs. Duval," said the old lady, peering over him with the candle, "your boy has the measles; see, they are out thick as hops—well, I'll declare!"

"The measles!" cried Kate, springing forward with renewed hope, "then, perhaps, he will get better."

"He will, that very thing, dear; the worst is all over now; keep him well wrapped up, and give him a-plenty of tea, and he will do finely; take good care, and fasten up your door—I will be back in a few minutes. Do you feel ill?" asked Mrs. Grimes, as she noticed that Kate held herself up by the bedstead post, and looked so feeble, "perhaps you are weary; lie down by your children. What is it? do tell."

"Starvation!" said Kate, with a wild, unearthly stare, "starvation! I have worked hard—my strength has failed—my baby drains my constitution—it feeds upon my life. I thought to die unpitied, but oh! your sweet, kind voice stirs up thoughts of home—of mother—of brother, and all the dear ones of old."

"Oh! don't cry, mamma," said little Robin, when he saw her weeping on Mrs. Grimes's shoulder. "Papa brought you some bread."

"Yes, Robin, keep quiet love; the good lady, with rolls and butter, will come soon."

Mrs. Grimes came in with a basket of provisions, and everything necessary for the sick boy and his starving mother.

And Peter Larkins came over with a rocking-chair for Mrs. Duval, and a cradle for the baby, and some finely split

wood to kindle a fire, as the evening was becoming cool. Mrs. Larkins brought a comfort or two, and held the baby, while Mrs. Grimes fixed the bed for the sick boy. A bright lamp was also cheering the room.

"Mamma, we will not see the dark to-night; the lamp won't let us—will it?" said Robin, as he gazed with rapture at the lamp, which the kind ladies had placed over the chimney. Many a dark hour had he hid his face in his wretched mother's lap, trembling with fear and apprehension. Children never love darkness.

Robin soon began to mend, and with such excellent nursing, his strength soon returned, and he was able to creep out again to the door-sill. Clarence had never been home since his interview with Mrs. Grimes. When he first came to Hap-Hazard, he made himself known as an Odd Fellow, but after he began to drink hard again, he neglected this association as well as his other advantages. Since the illness of Robin, the Odd Fellows attended very closely to his family. The members of the church gathered around poor Kate with the warmest cordiality. They nursed her during her illness, for she also had taken the measles, and was very ill for weeks. The extreme illness of the mother subjected the baby to a diet which disagreed with its constitution. It sickened, drooped, and no medicine—no cure could restore it. It became weaker and weaker every day, and before the last smile of Indian summer had faded from the sky, the angels had come for her. The little violet eyes slept their last sleep; its tiny hands were folded on its bosom, and its hair lay like a sunbeam on its milk-white brow.

They laid it out on a little table, and placed it under the

front window, and hung there a snowy curtain to exclude the light; but the fragrance of honeysuckles, which crept through the broken window to the chamber and laid on the worm-eaten sill, breathed over the baby corpse.

All was still, for the watcher's heart was meekly bowing to the will of Him who knows our burdens.

It was dark in the room where the child lay, when some one took a candle and led Mrs. Duval in to look upon its features for the last time. She leaned over it—kissed its little lips—laid her hand upon the sunny tress that filleted its brow, and tears fell fast upon its folded hands.

"When shall these eyes, my babe, be sealed
As peacefully as thine?"

Just then a white hand was protruded through the window-pane and clenched the face of the corpse.

A wild scream, and poor Kate, terrified, fell exhausted into the arms of her kind attendant.

"He was there! it was *his* hand!" cried Kate, in great excitement; "I saw it. Clarence was there!"

"There is no one there," replied Larkins; "I have searched every place."

"I saw him; his hand touched the child's face—he was pale and had a black patch over his eye."

The corpse was moved away from the window, and Peter Larkins promised that it should not be left alone; and Kate retired to bed to weep and mourn, not over the dead that the Lord had taken, but the living.

Long after the neighborhood had become perfectly quiet, Mrs. Grimes, Mrs. Jenkins, and Peter Larkins, and several others were watching the corpse, sitting in the room where it lay. They were telling, in a low voice, wonderful ghost

stories and horrible incidents of the dead coming to life and the living being frightened to death.

"Dear, bless me, Peter," said Mrs. Grimes; "don't you mind the time, when there was such a hub-bub in Richmond about old Uncle Gabriele's insurrection?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Grimes, I had not the privilege of being born at that remarkable period."

"Well, you have heard tell of it; for there never was such a night before or since, nor such a rain since the deluge. In an hour's time Bacon Quarter branch raised so high, that the negroes could not cross it—so all their schemes failed."

"So the old black General was caught?" said Peter.

"Yes, and hung," continued Mrs. Grimes; "I was but a very small child, but I remember the terrible night; it was a general rain, such as never has been since my recollection. Well, that very night mother and Polly Grimes, that is, John's sister——"

"Oh, yes!" said Peter; "I know her very well—Mrs. Bland, as is."

"As I was saying, Polly and mother and Jimmy Roane, and lots of others were sitting up with old Mr. Grimshaw's corpse; he had died the night before in his chair. No one knew it until morning. He was laid out in the morning; but they could not straighten his limbs at all. He looked very horrible, sitting up so still and ghastly with his mouth wide open and his eyes so distended and glassy. That was the way he was, when they first discovered that he was dead, and they could not get him to appear much better."

"How unnatural a dead person looks in a sitting posture," remarked Peter.

"Dreadfully," replied Mrs. Grimes; "well, as I was telling you, the wind blew the mournfullest I ever heard, and the limbs of the big sycamore rubbed against the old piazza, sounding just like the wailings of an infant. It seemed too, that every living creature was possessed; the horses were neighing, the cows bellowing, and the peafowls screeched; the dogs growled as if fearfully beset. After supper—oh, yes! long after supper, mother and I went to bed and left Polly and Jim sitting up; after a while, Polly got sleepy and went up in the loft and laid down with the children. Jim, you know, was very poor company at best, let alone such a dull occasion; so Polly give out, and being left quite alone, Jim fell asleep and he slept so sound that it seemed to him (he said afterward) just like a trance. He heard noises in the room—a low whispering; sometimes he dreamed the corpse had raised itself up on the cooling board and straightened itself up; then it appeared to be himself that was laid out, and he tried to move and could not—some one was pressing him down with a large stone. It would have made your hair stand on *eend* to hear him tell it! Some thought he had taken too much crab-apple cider on his cherrybounce—how that was, I can't say; but he denied it flatly. All at once, Jim saw the candle flare and he started up from his sleep, and—Laws-a-me! Mr. Larkins, didn't you hear something at the window?"

"I guess it is a night-hawk in the tree—go on, Mrs. Grimes."

"When Jim Roane riz up," continued Mrs. Grimes, "what should he see but old Mr. Grimshaw sitting bolt up in his chair, with his arms hanging down quite limber and his feet pressed out easy like——"

"Had he come to life again?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Well, they thought so at first, but after they summoned up courage enough to go up to him, they found out it was only his clothes stuffed up on a pillow, to represent him!"

"And where was the corpse?" asked Peter.

"That has never been known to this day — it is a mystery that will never be cleared until the great day."

"How could it get away?" asked Susan.

"Why, the doctors stole it while Jim was in his trance."

"Listen!" cried Mrs. Jenkins; "some one is at the window! Go, Mr. Larkins, and see who it is. Just then an arm was pushed through the broken pane, and the curtain lifted. I should not wonder if it was the doctor's students trying to steal the corpse!"

"How you talk!"

"Indeed, I should not; they come, sometimes, all the way from Cincinnati for them. They took up Elam Lamb's wife's brother-in-law's step-child, that died last Christmas!"

"You don't say so!"

"Indeed they did!"

Peter returned with information that accounted for the interruption. Clarence Duval had been seen twice at the window. Some of the citizens were trying to take him, but he had eluded their pursuit, and had, they presumed, secreted himself in some grogshop.

"Is there any one in this community vile enough to assist him in his unmanly ways?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Yes, madam, in every community."

"It is time the law was taking hold — there is no other hope left!"

"Duval," said Mr. Larkins, "has drank up his law library, and ——"

"Laws me! I always heard say that the law was the driest thing in nature!" said Mrs. Jenkins, laughing.

"Yes, but like everything else, it can, madam, be turned into *cocktails* and *smashes!*"

"Well, really," said Mrs. Saul Jenkins, "I wish in my heart ——"

What she was going to wish for, I never knew, for just at that instant, some of the neighbors came in, forcing Clarence along with them; they had found him, but he was delirious, and under the influence of a violent fever; his clothes were all gone, except his shirt and pants—his head was covered with an old hat, which had lost half of its brim, and a good portion of its crown; all trace of its original shape or fashion was gone. It would have been a perfect enigma to *le roi des chapeliers* — the immortal Genin.

He had sold his clothes, and everything he could steal from home, to one of those human vampires who infest every city and village in the Union, where the law has guaranteed them indemnification for all efforts to suppress their outrages on the social orders of life.

Clarence Duval had drank until he had become a perfect wreck in mind and body. During his absence, he had frequently returned at night, and looked in at the family, through a broken pane in the window-sash, but seeing strangers administering to their necessities, he dared not show his face. Miserable and sick, he secreted himself in a nauseous cellar, from which he could, at times, steal forth to renew his bottle of "red eye."

The night the baby was a corpse, he imagined that something wrong was in progress at his deserted home. He resolved to linger about the premises to satisfy his curiosity, and also for the purpose of stealing out his last law book, which laid upon the little table by the window. He thought to put his hand through and seize it, but instead of the book, his hand pressed the face of his dead child — his daughter!

Struck with horror, he rushed from the spot into the adjoining woods. From this moment, it seems, his mind was entirely unbalanced by the horrible sensations which seized upon him. Why he returned again, no one knows, unless it was instinct drawing him to her alone of all the world that loved him.

Those who were watching for him, found him and brought him to the house — he had fallen into a fit of long duration; when it passed off, he was a maniac. They confined him with cords to his bed. He either suffered violent paroxysms, or lay perfectly insensible to everything around him.

The Odd Fellows, with the assistance of the kind citizens of Hap-Hazard, did all they could to render Mrs. Duval the aid she so much needed.

Chapter 35.

Thou bonnie gem.—Burns.

The little coffin was lowered to its narrow home, and Maria sleeps where the kind, warm-hearted friends laid her — those who had picked her up like a jewel by the wayside.

In the grave-yard at Hap-Hazard, under a juniper-tree, you can find a white marble slab; it bears this simple line of Burns,

"Thou bonnie gem."

Kate, weak and heart-broken, lingered about her wretched husband until nature failed, and she was again brought to a bed of pain and suffering, from which she did not rise until long after her husband was laid under the clods of the valley.

His death — I cannot record the awful demoniac sentiments and phrases, that composed that terrific drama. They have passed from my memory like some sacrilegious fantasy — some unholy dream, leaving only the thrill and pathos, chilling the heart, and curdling the blood; but I never can forget how he looked, with eyes gleaming like phosphoric rays from their dark, deep cavities, muttering incoherent and unknown sounds — striking the air with his clenched fists — defying the world to mortal combat — —screaming and crying—now prostrate, rolling, and wal-

lowing — blaspheming — battling an army of imaginary devils—now sinking into torpidity—now locked in the rigid embrace of a revolting slumber—his eyes *terne*, and half open — his mouth ajar, crusted with the froth that issued from his bloated lips, and gurgled down his moustache. His whole nature was paralyzed. All effort to arouse him, a mockery — hopeless and helpless. He expired amid the shrieks of his own blasphemies. All prospect of heaven blotted out forever, he writhes in vivid anticipation of all the horrors that have ever been imagined of that dark region !—region of black despair !

This is the finishing stroke to the dram-seller's work; he sends his victim to an immaculate bar, without a preparation—without a plea; what cares he, so that he gathers the blistering pennies—certificates of future torments—for his heart is callous to repentance—hermetically sealed to goodness and to truth.

The non slave-holder and the abolitionist may dwell upon the horrid features of the "negro-buyer," the infernal trafficker in human gore—in human flesh ! tearing asunder all the ties of consanguinity and love; separating the mother from the infant that draws its life from her bosom; tearing the husband from the wife of his youth without one hope of re-union in this valley of sojourn; consigning them to hardships and slavery. But, after all, what is he, compared to the monster of civil society ! the liquor-vender—the dram-maker.

The former may part the mother from the child—the wife and husband; but away off in the land of their captivity, with merciless task-masters, toil, and starvation, yea, in bodily torture, the unchained spirit—the redeemed soul—

free from the shackles of the oppressor, flies back to the memory of a mother's love—a father's blessing; and the poor slave that is pressing sugar or gathering cotton in the plantations, can think of God and of Him who died to save him; he can pray and hold communion with angels, and be wafted, by prayer and faith, to endless beatitude; like Moses, he can look beyond his pilgrimage, and survey the promised land, and rejoice in the hope of immortality and bliss, in that region of freedom and happiness that lies beyond the valley of death. He can bear, unmoved, "the world's dread scorn," nor heed its smile of pity, and while he is toiling beneath a blistering sun, he can sing:

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all."

The "negro-buyer" may sell the sinews, the flesh and the strength; but the mind! the soul! no, he cannot barter them for gold!

Behold! the liquor-seller, the dram-retailer, in his accursed stall; he is coining the widow's tears—the orphan's hopes; he is speculating in human reason; buying up the feeble efforts of nature to retrieve its lost powers; he sells the soul to endless perdition; the weak—the tempted, for a shilling; with poisonous and corrosive merchandise, he burns out the last remains of virtue; and with his Circean cup, "drugged with the deadly hellebore," destroys every principle of morality, and turns man to a brute.

All the ties of domestic life are riven in twain; the son murders the mother who bore him! the mother, the infant smiling at her breast! the husband curses the wife. Inno-

cent souls are destroyed within his circle—rifled, and left to the world's mercy. What is it that the dram-seller does not do that is heinous and demoralizing? Genius, as ambitious and soaring as Icarus, is prostrated in the dust—to the filth of the gutter; the soul is incarcerated in utter darkness—in despair. He does all this in the present century of order, knowledge, peace and religion; he is shunned by the good; despised even by those who seek his domicile. Lifting the mask from his hideous face, he can say, as the terrible Mokhanna:

> "Here, judge if Hell, with all its powers to damn,
> Can add one curse to the vile thing I am."

Conclusion.

After the burial of her husband and child, Mrs. Duval wrote home for assistance and advice, and it was not until Peter Larkins carried the letter to the post-office, that he discovered she belonged to the Temple family; it is useless to say that this information was very pleasing to the Wolf-Gap friends, and drew the young widow still closer to the sympathetic hearts of her neighbors; she acknowledged in the depths of her grateful soul she could never repay them for their kindness; and that one who wished to live unpitied and uncared for, must seek the crowded city, where scenes of wretchedness destroy the refinement of the feelings, and, by degrees, harden the heart, until it becomes suspicious and selfish.

When Mrs. Duval returned to New York, she was accompanied by Mrs. Grimes and the Larkinses, who were invited to spend the winter in the city; Theodore and Elinor were to be married during their stay.

Mrs. Duval was so very much caressed in Hap-Hazard, that she left it with many bitter regrets, although she suffered severe trials and mortifications; yet she was leaving in it the graves of her husband and child—the beloved dead—

the sacred and holy tie that binds the restless *heart* ever to one spot. It matters not where the precious one reposes; it may be on the lone hill-side, where travelers scooped its grave; it may lie beneath the marble of Italy, or the sculpture of a *Canova*, or beneath the ocean's waves, in "a deep bed of whispering reeds;" yet, a mother's heart and a wife's memory can never forget the silent spot; in hours of solitude and commemoration, the sad heart lingers there, like a pilgrim at his shrine, when it is forgotten and deserted by all the world beside — such is a true woman's love.

Mrs. Duval loved the West—its plain manners, and its blunt but straight-forward, go-ahead kindness. It is true she found it mixed up with a little curiosity, a small portion of officiousness, and sometimes palpably destitute of the refinement of sensibility; still there was so much of the pure milk of human kindness, a just appreciation of the requirements and the necessities of the stranger, that all minor delinquencies were forgiven and forgotten.

There were many crude remarks made on Mrs. Grimes's visit to New York. Mrs. Berryman wondered why such an old-fashioned body as she could think of exhibiting herself in the city; how would she look on Broadway, trying on gloves at Stewart's, or eating lunch at Taylor's, or figuring at the Crystal Palace, if she stays so long.

These little inuendoes were maliciously repeated to the good lady; she laughed in her benign manner and said: "Don't be uneasy, my dear children; I will try and not bring disgrace upon Hap-Hazard, but represent it to the best of my ability."

A letter has been received from her since her arrival in the city, which brought the pleasing intelligence of the contemplated removal of Mrs. Duval and her mother to the West.

I suppose they will find room in Hap-Hazard; if not, the Hoosier land is long and wide, and there is no spot in it so arid or forlorn but the weary may find in it *rest*, and the sufferer sympathy and kindness.

THE END.

PULTE'S

HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH ANATOMICAL PLATES.

Ninth Thousand.

"A very lucid and useful hand-book. Its popular language, and exclusion of difficult terminology are decided recommendations. Its success is good evidence of the value of the work."—*N. Y. Times.*

"This appears to be a very successful publication. It has now reached its third edition, which is a revised and enlarged one; and we learn from the title page that eight thousand copies have been published. Various additions have been made to the Homœopathic directions, and the anatomical part of the work has been illustrated with engravings. The work has received the approbation of several of our most eminent practitioners."—*Evening Post.*

"A nicely printed volume, and it appears to be a finished one of its kind. It embraces all possible directions for the treatment of diseases, with elaborate descriptions of symptoms, and an abridged Materia Medica."—*Boston Post.*

"It is very comprehensive and very explicit."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"Though not at present exclusively confined to the medical profession, we have been consulted, during the past year, in some fifty or sixty cases, some of which, according to the opinion of the far-sighted and sagacious, were very bad and about to die, and would die if trusted to Homœopathy, and some were hopeless, which are now a wonder unto many in the change which the homœopathic treatment alone effected. Now what of all this? Why, just this, we have used Dr. Pulte's book for our Directory; we have tested it as a safe counselor;—and we say to our friends who have wished we would get up a book for them, just get Pulte's Domestic Physician and the remedies, and set up for yourselves."—*Cattaraugus Chronicle.*

"I have recommended it to my patients as being—for conciseness, precision, and practical utility—unsurpassed either in my native or adopted country."—*Dr. Granger of St. Louis.*

"The plan and execution of Pulte's Homœopathic Domestic Physician, render it in my opinion the best work of its kind extant for popular use.

"ROBERT ROSMAN, M. D.,
"Brooklyn."

"I have found, upon careful perusal, 'The Domestic Physician,' by Dr. Pulte, to be concise and comprehensive in its description of diseases, and accurate in the application of remedies; but its chief advantage over other works of the same design, appears to me, to be the facility with which it is understood by the lay practitioner. I consider it a valuable and useful book of reference in domestic practice. The professional ability and extensive practical experience of the author, are alone sufficient recommendation for its value.

A. COOKE HULL, M. D.,
76 State St., Brooklyn.

HUGH MILLER'S NEW BOOK.

SCENES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

By Hugh Miller, author of "Footprints of the Creator." 1 vol. 12 mo. Pp. 436. Price $1.

"A delightful book by one of the most delightful of living authors."—*N. Y. Cour. and Enq.*

"In this book Hugh Miller appears as the simple dramatist, reproducing home stories and legends in their native costume, and in full life. The volume is rich in entertainment for all lovers of the genuine Scotch character." *N. Y. Independent.*

"Fascinating portraits of quaint original characters and charming tales of the old faded superstitions of Scotland, make up the 'Scenes and Legends.' Purity of diction and thoughtful earnestness, with a vein of easy, half-concealed humor pervading it, are the characteristics of the author's style. Added to these, in the present volume, are frequent touches of the most elegantly wrought fancy; passages of sorrowful tenderness that change the opening smile into a tear, and exalted sentiment that brings reflection to the heart." *Citizen.*

"This is a book which will be read by those who have read the other works of this distinguished author. His beautiful style, his powers of description, his pathos, his quiet humor and manly good sense would give interest to any subject. * * There is no part of the book that is not interesting."—*Louisville Journal.*

"This is one of the most unique and original books that has been written for many years, uniting in a singularly happy manner all the charms of fiction to the more substantial and enduring graces of truth. The author is a capital story teller, prefacing what he has to say with no learned circumlocutions. We cannot now call to mind any other style that so admirably combines every requisite for this kind of writing, with the exception of that of his more illustrious countryman, Scott, as the one Hugh Miller possesses."—*Columbian.*

"The contents of the book will be as instructive and entertaining, as the exterior is elegant and attractive. Hugh Miller writes like a living man, who has eyes, and ears, and intellect, and a heart of his own, and not like a galvanized skeleton, who inflicts his dull repetitions of what other men have seen and felt in stately stupidity upon their unfortunate readers. His observation is keen, and his powers of description unrivaled. His style is like a mountain-stream, that flows on in beauty and freshness, imparting enlivening influences all around. His reflections, when he indulges in them, are just and impressive."—*Christian Herald.*

"Tales so romantic, yet so natural, and told in a vein of unaffected simplicity and graphic delineation, rivaling Hogg and Scott, of the same land, will command a vast number of admiring readers."—*N. Y. Christ. Intel.*

"The interest of its facts far exceeds romance."—*N. Y. Evan.*

"This book is worthy of a place by the side of the world-renowned volumes which have already proceeded from the same pen."—*Phil. Chronicle.*

"Will prove more generally useful, than any other work yet published on Geology."

THE COURSE OF CREATION: By JOHN ANDERSON, D. D., of Newburgh, Scotland. With a Glossary of Scientific Terms. 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated, $1.25.

"IT treats chiefly of the series of rocks between the Alps and the Grampians. It is thoroughly scientific, but popular in its style and exceedingly entertaining."—*Zion's Herald.*

"THE author's style is clear and engaging, and his graphic descriptions seem to convey the reader at once into the fields of geological research to observe for himself."—*Ohio Observer.*

"ANOTHER valuable contribution to the cause of truth and sound science. Its value is very much enhanced by the Glossary of Scientific Terms appended to it by the publishers; for scarcely any one of the sciences has a larger number of terms with which ordinary readers are unacquainted than Geology."—*Presbyterian of the West.*

"WE commend the volume to all who would be instructed in the wonderful works of God. Chapters such as that on the "Economic History of Coal," and those on "Organic Life" and "Physical and Moral Progression," have a special value for the student of divine Providence."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"DR. ANDERSON is evidently well skilled in geology, and writes with a freedom and vivacity rivaled by no writer on the subject—except Hugh Miller."—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

"THIS book is intended for general readers,—and such readers will be entertained by it,—but it is none the less thorough, and enters boldly into geological inquiry."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"ONE of the most interesting and valuable works on Geology that we have ever met with. The author is a thoroughly scientific man;—but his scientific accuracy does not prevent the work from being understood by unscientific readers, it is a *very readable book.*"—*Louisville Journal.*

"BY reading this book a person can obtain a general knowledge of the whole subject."—*Western Star.*

* * * "Highly honorable to the writer and honorable to the publishers."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"THIS valuable volume was printed as well as published, in Cincinnati; and it speaks as well for the literary society of that city, as for the enterprise of the publishers, and the taste and skill of the typographer."—*Boston Post.*

"IT is one of the significant signs of the times that we should be receiving a work like this, from a city that had scarcely an existence fifty years ago, got up in a style of elegance, that ranks it beside the finest issues of the publishing houses of Boston and New York. This fact, however, is but the smallest element of interest that attaches to the volume. It is one of those noble contributions to natural science, in its relation to revealed religion, which in the writings of Hugh Miller, King, Brewster, and others have conferred new luster on the honored name of Scotland. * * * The concluding chapter is a sublime questioning of Geology, as to the testimony she gives to a Creator, somewhat after the manner of the Scholia, to Newton's Principia, and is one of the noblest portions of the work."—*Richmond, Va., Watchman and Observer.*

"THE science of Geology is attracting more and more attention. * * * That which was once a gigantic chaos, has become developed into a system beautifully symmetrical, and infinitely grand."—*Mercantile Courier.*

THREE GREAT TEMPTATIONS!

Second Thousand in One Month!!!

THE THREE GREAT TEMPTATIONS OF YOUNG MEN—

With several Lectures addressed to Business and Professional Men: By SAMUEL W. FISHER. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 336. $1.

CONTENTS.

THE SIRENS,	THE SLAYER OF THE STRONG,
THE WINE-CUP,	THE PLAY-HOUSE,
THE CARD-TABLE,	THE WEB OF VICE,
THE CHRISTIAN LAWYER,	THE PATH OF INFIDELITY,
THE MOSAIC LAW OF USURY,	COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

"A WORK of unusual attraction. We know not where to have seen these subjects so impressively, yet so properly and guardedly examined. Far above common-place specimens. They expose dangers of terrible imminence, and urge persuasions of incomparable importance, in a way that offends not the taste, yet reaches the heart and engages the thoughts." *N. Y. Evangelist.*

"ABLE and often eloquent. * * * A work which may well be put into the hands of youth just entering upon life."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"WE shall put the book by upon one of the choice shelves of our private library."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"THE author's style is not less clear and forcible than ornate and eloquent."—*Detroit Herald.*

"CHARACTERIZED by earnestness, eloquence, and adaptation to the end had in view."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

"PAINTS in vigorous language the horrible consequences of vice."—*Boston Post.*

"WE would that every young man in the land could be persuaded to read it carefully."—*Louisville Recorder.*

"DR. Fisher has spoken honestly and boldly. * * * Characterized by great energy of thought, a free and copious style, and by a spirit of high Christian philanthropy."—*Puritan Recorder.*

"HAS proceeded boldly where most public teachers are too timid to venture, and his manly plainness is also marked by *prudence and true delicacy*."—*Presbyterian of the West.*

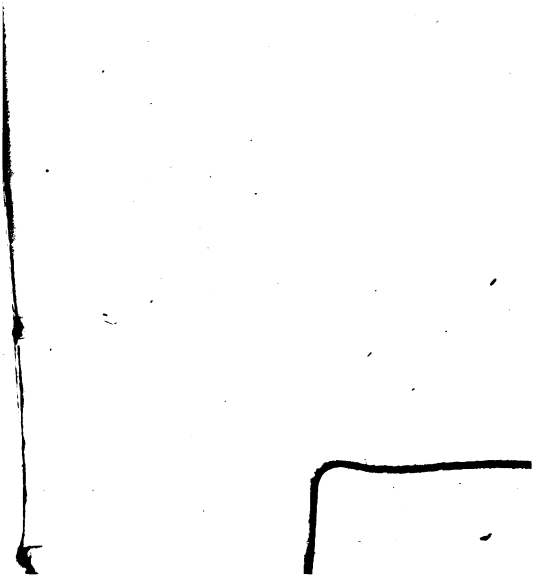
"WRITTEN in a style most inviting to youth and worthy of a very wide circulation."—*Cincinnati Ch. Herald.*

"WILL do much good to that great class of young men who, reared in the country, are daily transferred to the cities and make up their effective population."—*Worcester (Mass.) Palladium.*

"MR. Fisher speaks pointedly and plainly. Let young men listen and learn."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

"WORTHY of an attentive perusal."—*Philadelphia Observer.*

"THE man, who sits down to the perusal of this volume, must rise up wiser and better, if there be any virtue in good counsel beautifully and touchingly given,"—*Madison Cour'r.*

"THE style is bold, manly, and vigorous, and in some portions very beautiful. * * * In the name of the young men of our cities, we thank Dr. Fisher for preparing and sending forth so timely a volume."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

"The teachings of the excellent preacher will be regarded as unfashionable, and so they are, but their value is no less certain, and their practical workings cannot but be vastly beneficial to the tone of society."—*N. Y. Daily Times.*